TEN CENTS

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JUNE 1896

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

CASSANDER

By James Whitcomb Riley

DRAWING BY A. B. FROST

"CASSANDER! O, Cassander!"—her mother's voice seems clear
As ever, from the old back-porch, a-hollerin' fer her—
Especially in airly Spring—like May, two year' ago—
Last time she hollered fer her, and Cassander didn't hear.

Cassander wuz so chirpy-like and sociable and free,
And good to ever'body, and wuz even good to me
Though I wuz jes a common—well, a farm-hand, don't you know,
A-workin' on her father's place, as pore as I could be.

Her bein' jes a' only child, Cassander had her way
A good-'eal more'n other girls; and neighbers ust to say
She looked most like her mother, but wuz turned most like her pap,—
Except *he* had no use fer *town-folks* then—ner yit to-day!

I can't claim she incouraged *me:* she'd let me drive her in
To town sometimes, on Saturdays, and fetch her home agin,
Tel onc't she 'scused "Old Moll" and me,—and some blame city-chap,
He driv her home, two-forty style, in face o' kith and kin.

She even tried to make him stay fer supper, but I 'low
He must 'a' kindo' 'spicioned some objections.—Anyhow,
Her mother callin' at her, whilse her father stood and shook
His fist,—the town-chap turned his team and made his partin' bow.

"Cassander! You! Cassander!"—hear her mother jes as plain,
And see Cassander blushin' like the peach-tree down the lane,
Whilse I sneaked on apast her, with a sort o' hangdog look,
A-feelin' cheap as sorghum and as green as sugar-cane!

(You see, I'd *skooted* when she met her *town*-beau—when, in fact,
Ef I'd had sense I'd stayed fer her.—But sense wuz what I lacked!
So I'd cut home ahead o' her, so's I could tell 'em what
Wuz keepin' her. And—you know how a jealous fool 'll act!)

I past her, I wuz sayin', but she never turned her head;
I swallered-like and cleared my th'oat—but that wuz all I said;
And whilse I hoped fer some word back, it wuzn't what I got.—
That girl 'll not stay stiller on the day she's layin' dead!

Well, that-air silence lasted! Ust to listen ever'day
I'd be at work and hear her mother callin' thataway;
I'd *sight* Cassander, mayby, cuttin' home acrost the blue
And drizzly fields, but nary answer—nary word to say!

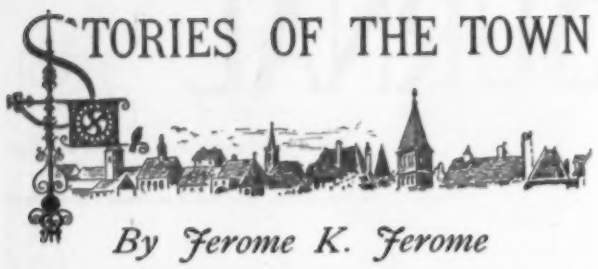
Putt in about two weeks o' that—two weeks o' rain and mud,
Er mostly so: I couldn't plow. The old crick like a flood:
And, lonesome as a borried dog, I'd wade them old woods through—
The dogwood-blossoms white as snow, and redbuds red as blood.

Last time her mother called her—sich a morning like as now:
The robins and the bluebirds and the blossoms on the bough—
And this wuz yit 'fore brekfast, with the sun out at his best,
And hosses kickin' in the barn—and dry enough to plow.

"Cassander! O, Cassander!" And her only answer—what?
A letter, twisted round the cookstove-damper, smokin'-hot,
A-statin': "I wuz married on that day of all the rest,
The day my husband fetched me home—ef you ain't all fergot!"

"Cassander! O, Cassander!" seems, allus, 'long in May,
I hear her mother callin' her, a-callin', night and day—
"Cassander! O, Cassander!" allus callin', as I say,
"Cassander! O, Cassander!" jes a-callin' thataway.

STORIES OF THE TOWN



By Jerome K. Jerome

Author of "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," "Three Men in a Boat," "Diary of a Pilgrimage," etc.

*II—REGINALD BLAKE: FINANCIER AND CAD

THE advantage of literature over life is that its characters are clearly defined, and act consistently. Nature, always inartistic, takes pleasure in creating the impossible. Reginald Blake was as typical a specimen of the well-bred cad as one could hope to find between Picadilly Circus and Hyde Park Corner. Not being of an intense nature, but of a rather negative temperament, possessing brain without mind, and a conscience so sluggish that its promptings availed him little or nothing, existence presented to him no difficulties, and his pleasures brought him no pains. His morality, entirely of the prudential sort, laid down the lines for his guidance. At fifty he was still healthy though stout, and had achieved the not too easy task of amassing a fortune while avoiding all risk of Holloway. He, and his wife, Edith (*née* Eppington), were as ill-matched a couple as could be conceived by any dramatist seeking material for a problem play. As they stood before the altar on their wedding morn they might have been taken as symbolizing Satyr and Saint. Twenty years his junior, beautiful with the beauty of a Raphael's Madonna, his every touch of her seemed a sacrilege. Yet once in his life Mr. Blake played the part of a great gentleman; Mrs. Blake, on the same occasion, contenting herself with a singularly mean rôle—mean, even for a woman in love.

The affair, of course, had been a marriage of convenience. Blake, to do him justice, had made no pretense to anything beyond admiration and regard. Few things grow sooner monotonous than irregularity. He would tickle his jaded palate with respectability, and try, for a change, the companionship of a good woman. The girl's face drew him, as the moonlight holds a man, who, bored by the noise, turns from a heated room to press his forehead to the window-pane. Accustomed to bid for what he wanted, he offered his price. The Eppington family was poor and numerous. The girl, bred up to the false notions of duty inculcated by a narrow conventionality, and, feminine like, half in love with martyrdom for its own sake, let her father bargain for a higher price, and then sold herself.

To a drama of this description a lover is necessary, if the complications are to be of interest to the outside world. Harry Sennett, a good-looking enough young fellow, in spite of his receding chin, was possessed, perhaps, of more good intention than sense. Under the influence of Edith's stronger character he was soon persuaded to meekly acquiesce in the proposed arrangement. Both succeeded in convincing themselves that they were acting nobly. The tone of the farewell interview, arranged for the eve of the wedding, would have been fit and proper to the occasion had Edith been a modern Joan d' Arc about to sacrifice her own happiness on the altar of a great cause. As the girl was merely selling herself into ease and luxury, for no higher motive than the desire to enable a certain number of more or less worthy relatives to continue living beyond their legitimate means, the sentiment was, perhaps, exaggerated. Many tears were shed, and many everlasting good-bys spoken, though, seeing that Edith's new home would be only a few streets off, and that of necessity their social set would continue to be the same, more experienced persons might have counseled hope. Three months after the marriage they found themselves side by side at the same dinner-table, and after a little melodramatic fencing with what they were pleased to regard as fate, accommodated themselves to the customary positions.

Blake was quite aware that Sennett had been Edith's lover. So had half a dozen other men, some younger, others older than himself. He felt no more embarrassment at meeting them than, standing on the steps of the Stock Exchange, he would have experienced greeting his brother jobbers after a settling day that had transferred a fortune from their hands to his. Sennett, in particular, he liked and encouraged. Our whole social system, always a mystery to the philosopher, owes its existence to the fact that few men and women possess sufficient intelligence to interest themselves. Blake liked company, but not much company liked Blake. Young Sennett, however, could always be relied upon to break the tediousness of the domestic duologue. A common love of sport, a common interest in the share-list drew the two men together. Most of our enemies improve upon closer knowledge, even if slightly. They came to find good in one another.

"That's the man you ought to have married," said Blake one night to his wife, half laughingly, half seriously, as they sat alone, listening to Sennett's departing footsteps echoing upon the deserted pavement, "he's a good fellow—not a mere money-grubbing machine, like me."

And a week later Sennett, sitting alone with Edith, suddenly broke out with: "He's a better man than I am, with all my high-falutin' talk, and, upon my soul, he loves you. Shall I go abroad?"

"If you like," was the answer.

"What would you do?"

"Kill myself," replied the other with a laugh; "or run away with the first man that asked me."

So Sennett stayed on.

Blake himself had made the path easy to them. There was little need for either fear or caution. Indeed, their safest course lay in recklessness, and they took it. To Sennett the house was always open. It was Blake himself who, when unable to accompany his wife, would suggest Sennett as a substitute. Club friends shrugged their shoulders. Was the man completely under his wife's thumb, or had he tired of her, and was he playing some game of his own? To most of his acquaintances the latter explanation seemed the more plausible.

The gossip, in due course, reached the parental home. Mrs. Eppington shook the vials of her wrath over the head of her son-in-law. The father, always a cautious man, felt inclined to blame his child for her want of prudence.

"She'll ruin everything," he said. "Why can't she be careful?"

"I believe the man is deliberately plotting to get rid of her," said Mrs. Eppington. "I shall tell him plainly what I think."

"You're a fool, Hannah," replied her husband, allowing himself the license of the domestic hearth. "If you are right you will only precipitate matters; if you are wrong you will tell him what there is no need for him to know. Leave the matter to me. I can sound him without giving anything away, and meanwhile you talk to Edith."

So matters were arranged, but the interview between mother and daughter hardly improved the position. Mrs. Eppington was conventionally moral; Edith had been thinking for herself, and thinking in a bad atmosphere. Mrs. Eppington grew angry at the girl's callousness.

"Have you no sense of shame?" she cried.

"I had once," was Edith's reply, "before I came to live here. Do you know what this house is for me, with its gilded mirrors, its couches, its soft carpets? Do you know what I am, and have been for two years?"

The elder woman rose, with a frightened, pleading look upon her face, and the other stopped and turned away toward the window.

"We all thought it for the best," continued Mrs. Eppington meekly.

The girl spoke wearily without looking around.

"Oh, every silly thing that was ever done was done for the best. I thought it would be for the best, myself. Everything would be so simple if only we were not alive. Don't let's talk any more. All you can say is quite right."

The silence continued for a while, the Dresden china clock on the mantelpiece ticking louder and louder as if to say, "I, Time, am here. Do not make your plans forgetting me, little mortals, I change your thoughts and wills. You are but my puppets."

"Then what do you intend to do?" demanded Mrs. Eppington at length.

"Intend! Oh, the right thing, of course. We all intend that. I shall send Harry away with a few well-chosen words of farewell, learn to love my husband and settle down to a life of quiet domestic bliss. Oh, it's easy enough to intend!"

The girl's face wrinkled with a laugh that aged her. In that moment it was a hard, evil face, and with a pang the elder woman thought of that other face, so like, yet so unlike—the sweet, pure face of a girl that had given to a sordid home its one touch of nobility. As under the lightning's flash we see the whole arc of the horizon, so Mrs. Eppington looked and saw her child's life. The gilded, over-furnished room vanished. She and a big-eyed, fair-haired child, the only one of her children she had ever understood, played wonderful games in the twilight among the shadows of a tiny attic. Now she was the wolf, devouring Edith, who was Red Riding-hood, with kisses; now Cinderella's prince; now both her wicked sisters. But in the favorite game of all Mrs. Eppington was a beautiful princess, bewitched by a wicked dragon so that she seemed to be an old, worn woman. But curly-headed Edith fought the dragon, represented by the three-legged rocking-horse, and slew him with much shouting and the toasting fork. Then Mrs. Eppington became again a beautiful princess, and went away with Edith back to her own people.

In this twilight hour the misbehavior of the General, the importunity of the family butcher, and the airs assumed by Cousin Jane, who kept two servants, were forgotten.

The games ended. The little curly-head would be laid against her breast "for five minutes' love," while the restless little brain framed the endless question that children are forever asking in all its thousand forms: "What is life, mother? I am very little, and I think and think until I grow frightened. Oh, mother, tell me what is life!"

Had she dealt with these questions wisely? Might it not have been better to have treated them more seriously? Could life, after all, be ruled by maxims learned from copy-books? She had answered as she had been answered in her own far-back days of questioning. Might it not have been better had she thought for herself?

Suddenly Edith was kneeling on the floor beside her.

"I will try to be good, mother."

It was the old baby cry, the cry of us all, children that we are, till Mother Nature kisses us and bids us go to sleep.

Their arms were around each other now, and so they sat, mother and child once more. And the twilight of the old attic, creeping westward from the east, found them again.

The masculine duet had more result, but was not conducted with the *finesse* that Mr. Eppington, who prided himself on his diplomacy, had intended. Indeed, so evidently ill at ease was that gentleman when the moment came for talk, and so palpably were his pointless remarks mere efforts to delay an unpleasant subject, that Blake, always direct, bluntly, though not ill-naturedly, asked him, "How much?"

Mr. Eppington was disconcerted.

"It's not that—at least, that's not what I have come about," he answered confusedly.

"What have you come about?"

Inwardly Mr. Eppington cursed himself for a fool, for which he was, perhaps, not altogether without excuse. He had meant to act the part of a clever counsel, acquiring information while giving none; by a blunder he found himself in the witness-box.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," was the feeble response, "I merely looked in to see how Edith was."

"Much the same as at dinner last night, when you were here," answered Blake. "Come, out with it!"

It seemed the best course now, and Mr. Eppington took the plunge. "Don't you think," he said, glancing around the room to be sure they were alone, "that young Sennett is a little too much about the house?"

Blake stared at him.

"Of course, we know it is all right—as nice a young fellow as ever lived—and Edith—and all that. Of course, it's absurd, but——"

"But what?"

"Well, people will talk."

"What do they say?"

The other shrugged his shoulders.

Blake rose. He had an ugly look when angry, and his language was apt to be coarse.

"Tell them to mind their own business, and leave me and my wife alone." That was the sense of what he said; he expressed himself at greater length, and in stronger language.

"But, my dear Blake," urged Mr. Eppington, "for your own sake is it wise? There was a sort of boy and girl attachment between them—nothing of any moment, but all that gives color to gossip. Forgive me, but I am her father; I do not like to hear my child talked about."

"Then don't open your ears to the chatter of a pack of gossips," replied his son-in-law roughly. But the next instant a softer expression passed over his face, and he laid his hand on the elder man's arm.

"Perhaps there are many more, but there's one good woman in the world," he said, "and that's your daughter. Come and tell me that the Bank of England is getting shaky on its legs, and I'll listen to you."

But the stronger the faith the deeper strike the roots of suspicion. Blake said no further word on the subject, and Sennett was as welcome as before. But Edith, looking up suddenly, would sometimes find his eyes fixed on her with a troubled look as of some dumb creature; and often he would slip out of the house of an evening by himself, returning home hours afterward tired and mud-stained.

He made attempts to show his affection. This was the most fatal thing he could have done. Ill temper, ill treatment even, she might have borne. His clumsy caresses, his foolish, halting words of tenderness became a horror to her. She wondered whether to laugh or to strike at his upturned face. His tactless devotion filled her life as with some sickly perfume, stifling her. If only she could be by herself for a little while to think! But he was with her night and day. There were times when, as he would cross the room toward her, he grew monstrous until he towered above her, a formless thing such as children dream of. And she would sit with her lips tight pressed, clutching the chair lest she should start up screaming.

Her only thought was to escape from him. One day she hastily packed a few necessaries in a small hand-bag and crept unperceived from the house. She drove to Charing Cross, but the Continental Express did not leave for an hour, and she had time to think.

Of what use was it? Her slender stock of money would soon be gone; how could she live? He would find her and follow her. It was all so hopeless!

Suddenly a fierce desire of life seized hold of her, the angry answer of her young blood to despair. Why should she die, never having known what it was to live? Why should she prostrate herself before this Juggernaut of other people's respectability? Joy called to her; only her own cowardice stayed her from stretching forth her hand and gathering it. She returned home a different woman, for hope had come to her.

A week later the butler entered the dining-room, and handed Blake a letter addressed to him in his wife's handwriting. He took it without a word, as though he had been expecting it. It simply told him that she had left him forever.

. . . . . .

The world is small, and money commands many services. Sennett had gone out for a stroll; Edith was left in the tiny *salon* of her apartment at Fecamp. It was the third day of her arrival in the town. The door was opened and closed, and Blake stood before her.

She rose frightened, but by a motion he reassured her. There was a quiet dignity about the man that was strange to her.

"Why have you followed me?" she asked.

"I want you to return home."

"Home!" she cried, "you must be mad. Do you not know——"

He interrupted her vehemently. "I know nothing, I wish to know nothing. Go back to London at once. I have made everything right; no one suspects. I shall not be there; you will never see me again, and you will have an opportunity of undoing your mistake—our mistake."

She listened. Hers was not a great nature, and the desire to obtain happiness without paying the price was strong upon her. As for his good name what could that matter, he argued. People would only say that he had gone back to the evil from which he had emerged, and few would be surprised. His life would go on much as it had done, and she would only be pitied.

She quite understood his plan; it seemed mean of her to accept his proposal, and she argued feebly against it. But he overcame all her objections. For his own sake, he told her, he would prefer the scandal to be connected with his name rather than with that of his wife. As he unfolded his plan she began to feel that in acquiescing she was conferring a favor. It was not the first deception he had arranged for the public, and he appeared to be half in love with his own cleverness. She even found herself laughing at his mimicry of what this acquaintance and that would say. Her spirits rose; the play that might have been a painful drama seemed turning out an amusing farce.

The thing settled, he rose to go, and held out his hand. As she looked up into his face something about the line of his lips smote upon her.

"You will be well rid of me," she said, "I have brought you nothing but trouble."

"Oh, trouble," he answered, "if that were all! A man can bear trouble."

"What else?" she asked.

His eyes traveled aimlessly about the room. "They taught me a lot of things when I was a boy," he said, "my mother and others—they meant well, which, as I grew older, I discovered to be lies, and so I came to think that nothing good was true, and that everything and everybody was evil. And then——"

His wandering eyes came around to her and he broke off abruptly. "Good-by," he said, and the next moment he was gone.

She sat wondering for awhile what he had meant. Then Harry returned, and the words went out of her head.

. . . . . .

A good deal of sympathy was felt for Mrs. Blake. The man had a charming wife; he might have kept straight; but, as his friends added, "Blake always was a cad."

*The second of a series of sketches written by Jerome K. Jerome for the JOURNAL. The preceding one, "Blasé Billy," was published in the January issue. Others will appear during the year.

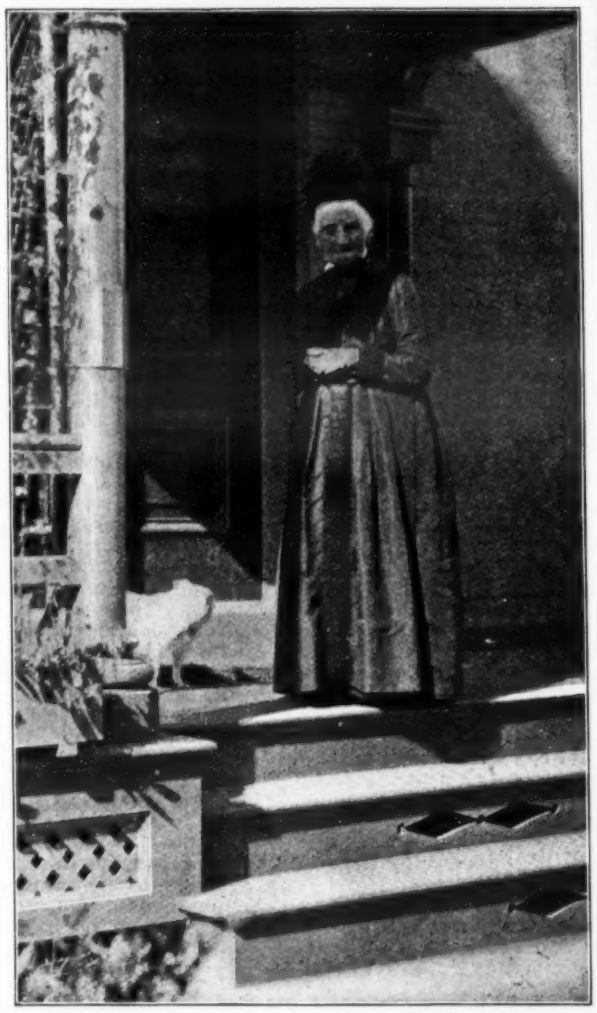
MRS. STOWE AT EIGHTY-FIVE

By Richard Burton

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS ARTICLE

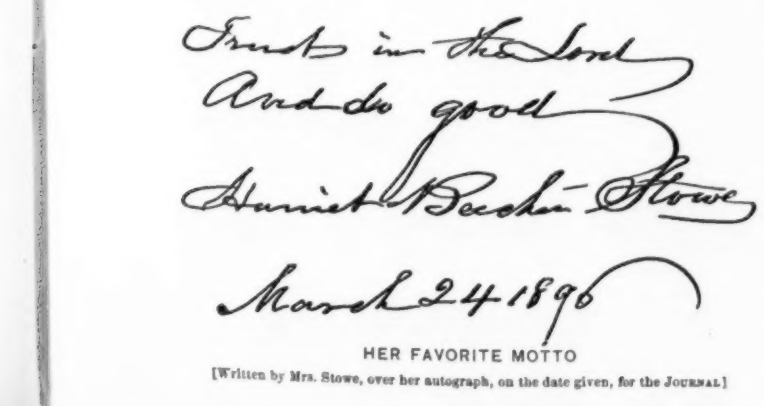
THE city of Hartford, Connecticut, has a name in our early Colonial history. One of the earliest experiments in local town government was made there. In later days the place has been known as the home of the gun and the bicycle. As a centre of insurance and banking, too, its fame has gone far and wide. But its chief glory, after all, is in its literary associations. From the days of Hooker and the "Hartford wits" the city has had a literary tradition; and in the present era, the fact that Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain and Harriet Beecher Stowe have long lived in the Connecticut capital has made it one of the interesting spots of our native evolution in letters.

But it is safe to say that nothing has contributed so much to the honor and repute of the city as the residence therein of Mrs. Stowe, whose masterpiece, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had a direct effect in shaping United States history, and is, of all books written by Americans, the most renowned throughout the world. At the patriarchal age of eighty-five this woman, this great writer and famed American, is quietly spending the evening of her life in Hartford's literary corner. In the pleasant western part of the town, known as Asylum Hill, the most popular section for residences of the better sort, is situated Forest Street, short and beautifully tree-lined, running off south at right angles from the stately Farmington Avenue. A few steps down, the third house on the right is a pretty brick cottage of moderate size, painted gray, and attractive by reason of its well-kept lawn, its flower-beds and trees. Here Mrs. Stowe has lived with her two daughters for more than twenty years, moving thither in 1873 from a larger house near by, which she built and occupied until driven from it by the inroads of business. Forest Street is true to its name, for as one passes along it, great trees and ample grounds with no fences and a general effect of unspoiled Nature come into view. The contiguous estates of Charles Dudley Warner and his brother, George, embrace several acres of land; the picturesque houses stand far back from the sidewalk; squirrels play boldly up and down the chestnut boles, and the woodpecker and robin rejoice in the green herbage. The former's land touches that of Mark Twain, (Samuel L. Clemens), whose large, many-gabled house faces on Farmington Avenue, just around the corner.



MRS. STOWE GOING FOR A WALK

Mrs. Stowe is thus surrounded by fellow-workers in the craft of letters, and, all her life a lover of the countryside, she is able, by taking a few steps, to get into an atmosphere of trees, birds and flowers, where one is leaf-sheltered and seems remote from city cares and distractions. For some years now entirely withdrawn from society, Mrs. Stowe is much afoot in the open air, her strength, for one of her years, being remarkable. In the summer time the slight, bent figure, with its white hair crowning the dark, wrinkled face, is a familiar sight to the neighbors, as she wanders under the boughs, gathering consolation from sun and shade and wind, or strays down the steep bank to where a little silvery stream winds its tortuous length behind the Clemens and Warner grounds. On such walks a trusty attendant is always by her side. It is likely that Mrs. Stowe's fondness for exercise and outdoor life has done much to sustain her bodily vigor to her present age. But she comes of a sturdy stock. Lyman Beecher, her father, the celebrated theologian, was nearly eighty when he died; her sister, Isabella Beecher Hooker, who, until the other day, lived near by on Forest Street, in another of the noted Hartford houses, is well beyond the Psalmist's allotment of years, and, indeed, almost all the many Beecher children—a family, perhaps, as distinguished in its members as any America can name—have been long lived.



HER FAVORITE MOTTO

[Written by Mrs. Stowe, over her autograph, on the date given, for the JOURNAL]

MRS. STOWE'S working days have been long over. None of her conspicuous literary productions is associated with her present residence, and her condition requires that she be carefully guarded in every way by her family from the intrusion of strangers. Yet as she walks the street, always followed by a fat little pug, who is an autocrat in the house (it may be remarked that the Stowe family is devoted to dogs), one often sees lion-hunting visitors eager to catch a glimpse of the most noted literary woman of the land. Requests at the door for a sight of the mistress are not infrequent, while letters petitioning for autographs are, of course, legion. Occasionally still the latter favor is granted, or the authoress pens a bit of a note in acknowledgment of some courtesy. On New Year's Day last year I found on my study table a large portrait of Sir Walter Besant, on the back of which was written in a beautiful, bold chirography, "To Richard Burton, with New Year's greetings, from his friend and neighbor, Harriet Beecher Stowe." At her eighty-fourth birthday (when, by-the-by, of the five hundred telegrams and messages declared, in a newspaper dispatch, to have been received from all parts of the world, all were apocryphal) the pupils of two of the city schools sent her roses to the number of her years, and the children were delighted to get, in Mrs. Stowe's own hand, letters of grateful thanks. To such effort, however, she is, for the most part, unequal.

MRS. STOWE'S HOME IN HARTFORD

Professor Calvin Stowe, her husband, well known as philologian and theologian, died a dozen years ago. Vivid in the minds of friends is the memory of this man, whose individuality was striking, as he sat on his porch, the stout figure clad in clerical dress, surmounted by a broad, white-bearded, German-looking face, upon the head a black skull cap—needing only the pipe to look the German professor to the life.

If one steps indoors, noisily greeted by the aforesaid canine pet, there is found to the left a south-facing dining-room, and to the right of the hall a suite of two large, homelike rooms full of tokens of comfort and refinement—books, pictures, bric-à-brac. Several portraits of Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Stowe's brother, are noticeable. The apartments are light and cheerful. Many editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and others of the author's works are on the bookshelves, and the piano in the rear drawing-room calls to mind that Mrs. Stowe has ever been a lover of music, peculiarly fond, these latter days, of listening to sweet, simple church tunes and songs, dear and familiar in New England households. It was her custom for years, until very recently, to go daily to her sister's, Mrs. Hooker's, and the latter played such music for her caller's enjoyment. One of the numerous souvenirs which make Mrs. Stowe's house interesting is a beautiful gold bracelet so made that it resembles the shackle of a slave. An inscription reads: "We trust it is a memorial of a chain that is soon to be broken." Upon the links are graven the dates of the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in English territory. This bracelet was presented to Mrs. Stowe, when in Europe in 1853, by the Duchess of Sutherland, one of her warmest English admirers and friends. A dozen years later Mrs. Stowe had these words engraved upon the clasp: "Constitutional Amendment (forever abolishing slavery in the United States)." Such an ornament rarely takes on such a noble significance.

THE Stowe family lives much up-stairs, where is the special sitting-room of the mistress—not, however, closely associated with her literary labor, which was well nigh ended when she came into this home. The Southern property of Mrs. Stowe at Mandarin, Florida, whither she went for the winter months during many years, reluctantly giving up the habit because of her husband's delicate health, is still owned by the family, and includes a flourishing orange grove which has proved remunerative. In 1893 the copyright on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" expired, and the inevitable curtailment of income must have seriously embarrassed her had it not been that her affairs have been carefully managed by her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, of Simsbury, Connecticut (who is also the author of an excellent biography of his mother), so that a comfortable competence is assured. It is likely, too, that the new uniform Riverside Edition of her works, enriched with much fresh material and valuable illustrative features, which her publishers announce for early appearance, will make a welcome financial return. Her modest way of living implies the fact that the rewards of distinguished success in literature are other than monetary. Such success is not to be measured by tangible things. The aims and ambitions of those who seek to do work with the pen worthy to live, and helpful to their fellow-men, are not those of mere practical pursuits. How can be estimated in dollars the deep moral glow of satisfaction experienced by Mrs. Stowe on the day when the Emancipation Proclamation was given to the world?

THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" AS SHE IS TO-DAY

[Reproduced from a photograph taken at a special sitting for this article]

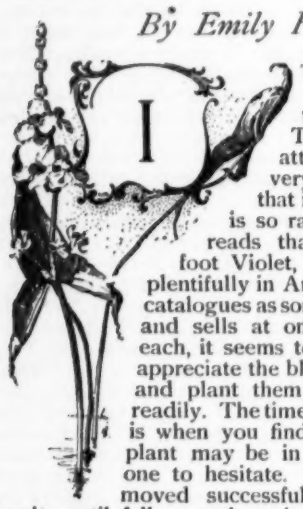
FORTY-FIVE years ago it was that the little lady who still paces the leafy Hartford ways, or sits peacefully in her quiet room, wrote her great slave epic, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and she was then a mature woman of forty. The book appeared first as a serial in "The National Era," of Washington, running from June, 1851, to April, 1852. For the serial rights she received three hundred dollars, what seemed to her then a good round sum. When the story was given book form, in the same year, the sale was phenomenal, and the result is a part of United States history. Three thousand copies went off the first day; the second edition the next week; a third within a month, and one hundred and twenty editions within the year—over three hundred thousand copies. The shy, retiring wife of the country professor, familiar with all the exigencies of small means, found her royalties in the short space of four months yielding her ten thousand dollars. But it must not be forgotten, in the overwhelming dominance of "Uncle

Tom," that Mrs. Stowe has written other powerful and charming novels: that other graphic Southern sketch, "Dred," and the admirable New England tales, "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island" and "Old Town Folks," not so much read nowadays. perhaps, in part, because of the advent of a new, younger school of writers, who depict the character types and social customs of our rural communities down East. They richly repay attention, nevertheless, and, it must be remembered, were, at the time they were created, almost alone in a field since overworked. But, after all, it is natural that in the hearts of the American people Harriet Beecher Stowe should be enshrined as the maker of the mighty drama of slave days in the South, and—more than the story-writer—should go down in our annals as an historic figure in the most tremendous crisis of our national fate.

IT is in such peaceful surroundings, under such favoring conditions, that this famous and noble woman is now passing the remainder of her earthly days. On the fourteenth of the present month (June) the eighty-fifth milestone will be reached, finding the wayfarer in a good degree of health and comfort. Roses, the regnant flower of June, will make her dwelling sweet; loving tidings of remembrance will come from near and far. Mrs. Stowe can rest from her labors in the comforting sense of the beneficent use of a great gift. Throughout her long life her favorite motto, often spoken and written, and deeply felt, has been: "Trust in the Lord, and do good." The passing of such a life when the hour comes, a life so long spared, can have little of sorrow. Most of her kin, the majority of her friends, and all her literary contemporaries have gone. Father, mother, husband, several children, countless folk in this and other lands who were intimates in more active years, and the great New England literary group with whom she is naturally to be associated—Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, and finally, her good friend, Dr. Holmes, the "last leaf upon the tree"—all these and others yet again await her. One feels that whether here, tenderly cared for by her own, or there, with the companions of her main strength and mightiest work, all is well with America's foremost and beloved woman of letters.

TRANSPLANTING WILD FLOWERS

By Emily H. Palmer



IT is very easy, if one lives anywhere near the woods, to have plenty of flowers. There need be no expense attached to the wild bed, and very little trouble. Perhaps that is why the effort to have one is so rarely made. But when one reads that the sweet little Bird-foot Violet, *V. pedata*, that grows so plentifully in America, is quoted in foreign catalogues as something exceedingly choice, and sells at one dollar and eighty cents each, it seems to me that we should better appreciate the blessings that lie at our feet, and plant them where we can enjoy them readily. The time to transplant "wild things" is when you find them. The fact that the plant may be in blossom should not cause one to hesitate. Many varieties can be removed successfully in full bloom. If one waits until fall or early spring the variety is not likely to be found at all, and unless the blossoms are seen one rarely finds the plant among the green density of its surroundings. Wild flowers are used to making a "struggle for existence." With them it is always a "survival of the fittest," and many sorts will stand very rough treatment, heroically surviving being taken up and replanted at any time from early spring until late fall, even when at the very height of their blooming.

The yellow Honeysuckle, of the variety *Lonicena flava*, which grows in the Northwest and along the Alleghenies, substantiates this claim of hardihood. I pulled one up from a sand bank, where it was blossoming away as freely as if growing in the richest of soil. I planted the root, and placed the blossoms in a glass, where they kept their beautiful freshness for over a week. The plant made itself at home against the lattice at the side of a wide porch, and is to-day prospering in more than its native vigor. This plant is called a low climber, but I have known it, under favorable conditions, to attain a great height, and even to hang its yellow blossoms from the eaves of the house.

THE Wild Clematis is especially beautiful for transplanting. It is not only desirable for its clusters of blossoms, but for the feathery-tailed akenes, which afterward cover its surface with downy fluffiness. One year two dozen bulbs of the *Trillium grandiflora* were obtained, after hard digging—for they grow deep—beneath a network of other roots that seemed to be in an endless tangle, and were taken many miles in a pocket handkerchief and planted in a shady place under some Lilac bushes. They were in full blossom, and never even hung their dainty heads at the rough treatment that they had been subjected to, but lived to gladden the sight with each recurrent spring, and blossom, along with the Crocuses at a time when the scarcity of flowers makes them seem doubly desirable.

Jack in the Pulpit shows himself quite as regularly and just as jauntily in the door yard, when once planted there, as anywhere else. The Dogtooth Violet or Adder's-tongue, *Enythronium americanum*, makes a beautiful border with its mottled leaves and lovely yellow blossoms. The Moccasin Flower, *Cypripedium*, also thrives well in cultivated soil. Many varieties of Fern will grow where really nothing else does well, on the north side of the house, where sometimes the grass refuses to show itself. Place a bunch of Fern roots in the bare space and you can rest assured that they will clothe it in a feathery mantle of rich green. The delicate beauty of these denizens of the wood and field, and their stately grace, more than repay one for the small trouble of transplanting them.

One might go on indefinitely mentioning sorts of wild flowers that transplant well and at any time through the summer. But "experience is the best teacher" in this as in everything else.

A FRIENDLY LETTER TO GIRL FRIENDS

*VII—*By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney*

DEAR GIRL FRIENDS: Now, if you please, a word about clothes. Did clothes originate only and wholly with the knowledge of evil? Are they the badge and the bother, simply, of a depraved humanity? Or is the instinct of clothing and adorning the body something that once had the primal innocence in it that possibly came into Eve's head in some fashion long before her intimacy with the serpent? There she was among the flowers, the bright-winged insects, the soft-plumed birds of Paradise. Do you suppose she never twisted blossoms in her hair, or wreathed a vine around her shoulders, or wove crown, or bracelet, or necklace of beautiful dropped feathers or many-tinted leaves? Evidently, when she came to making coverings in earnest, she had the facility of her fingers ready. Ah, it was only that the innocence was gone—the happy thought changed to a sense of shame. Clothing was not so much because of degradation, as that it became itself degraded when sin came. The knowledge of good would not have hindered—it would only have made more exquisitely graceful and expressive—human attire, which would inevitably have been desired and needed. The knowledge of evil marred everything; put a vain, unworthy, sensuous consciousness in the place of a selfless delight in loveliness and use. And saying that, we say precisely what demands saying as to the evil frivolities of the world we live in to-day. Be *clothed*; but be *in your right mind*. Doth not God clothe the lilies?

THE consideration of dress—of outer presentment—comes at once with social living. It is almost the first question. How shall we *appear—apparel* ourselves—to make our personality true, fit, pleasing? It is a right question. It concerns a duty. Each individual is responsible for just his or her own share and representation of the beauty, dignity and possible perfection of the human form and presence. If clothing does not set forth these it is either mere indifferent covering, an answering of necessity, and so serving only its most literal end, or it is a corruption, a setting forth of something unworthy, an expression of something which, if we trace it to its hidden, perhaps remote, origin, we might be very sorry to define. I think fashion in dress can be brought to no truer test than whether it indicates and emphasizes the best, the sweetest, the most really gracious, delicate, *self-forgetful* quality of the wearer. I think I like the word "clothes" better than "dress," for this very reason. To be "clothed upon" from the inner; or merely to decorate, or affect, upon the outside—that is the distinction between the good and the bad of it. To "dress" is to arrange, to deck, to trim, to treat externally, as a skin, a fabric. To "clothe" is to enfold fitly, to invest with a garment, to *habit* the person, which plainly signifies the inhabiting, the in-having, of the personality. I cannot bear to see a woman look as if she *felt her clothes;* as if her sense of vital being were in them, as bodily sensation is in the nerves of the skin.

CLOTHING and dress are as speech and language. The one is expression—that which is evolved from within; the other is of the tongue; the two words, "speech" and "language," are formed from the two meanings. Clothing should speak something; it should have the three qualities of speech—simplicity, sincerity, fitness to person and occasion. Singleness, directness are of grace and truth; complexity is confusion, and more or less of falsehood. Apply the principles to garment and garniture. There should be a reason why for everything; at least, a possible reason why, or a significance. Superfluous tags and tails have no reason; an intricacy is not a beauty, except so far as it is kept delicately traceable. Folds should hang from a natural holding; uselessly caught here and there they are only mussy. A thing, no matter how fine or splendid, stuck on without purpose or connection, is no adornment. See how it is in the making of a picture. A tree, a vine, grasses, blossoms, need to be kept to their relations—to be accounted for—in their details. You cannot scratch in stems like jackstraws; they must follow the lines of real growth. Flowers may not be massed heedlessly, as piled-up decapitations. We want to see them spring from a group, with sweetly-nodding or stately-lifting heads, just as their stems, more or less flexile, bear them naturally outward or upward. We want this truth of life in a painting; this grace of realism in, however few, literal, practicable details. I know very well that recent art gets over its difficulty by what is called impressionism. Impressionism is all well enough if it can convey itself; but a blur, a smooch, is not an impression; a fog is not a landscape; a snarl and tumble of broken slants is not a growing grassfield. It is not, as they pretend, even what we see. We do account for the individual stems, the separate pensile heads. Nature gives lines enough for a clear thought to carry out. There would be even a greater rush upon our opticians than there already is, if our vision served us no more distinctly than the modern canvas.

THE same rule should hold with what we put on. Nothing should contradict, or confuse, or overdo, as to its own particulars, or the lines, curves, movements of the human form which it relates to and illustrates. Nothing abnormal, arbitrary, fantastic in design or suggestion should be tolerated. We must go yet further back, must adapt yet more thoroughly. Nothing should give an air, a seeming, of what a woman would not be. She must remember that whatever garb she assumes she makes a picture of herself. And it is a true picture.

What, then, are we to do about fashion? There will be fashions as long as the world lasts. Variations and inventions will come in and assert themselves, and it is good that they should. They are oftentimes for comfort, for becomingness—which is the suggestion of the ideal of that which we would become; for improved and longer use. When they show these justifications we may well hail and adopt them, but when they are caprices and dictations, obvious tricks of the trade to sell new goods or larger quantities, or force custom for the dressmakers, I am ashamed of women (daughters of the Revolution) who will tamely fall in with them, and pay their tax in time and nerve.

THE first idea of a new fashion is apt to be a thought of beauty, its initial form to have a touch of grace. Pushed to an extreme it becomes a craze, takes shape as a monstrosity. Witness a case in present point—the rapid development of the insanity of the sleeve. The first little easy shoulder puff was so pretty; was such relief from the pinion of the old strait-jacket casing. Even when it elevated and spread a little more it was but the opening out, as a flower opens, to full expression. Or rather, it became the charming sign of the setting of a flower among its leaves. That was the way a pretty head and face looked, lifting up between the soft enfoldings. And a plain one was graciously sheltered, its redeeming modesty gently suggested. There the thing ought to have stopped. But it went on and on, dry goods people and costumers encouraging and goading, until it became—I don't care who adopts it—I have, unhappily, two pairs myself that did not get snubbed soon enough in the shaping—a vulgarity. Would you ever think of putting a tea rose in a vase with a cabbage leaf each side of it? Or do you wish to look like that? The wise woman will stop the fashion in the middle. Then she is safe from either end—the old desuetude, or the sure-coming reaction. The wise woman will not begin with a fashion unless she feels that it is an improvement, a real artistic or comfortable gain. There are plenty of poor fashions that drop to the ground, or that ought to; and who cares to be caught with the stamp of one upon her that never had reason for being, or could make out to be? "Following the fashion"—at a safe distance—is the very thing to do; the attempt to lead or announce it by rushing ahead of it is what no lady will ever be guilty of. She would as soon take her place in a drawing-room by hustling forward and outracing others.

I THINK the trouble with the fashions of the present day is that they have given up their intentions. They mean nothing but "style," and that means the last dictum; they are arbitrary; disconnected from any special adaptations; proceeding from no natural inherence, by no natural steps—and so not *style* at all, in the true meaning. They are alike, practically, for all sorts and conditions of women. They rule in kitchen and drawing-room, in nursery, dancing-school, and in the old lady's sitting-room, in places of summer resort, and at winter dinner-tables, at the fashionable luncheon and at church. This really isn't the kind of thing that used to be. I can remember when the child's dress, the young girl's dress, the grown woman's, the matron's, the elderly dame's, differed; were successively reached and worn, acknowledged and submitted to. I can remember when I was a little girl looking at my grandmother, and thinking how sweet it was to be an old lady, in simple white cap tied under the chin, and folded lace about the throat, the two meeting in reverent veiling of the changed, yet still in their way lovely, contours—wrinkled indeed, but into a gentle repose; not strained and eager, growing into haggishness through struggle against the confession of years. The old womanhood of true womanliness is never haggish. It is the false woman who won't grow old peaceably, who turns into a scarecrow. I remember how especially sweet it was when two old ladies sat visiting together, with some slight individual varying of cap and kerchief, as their spectacles varied to suit the individual eyes. Life was behind them; life—in all its memories and realizings—was with them; life—of the eternal years—was before them. They waited—rested—communed in a wonderful quietness and sympathy. I did not so account for it then; but the sense of it was underneath my pleased and tender perception.

I AM sorry for you girls who know nothing about the charming little "cottage bonnet" that girls in the second quarter of our century wore. To show the profile beyond the bonnet was barefacedness, in the obnoxious as well as literal sense. The simple shape sloped slightly from the crown, which was defined, though low, and rounded outward just enough to frame the face. A single flower, or tiny cluster, or a fine mob-wreath, might be tucked in modestly against the hair; a pretty frill was plaited about the neck, beneath which showed the dainty white collar or ruffle; the bonnet was crossed between crown and brim with some rich, soft ribbon that tied it under the chin. The rest of the dress was in keeping: a gathered bodice, a full, straight skirt that fluttered back in the little breezes of motion, and then subsided to its lines again from waist to instep; a round cape, or some simple mantle, about the shoulders; this was the array they walked abroad in. And they were not always walking abroad. Their mothers called that "spinning street yarn," which no well-brought-up maiden would do.

There is a reflex action in clothes. We grow to that which we put on. We learn to strike the keynote of our habiliments—to tone ourselves inwardly to outward expression. Instance, the Quakeresses, the Sisters of Charity, and in contrast, the flashy women of "style." A terrible thing happens to a woman who adapts herself to pronounced effects, to conspicuous forms and decorations. By-and-by she cannot get into anything else. She cannot return to her primitive sweet bounds. The génie is out of the bottle. Her identity is gone if she tries simplicity again. And the time comes when nothing is becoming to her, because fashion and show are caricatures, and not to be distinguished is to be extinguished. Gown and bonnet have become character; character is all gown and bonnet. It is a retribution; and the worst of it is, the condemned does not know that she is under punishment. She only thinks, "Those other things do not suit me. I need more evidence—more emphasis."

(CONTINUATION ON PAGE 26 OF THIS ISSUE)

*Mrs. Whitney's "Friendly Letters to Girl Friends" began in the JOURNAL of December, 1893, and were continued in March, August and November, 1894, and February and December, 1895.

AT THE COURT OF JUNE

A PAGE OF VERSE

By Nancy Mann Waddle

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ROSES

LUCENT, clear dewdrops
  On mist-looms spun,
Among the red roses
  Ablow in the sun:
June's crimson roses,
  Flowers of the sun!

In a waste garden,
  Through the night's noon,
Pale roses dreamily
  Swing 'neath the moon;
Gold-gleaming roses,
  Flowers of the moon!

PERFUMES OF DREAMLAND

IN a curious jar of quaint device,
  Whence steals the sweetness of perfumes blent,
Lie ashes of roses, dust of spice,
  Sprinkled with musk of the Orient.
But in vain were bartered a ruby's price,
  For the fugitive fragrance June had lent
To the petals dyed with Time's dark stain;
Only in Dreamland they blossom again.

Red roses from lands where roses glow
  Through the dusk of a soft Arabian night;
White roses, gathered when all ablow,
  By a convent wall, in the chill, dawn light,
When perfume floated from petals of snow
  Like prayer sent upward from souls as white.
Rose-dust of splendor and bloom, you seem
To live again in the phase of a dream!

But the Kingdom of Dreams yet holds in fee
  The wealth that the prodigal summer spent;
And still through the lacelike filigree
  Of the curious jar steals the subtle scent
Of the pungent, evasive "potpourri,"
  Whose dust with some Eastern magic is blent,
Which hides in the musk that for years endures,
And ever the spirit to Dreamland lures.

THE GATES OF YESTERDAY

MY love and I strayed hand and hand
  In the wake of the clover-seeking bee;
The sweet, wild grape in that sunlit land
  Had flung its festoons on bush and tree;
And red, wood-lilies, a sentinel band,
  Guarded the entrance to Arcady.

A white mist from the river curled,
  Deep into the woodland wandered we;
The trilliums, flags of truce unfurled,
  And swayed in a breeze from the distant sea;
We plucked wild strawberries dew-enpearled,
  In the morning land of Arcady.

Only when June sends heralds gay
  Into the world may we follow the bee;
Only when grasses bend and sway,
  And the wild grape festoons bush and tree,
May we pass through the gates of Yesterday,
  And linger again in Arcady.

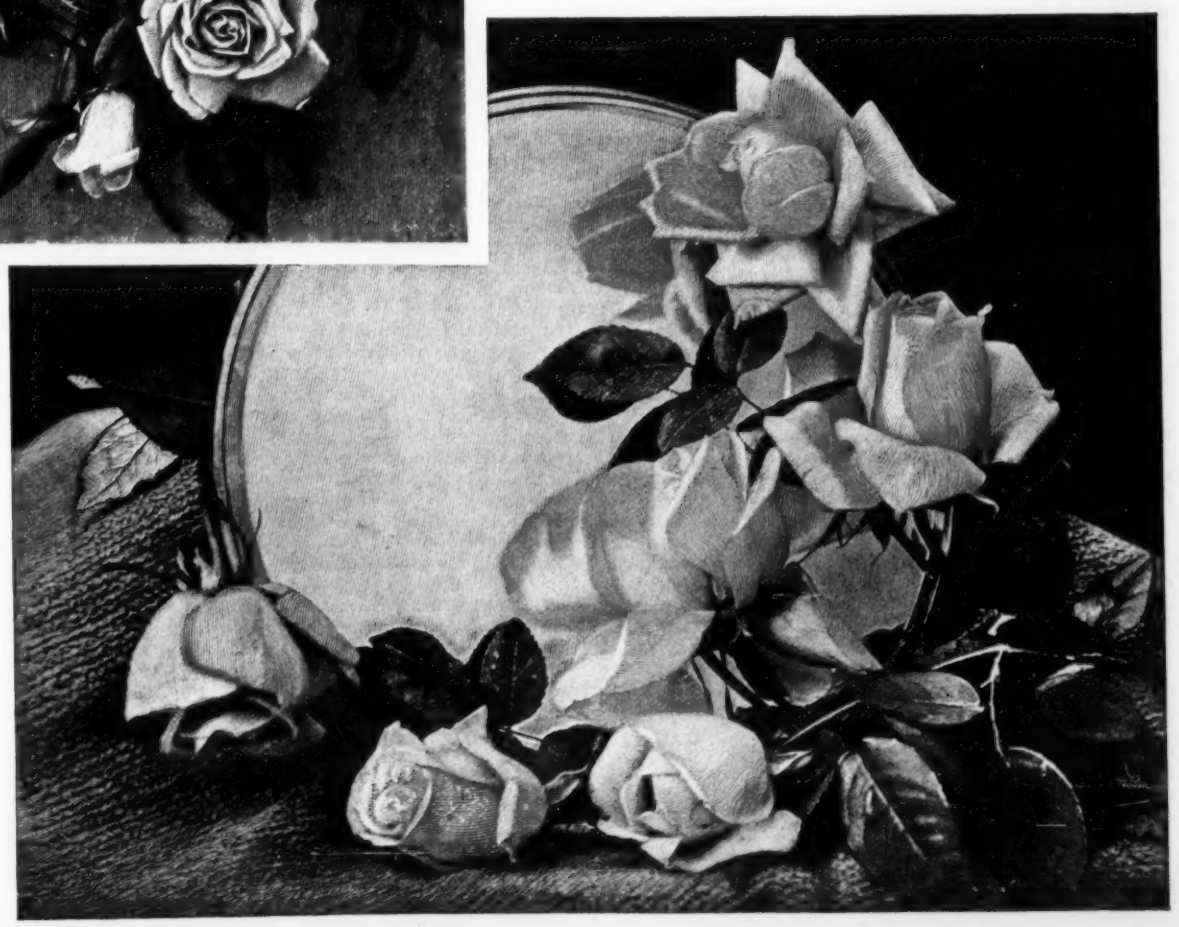
LIFE AND LOVE

LIFE and Love at the cross-roads met,
  Out for a holiday;
Cried Love, "Sweet Life, thy cares forget,
  'Tis Love who bids thee stay,
Come, journey on without regret,
  Through summer hours alway."

A rose-white blur against the sky,
  Crab-apple blossoms blow;
The drifting swallows homeward fly
  To April slopes aglow;
And Life and Love in laughter vie
  As on their way they go.

Pan's pipes sigh 'neath a crescent moon,
  Like cobwebs float and stray;
Night moths seek the white flowers soon,
  'Tis the daffodil month of May;
And the pilgrims sing a merry tune,
  They are comrades true for aye.

To June's rose-hidden portals led
  Glad Love his comrade true.
"Now we must part," was all Life said,
  "And fare alone, for who
Finds Love and June and roses red,
  Has lived his day—adieu!"



THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

By Hon. Benjamin Harrison

***VI—THE PARDONING POWER AND IMPEACHMENT**

I SHALL notice only one other of the Constitutional powers of the President—the Pardoning power. Some other minor powers and duties, imposed by the Constitution and by the laws, will be noticed when I come to describe—as it is my purpose to do—a day with the President at his desk. We shall then see the powers of his office in exercise. The pardoning power is conferred upon the President in these words: "And he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in cases of impeachment."

A reprieve is a temporary suspension of the execution of a sentence. This power is often used for the purpose of giving the President time to examine an application for a pardon, or to enable the condemned to furnish further evidence in support of such an application. In the summer of 1889 an application for a pardon in behalf of a man condemned to death for murder was presented to me, and after a careful examination the application was denied. On the day before the day fixed for the execution I arrived at Bar Harbor, on a visit to Mr. Blaine, and found that just before my arrival a telegram had come asking for a reprieve. The message had been telephoned to Mr. Blaine's house and received by Mrs. Blaine. Her sympathies, and those of the whole household, were at once enlisted for the poor fellow, and though the gibbet was over twelve hundred miles away the shadow of it was over the house, and I was the hangman. A telegram to the United States Marshal granting a short reprieve was sent, and the day of the execution was again my uncomfortable secret. It is not a pleasant thing to have the power of life and death. No graver nor more oppressive responsibility can be laid upon a public officer. The power to pardon includes the power to commute a sentence, that is, to reduce it. When the sentence is death the President may commute it to imprisonment for life, or for any fixed term; and when the sentence is imprisonment for life, or for a fixed term of years, he may reduce the term of imprisonment, and if a fine is imposed he may reduce the amount, or remit it.

THE course of procedure in an application for a pardon is this: A petition is drawn setting forth the grounds of the application. This is usually accompanied by other petitions and letters from citizens urging clemency. The papers should go directly to the Attorney-General, and if sent to the President are referred to the Department of Justice without examination. The first step here is to refer the papers to the Judge and District Attorney who tried the case, for any statement or recommendation they may be inclined to make. In the Department of Justice there is a pardon clerk, to whose desk all papers relating to pardons primarily go. He classifies and makes a brief of them, and then forwards them to the Attorney-General accompanied by a letter stating his view of the case. The Attorney-General then takes up the case, and after an examination indicates his recommendation on the jacket inclosing the papers, and sends them to the President. Here the case is decided, after a careful examination of every paper, especially when the sentence is a severe one. The conclusion of the President, "Pardon granted," or "Pardon refused," or "Sentence commuted to——," is endorsed upon the jacket. Sometimes the President states briefly the reasons upon which his conclusion is based. The papers are then returned to the Department of Justice, where the orders necessary to give effect to the President's decision are prepared, and forwarded to the proper officers. There is an increasing amount of pardon business coming to the President's desk, and he often has many cases waiting his action. Offenses against the postal laws, revenue laws and national banking laws make up the bulk of this business; but cases of murder from the Territories and the District of Columbia are quite frequent. The Indian Territory has been the abode of lawlessness, and crimes against human life have been very common. Until recently crimes committed by or against white men in that Territory were triable mainly in the United States Court for the Western District of Arkansas, at Fort Smith, and Judge Parker, of that District, has probably sentenced as many men to death as all the other United States Judges combined. I am told that the gibbet is never taken down.

The papers in these murder cases are usually voluminous—a full record or an abstract of the evidence making part. If the trial seems to have been fairly conducted, and no new exculpatory evidence is produced, and the sentence does not seem to have been unduly severe, the President refuses to interfere. He cannot weigh the evidence as well as the judge and jury. They saw and heard the witnesses, and he has only a writing before him. It happens sometimes that the wife or mother of the condemned man comes in person to plead for mercy, and I know of no more trying ordeal than to hear their tearful and sobbing utterances, and to feel that a public duty requires that they be denied their prayer.

WE have seen how the President gets into office, and we will now briefly look at the Constitutional process of putting him out of it. Section 4 of Article 2 of the Constitution provides that "The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." "The sole power of impeachment" is given to the House of Representatives, that is, the power to resolve that an officer shall be impeached for specified offenses, and to prefer the charges or articles of impeachment, which take the place of an indictment in an ordinary criminal trial. "The sole power to try all impeachments" is given to the Senate, and "When sitting for that purpose the members shall be on oath or affirmation. When the President of the United States is tried the Chief Justice shall preside; and no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present." The judgment, in case of conviction, ousts the officer from the office he is holding, and renders him incapable of holding any other office under the United States. No imprisonment, nor fine, nor other penalty can be imposed by the Senate; but the officer is still liable to be indicted in the courts under the law for his offense, and may there be made to suffer death, imprisonment or other legal penalty for his crime. The pardoning power of the President does not extend to cases of impeachment—that is, to the penalty following the conviction by the Senate—but would cover the conviction by a court if the officer were further prosecuted there. The reason for excepting convictions on impeachments from the President's pardoning power is obvious. The officers subject to impeachment are, except the Vice-President, appointed by the President, and, except as to the Judges who hold for life, can be removed by him. If in the face of the charges that lead to an impeachment he retains the person in office he has practically judged the case favorably to the accused, and if he might by a pardon save him from an eviction from office there would often be little use of an impeachment.

THE use of the process of impeachment has been, and is likely to continue to be, very rare. It is the most cumbrous of all judicial proceedings. The charges may have a political origin or character, and therefore tend to bring party feeling into play, making conviction difficult—a two-thirds vote of the Senate being required to convict. The meaning of the words "other high crimes and misdemeanors" is uncertain, and all this, with the fact that the terms of office of the President and his appointees are short, tends to discourage the frequent use of the process of impeachment. Mr. Bryce says:

> "Impeachment, of which an account has already been given, is the heaviest piece of artillery in the Congressional arsenal, but because it is so heavy it is unfit for ordinary use. It is like a hundred-ton gun, which needs complex machinery to bring it into position, an enormous charge of powder to fire it, and a large mark to aim at. Or, to vary the simile, impeachment is what physicians call a heroic medicine, an extreme remedy, proper to be applied against an official guilty of political crimes, but ill adapted for the punishment of small transgressions."

The Committee of Detail in the Constitutional convention first reported, in place of the present provision, which denies to the President the power to pardon in cases of impeachment, a provision that the President's pardon should not be pleaded in bar of impeachment proceedings.

"This," says Mr. Curtis (Constitutional history of the United States), "would have made the power precisely like that of the King of England; since, by the English law, although the King's pardon cannot be pleaded in bar of an impeachment, he may, after conviction, pardon the offender. But as it was intended in the Constitution of the United States to limit the judgment in an impeachment to a removal from office, and to subsequent disqualification for office, there would not be the same reason for extending to it the executive power of pardon that there is in England, where the judgment is not so limited."

IT may be a new thought to some that a man may be pardoned before he is convicted, but it is so. And in such case the person, if indicted, can plead the pardon in bar of any proceedings under the indictment. This exercise of the pardoning power is, however, very rare with us in individual cases. It has been several times exercised in the form of proclamations of amnesty extending pardon to classes of persons who had broken the law—as to rebels in the Civil War, and to the Mormons in Utah.

In the Constitutional convention there was some discussion as to whether impeachments should be tried by the Supreme Court or by the Senate. Mr. Madison and Mr. Pinckney objected to the Senate as rendering the President too dependent on the Legislature. Governor Morris and others thought no other tribunal than the Senate could be trusted, and it was finally so agreed, the Chief Justice being designated to preside on the impeachment of the President. When the scheme stood for the trial of impeachments by the Supreme Court it became necessary to provide another tribunal in the case of an impeachment of one of the Supreme Court Judges, and the Senate was recommended.

A provision that the officer impeached should be suspended from office until tried and acquitted was wisely rejected by the convention, and the officer now continues to exercise his office until a judgment of conviction is entered. The other rule would have put it in the power of the House of Representatives to suspend the President from office and to cast the office temporarily upon another. This would have fatally weakened the Executive and offered to partisanship a dangerous temptation. On the whole I think no better mode of trying impeachments than that provided by the Constitution has, even in the light of our experience and development, been suggested.

THE process of impeachment has been put into exercise seven times. In 1797 William Blount, a Senator from the State of Tennessee, was impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors. The charge was that he had conspired to set on foot within the United States a hostile expedition against the possessions of Spain in Florida and Louisiana, to excite the Creek and Cherokee Indians to hostilities against the subjects of Spain in those Territories, and to overturn the authority and influence of the agents of the United States among those Indians. Before the trial of the impeachment he was expelled from the Senate by an order of that body, and when arraigned pleaded that he was no longer a Senator, and that he was not, at the time of the commission of the offenses, a civil officer of the United States. The plea was sustained by the Senate and the accused was acquitted.

In 1803 John Pickering, United States District Judge for New Hampshire, was impeached for certain malfeasances in office, in connection with which it was also charged that he was drunk upon the bench, and was guilty of offenses degrading to his character as a Judge. The accused did not appear and make any defense, but his son presented a petition alleging the insanity of his father. The accused was convicted and was removed from his office.

About the same time impeachment proceedings were begun against Samuel Chase, a Justice of the Supreme Court. The offense charged against him was misconduct in certain trials. The Judge was acquitted by a majority vote of the Senate upon some of the articles of impeachment, and by a minority vote—but more than one-third of the Senate—upon the other articles.

In 1830 James H. Peck, Judge of the United States District Court for the District of Missouri, was impeached for malfeasance in office, especially in relation to certain proceedings in contempt against a member of the bar. He was acquitted by a vote of twenty-two for conviction to twenty-one against.

In 1862 Judge Humphreys, of the District Court of the United States for the District of Tennessee, was impeached. He had accepted and discharged the duties of a similar judicial position under the Confederate Government without resigning his office under the United States. He was charged with inciting rebellion, with organizing armed rebellion against the United States, etc. The accused did not appear, and was convicted and sentenced conformably to the Constitution. Mr. Foster, in his work on the Constitution, mentions the fact that Andrew Johnson, who was afterward as President impeached, was a witness on behalf of the Government in this trial.

THE impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson is the most notable in the history of the exercise of this power, but it is not possible here to describe at any length the proceedings in the case. They are reported at length in a special volume of the "Congressional Record." It was an august court. Chief Justice Chase presided with great dignity and impartiality. There were among the managers on the part of the House and the attorneys appearing for the President, some of the greatest lawyers ever known to the American bar. The managers on the part of the House were John A. Bingham, of Ohio; George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; James F. Wilson, of Iowa; John A. Logan, of Illinois; Thomas Williams, of Pennsylvania; Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, and Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania. The counsel for the President originally selected were Henry Stanbery, Benjamin R. Curtis, Jeremiah S. Black, William M. Evarts and Thomas A. R. Nelson. On the second day of the trial Judge Black withdrew and was succeeded by William S. Groesbeck. The "Congressional Record" states:

> "On Monday, the 3d of March, 1868, articles of impeachment were agreed upon by the House of Representatives, and on the 5th they were presented to the Senate by the managers on the part of the House, who were accompanied by the House, the grand inquest of the nation, as a committee of the whole on the state of the Union."

There were eleven articles in the presentment. They charged the attempted removal of Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War, and the appointment of Adjutant-General Thomas as Acting Secretary of War in violation of the tenure of office act; the attempt to influence General Emery of the Army, in command of the Department of Washington, to violate the provisions of law, and to receive orders from the President not issued through the General of the Army, with the intent to prevent the execution of the tenure of office act. It was further charged that the President had, in public speeches, attempted to "bring into disgrace, ridicule, hatred, contempt and reproach the Congress of the United States," etc., and to incite the people to disregard the laws; that he had declared publicly that the Congress "was not a Congress of the United States authorized by the Constitution to exercise legislative power under the same." These charges were supported by numerous extracts from the public speeches of the President, made during that famous but mortifying tour of his through the country.

Benjamin F. Butler, one of the managers on the part of the House, in his book, says of his own part in the case:

> "As for myself, I came to the conclusion to try the case upon the same rules of evidence, and in the same manner as I should try a horse case, and I know how to do that. I therefore was not in trepidation. When I discussed that question with the managers they seemed to be a good deal cut up. They said, 'This is the greatest case of the times, and it is to be conducted in the highest possible manner.' 'Yes?' I said, 'and that is according to law; that is the only way I know how to conduct a case.' Finding me incorrigible they left me to my own devices."

Mr. Foster, speaking of Butler's part in the case, says:

> "It was masterly, both for what he brought out, and for the manner in which he displayed to the audience and public matters reflecting upon the President, which were excluded as incompetent."

On May 16 the vote was taken in the Senate, 19 Senators voting "not guilty," and 35 "guilty"—one less than the necessary two-thirds. Eleven Republican Senators, four of whom had supported Mr. Johnson's administration, voted for acquittal. The other seven were tremendously assailed by their political friends, but adhered firmly to their convictions. Mr. Foster says that "History has already pronounced her verdict that they saved the country from a precedent big with danger, and vindicated the wisdom of those who made the Senate a court for the trial of impeachments."

THE next and last attempt to impeach a public officer occurred in 1876, when William W. Belknap, who was Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Grant, was impeached. The charge against him was corruptly receiving money from a post trader who had been appointed by him. Mr. Belknap resigned before he was impeached. His counsel interposed a plea that at the time of the impeachment Mr. Belknap was not an officer of the United States. The plea was overruled, but by a majority of less than two-thirds of the Senate. The Senators who had voted to sustain the plea upon the ground that the Senate was without jurisdiction, subsequently voted for acquittal, and being more than one-third of the Senate the proceedings failed.

* The sixth paper of a series on our Government and its functions, written by ex-President Harrison expressly for the JOURNAL. Preceding ones (including introductory article) appeared in December, January, February, March, April and May numbers. Others will be published in successive issues during the year.

CONDUCTING A GREAT HOTEL

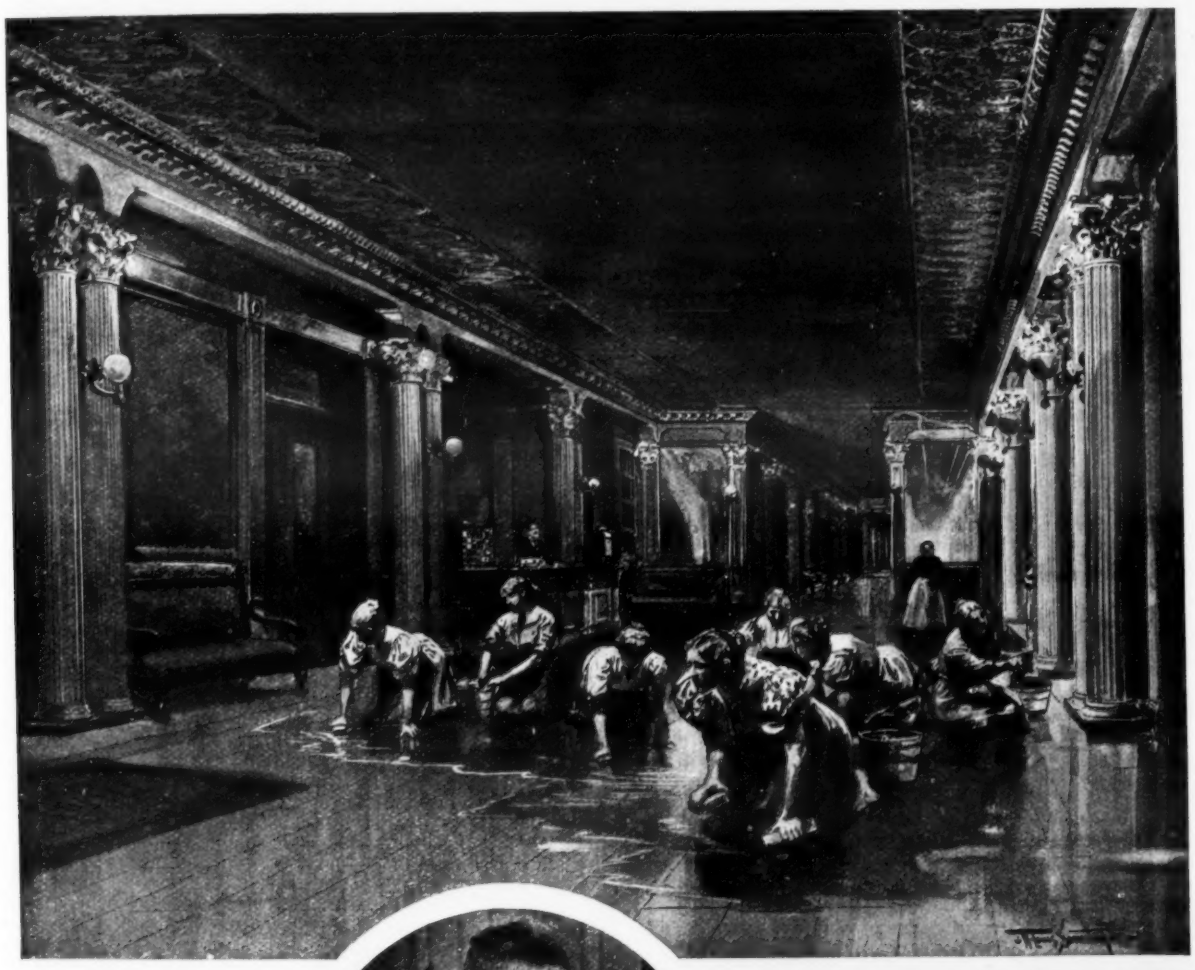
By John Gilmer Speed

DRAWINGS BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.

MORE than fifty thousand persons are lodged and fed in the great hotels of the better class in New York City every night. Of these twenty-five thousand are strangers, and, therefore, merely transient visitors, ten thousand are regular boarders, and another ten thousand are servants and other employees. The railroad and other transportation companies carry to New York every day one hundred thousand persons, other than those who live in the suburbs, and those who come in merely for the day. The excess over the twenty-five thousand noted as stopping at first-class hotels are distributed among the cheaper hotels, the lodging and the boarding houses, of which there are so many that an observant person can find and point out block after block made up almost entirely of these semi-public places of shelter and refection. To lodge, and to feed, and generally to care for such great numbers of people is a problem of importance and interest. Every one who has sojourned at a hotel has seen something of how this problem is solved, but few are acquainted with the real facts. To know these the domestic economy must be exposed.

The casual person going into a hotel might fancy that all the skillful work of direction was done in the office that is in view from the public corridor. But this is not so at all. The office is merely a place of records—a kind of bank and clearing-house—the skillful work of the experts being done out of sight entirely.

SO as to give some idea of the internal economy of a great hotel the writer recently paid a few visits to the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City, a hotel which has become, on account of its long prominence, a kind of national institution. This prominence could not, of course, have been maintained for more than thirty years if the managers had not been both skillful and progressive. They have kept the house always in the first rank, notwithstanding the fact that many other much finer places have been built from time to time, and in the face of the fact that the better class of the traveling public demands much better service than could have been given at any hotel a score of years ago. But the managers of this hostelrie have maintained the hotel in the front rank always, and this fact is mentioned again, and dwelt upon, because maintenance is the most important feature of hotel economy. The wear and tear on hotel fixtures and furnishings is enormous, and so soon as the managers let these begin to get shabby and out of order then the hotel is sure to start on the downward road. The writer had some slight idea of this sort before he made the investigation that has resulted in this article, but he was astonished to find how ample and precise were the provisions against the ravages of time. Beneath the street floor, given over to corridors, offices, reading-rooms, and so on, there is a vast basement divided into not less than fifty compartments, and in these the work that is needed



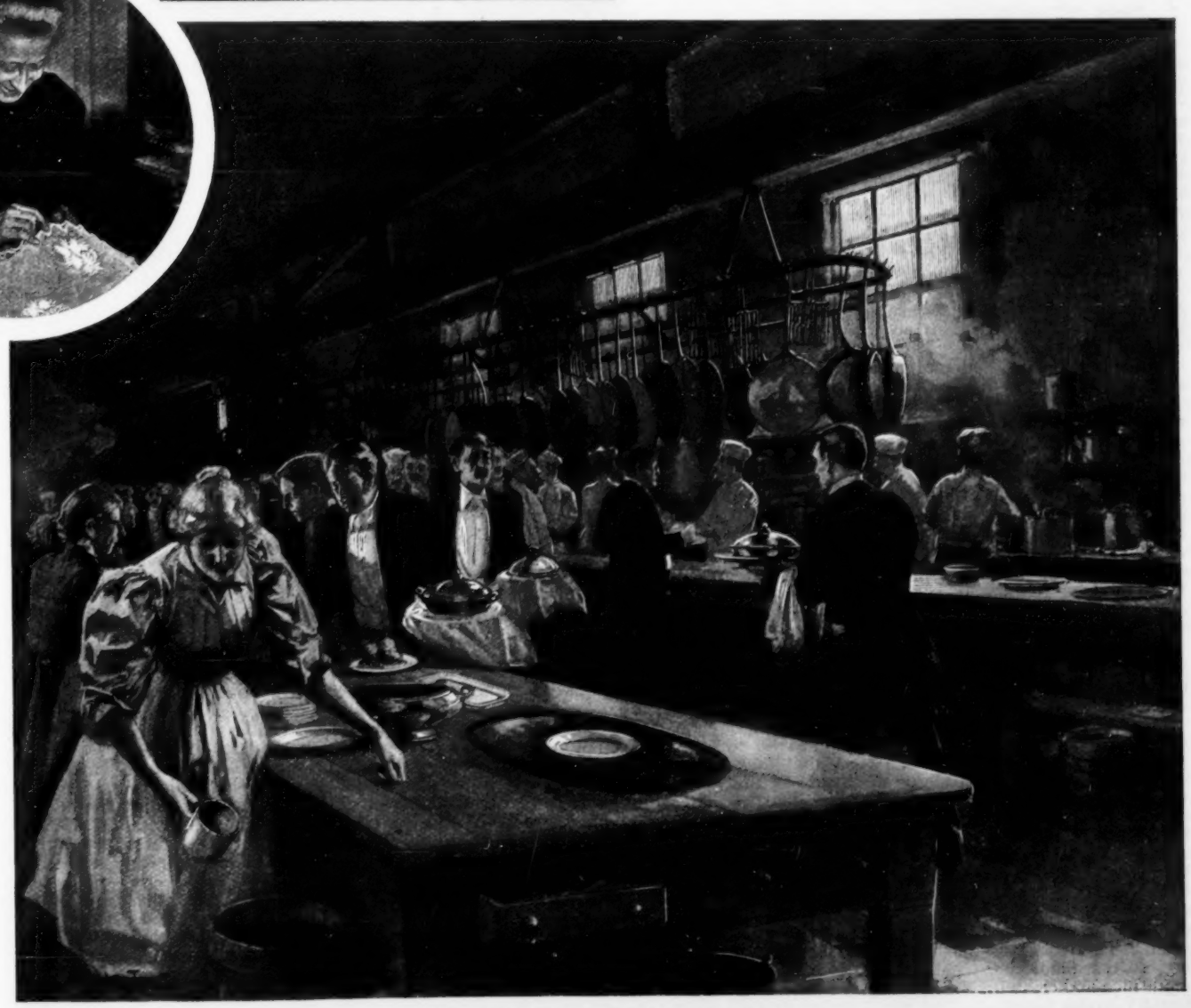
SCRUBBERS' EARLY-MORNING INVASION OF THE HOTEL CORRIDORS

WHERE THE MEATS AND FOWLS ARE COOKED

to keep the hotel always in smooth running order never entirely ceases from year's end to year's end, and among the craftsmen occupied are representatives of nearly every trade that has ever been learned, with here and there an ingenious fellow who can do anything that has ever been heard of, and when occasion requires invent something to meet an unprecedented demand.

NOW these men and women have to be kept profitably employed, and it is necessary that their work shall be supplied to them constantly, and in such a manner that it can be laid aside in cases of emergency. This requirement of the hotel repair shops is met by keeping in stock a large supply of furniture, carpets and curtains, and what not, so that when any are taken away for repairs substitutes are always ready. Some part of a chair is broken, the arm of a sofa gets loose, the leg of a bedstead is damaged, a mattress gets torn, and so on, and so on. Now these are casualties which every housekeeper has to contend with. I need not say in how many ways the housewives meet these difficulties, nor how much they deplore the carelessness which causes them. In a hotel, one that is well conducted, they are expected and counted on, and, therefore, anticipated, for travelers and hotel guests are frequently reckless in their carelessness, and very vandals of destructiveness. Frequent inspections and immediate reports to higher authorities, and the instant sending of any damaged article to the repair shops is the only method

THE EXPERT LACE MENDER



THE HOTEL KITCHEN, WHILE DINNER IS BEING SERVED

by which headway can be made against the destructive forces which are also always at work. The chambermaid sees each room in her section every day at least twice, the assistant housekeeper sees every room in her division twice every week, the housekeeper sees every room once every week. So here is a system of inspection that is well nigh perfect, for these women not only look to see that everything is right, but they look specially to see if anything is wrong. And when anything is wrong that thing is made right at once; the inspector does not merely make a note of something that needs attention, but the thing that needs to be done is done instantly. The writer has never seen another instance that so forcibly as this proved the truth of the homely old adage that "a stitch in time saves nine."

IN these workshops alluded to there are cabinetmakers, painters, upholsterers, machinists, plumbers and gas-fitters, and so on. The mattresses are all made in the house, and when one gets in the least out of order it is at once sent for repair. So, also, the seats of upholstered chairs and sofas are overhauled; and the stock on hand of damasks and trimmings for such uses would suffice for a large store. And so, also, with carpets, and rugs, and curtains. Great supplies of these are kept in stock, but they are not retained after the evidences of wear are plain to be seen. Lace curtains when washed always need to be gone over by an accomplished needlewoman, and at this work in this special hotel an old lady with a gentle face and nimble fingers is kept employed all the year round. In an ordinary house, I am told, lace curtains are washed only about twice a year. But in a hotel the life of a clean curtain is very much shorter, and on an average a lace curtain does not stay up longer than one month. As every window is supplied with lace this accomplished lace mender looks over and repairs about ten thousand pairs every year. It used to take three or four women to do the work now performed by one, whose skill and systematic method of working enable her to do such a wonderful quantity of repairing. She could probably in the same way and time darn all the stockings and socks worn in the hotel. And if this were done it would not be much more remarkable than some of the other things that are done seem at the first glance or first hearing. For instance, there is a little army of chambermaids to look after the rooms of the guests. But these women do not clean their own rooms nor make their own beds, there being special chambermaids for the floor on which the servants sleep. This matter of providing apartments and feeding the servants of a hotel is most important, for good and abundant food and comfortable sleeping quarters count in with the monthly wage as part of the compensation, and as these things are good or bad it is easy or difficult to get and to retain competent, trustworthy and self-respecting servants. These people are not fed in a haphazard way, nor from the leavings from the main dining-room and the refuse of the kitchen, but they have meals at regular hours specially cooked for them and specially served. The variety is not as great as at the guests' table, nor is the service as dainty, but the food is the same in quantity and quality. This means a very great deal when it happens that there are five hundred servants employed, as is the case at the Fifth Avenue Hotel when it is entertaining its full complement of five hundred guests—a servant for each guest. Chambermaids in a first-class hotel do not have a hard time and they are well paid for their work. Good food and good lodging count for a great deal. Then they receive wages of twelve dollars per month. The tips from guests equal, on the average, twelve dollars more. The hours begin at six in the morning and end at six in the evening, each one having four nights of each week to herself, free from work or care.

THE laundry is also an immense department and has many interesting features. It is divided into sections—one for table linen and bed linen, one for kitchen aprons and cloths, one for servants' clothes, one for guests' clothes. In the technical language of the hotel laundry the guests' clothes laundered are called "bundle washings"—this, simply because they come to the laundry in bundles and each bundle is given a distinguishing mark. Because the things here laundered have to be dried in the dark a chemical bleach is necessary, but probably this is not in the least peculiar so far as work of this kind in the large cities is concerned. The bed linen in constant use is for four hundred and seventy beds, and four times that much is kept in reserve at all times. Something like one thousand napkins are used every day and fully five thousand are kept in stock. Two thousand towels are in daily use and ten thousand are kept on hand. Napkins and table-cloths only being used once and then washed wear out very rapidly, and they also disappear in a way so mysterious that no mind given to the matter has so far been shrewd enough to determine whither they go. As to the towels, that is another matter, for every now and then a keen-eyed chambermaid will detect a missing towel or two in the unclosed bag of a departing traveler. The purloining of towels by hotel guests is a very old story, but it was evidently still full of interest to the housekeeper at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, who said to the writer that the people who do it are so evidently respectable that it is not possible that they realize that in appropriating the hotel towels they are stealing. It is likely that in taking out a hotel towel from his bag when he reaches home a returned traveler may recall all that he saw lying around loose in his sojourning place and inviting appropriation, and, like Lord Clive in his return from India, rich with booty, marvel at his own moderation. At this hotel the towel appropriators have never been followed up even when their addresses were known, but it is only a delayed intention to do so. And this was about the only instance of executive delay that I learned of in the establishment.

BUT to return from this little digression to the constant and increasing effort to keep clean and to keep in order. In a well-administered hotel we see that all is well without having the machinery obtruded upon our notice. When the stillness of night has settled upon the house, and all save stray travelers and belated revelers are in bed and asleep, the cleaning and burnishing up begins. This is at three o'clock in the morning, when a force of fifteen scrubbers, and ten dusters and sweepers are put to work. The halls and stairways are swept and dusted, and the uncovered floors are scrubbed and polished. This work is all finished by six o'clock in the morning, so that the very earliest risers find that all has been made nice and clean for the new day. The linen from the laundry having been delivered the evening before, when the rooms are vacated and ready to be made up, there is an abundant supply of clean sheets and pillow-cases, which, of course, are put on fresh for each new occupant however short the stay of the departing guest had been. It was interesting to learn that not all of the bed linen was really linen. Much of it is cotton, as there is a growing preference for cotton over linen sheets, many persons dreading the chill of the linen, and many others being admonished by their physicians that cotton is more conducive to health. Ten years ago no cotton sheeting was used in this hotel; now it is not supplied except when asked for, but the demand is so great that in compliance with requests, about three beds out of ten are furnished with it. There is a central linen-room in charge of the head laundress, but each chambermaid has her own closet, which is replenished day by day as she receives from the laundry the exact number of pieces that she sends to the wash. The discipline is of the character we are in the habit of calling military, and the exact placing of responsibility, both in details and in general, in this great house-cleaning department is as exact as possible. Without this manner and method no mere love of order and cleanliness would avail much. The work to be done is so vast and comprehensive that it must be regulated by system, and performed with an intelligent energy which counts no trouble too great and no detail too small. With such efforts even a large hotel after many years of hard and constant usage can be kept as fresh as it was when its doors were first opened and the affable clerk bowed over the counter to the first guest who registered in the book of arrivals.

BUT we have seen only a half of the domestic economy of this great hotel, where something like five hundred guests take three meals each day, and where all of them may have four if they so choose. To provision such an establishment requires a little more foresight and care than a mere daily amble through a market, and the purchasing of what happens to strike the fancy of the family provider. The markets of a great city are open long before the ordinary city resident has wakened from the night's sleep. It is at such early hours that the marketing is done for the large hotels. From the Fifth Avenue one of the proprietors goes to Fulton and to Washington markets every morning except Sundays. It would be possible, no doubt, to do this marketing now and then by messenger, but it is evidently much safer and more satisfactory to keep in as close touch as possible with the dealers, and have under constant observation the supplies that are displayed on the stands. In this way the hotel proprietor runs little risk of failing to get the best that is to be had, and he also reduces to the minimum the chance of not securing the most advantageous prices. The steward, who has immediate charge of all provisions, keeps a market book, and each morning the proprietor who does the marketing is supplied with a list of what is needed. When he goes his rounds he is guided quite strictly by this list in the purchase of fish, and perishable fruits and vegetables, but he has great leeway as to what meat he buys each day, for this hotel—and it is the case with all the large hotels—has a large cold-storage room for meat, and in it there is always enough to last for three weeks. Indeed, the purchases of beef and mutton are of what is called "green meat," and this is always hung a fortnight or so before it is considered to be in proper condition for cooking. The marketer for the Fifth Avenue Hotel gets back at about half-past seven, and brings with him pretty nearly all the fish that are used that morning for breakfast, the most of which the day before were uncaptured denizens of their native elements. The guests, therefore, can have genuine fresh fish for breakfast if they wish it.

BUT this is by no means the first work that has been done that day toward getting breakfast ready. The bakers go on duty at twelve o'clock at night, so that hot rolls may be ready at seven o'clock. At five in the morning the steward is in his office, and before him is a busy hour of preparation of the market book. At six the cooks and their helpers appear and begin preparations for breakfast. Before seven the waiters begin coming in, and by eight o'clock everything is in full blast. And so, in the lower regions, it continues till twelve o'clock at night, with little respites from eleven to one in the morning, and from half-past three to half-past five in the afternoon, and again from half-past eight to ten in the evening. These little respites are used by the scrubbers and cleaners, who not only wash the dishes and glasses and cooking utensils but scrub everything in sight three or four times a day. But such care is needed, for every one knows that cooking is apt to be very dirty work even when only one cook is engaged in the operation. In the kitchen here, exclusive of the bakery and pastry adjuncts, there are twelve men and four women cooks at work. It is interesting to note that the women are employed to cook the vegetables because they are more careful in cleaning them than men, and appear to have a natural antipathy for putting them in the pot together with the native soil that came to and from the markets. Preparing vegetables for a great hotel is not a small task, as this hotel uses four barrels of potatoes every day, and when spinach is on the bill-of-fare a barrel is required. To supply this hotel with potatoes the entire product of a fertile field of forty acres would be needed. Cranberry sauce is made regularly twice a week, and on each occasion a half barrel of cranberries is used. For Thanksgiving Day a whole barrel of cranberries was required.

THE roasting of meats is a great operation in a large establishment where six roasts of beef of seven ribs each are in process of cooking at one time. Then the cook whose business it is to baste these roasts has to be as nimble as a jumping-jack, and he needs to keep moving, for if he stood long in one place the glowing furnace fire would toast him as he stood in his boots. On Thanksgiving Day two hundred turkeys were cooked, for it was quite correctly inferred that every one would dine off the national domestic bird that day. For roasting turkeys there is in front of the grates a revolving shaft, on which as many turkeys as may be required are impaled after they have been stuffed. As this shaft revolves quite slowly the turkeys are cooked and the drippings fall into a pan beneath, and are used for basting and for gravy. The range takes up all one side of the meat kitchen, and further along than the roasting sections are the places for broiling and frying. Where so many things need to be done at once, and everything must be done in a hurry, one would expect to see great confusion. And the first glance of a hotel kitchen, say at six-thirty o'clock in the evening, when dinner is at its height, gives this impression. But if the visitor will wait a little until a better notion of what is going on is obtained it will be seen that this kitchen is a very orderly kind of chaos, and that every one in it knows exactly what is the business in hand, and how best to get through with it quickly. The head cook or *chef* has arranged all of the work before each meal, having given special attention to the made dishes which require the touch of a master hand, and now during its progress he gives a watchful supervision. To him all the cooks are responsible; he reports, in turn, to the steward, and the steward to the proprietors. In this department there is the strictest discipline and a precise division of responsibility. This system extends to the waiters, who are also in the steward's department, but directly under the head waiter and his two assistants. When we stop at hotels we see some of the work of the waiters, but probably not the most important and difficult part. That is done in the kitchen, where the waiter has to get exactly what the taste of the guest he is serving requires. Now when a waiter goes to the kitchen with four orders, each different, and when each guest has made some special specification—as for the second joint of a turkey or for the outside piece of a roast of beef, and so on—very close attention is necessary on his part or he will return to the dining-room with everything mixed up, and provoke the guest at the worst possible time, for when a man is hungry his temper is apt to be short, and mere trifles are likely to seem of very great importance. The difficulties in the way of becoming an accomplished hotel waiter are very great, but when they have been overcome a man is sure of steady employment and good wages until he has become disabled by age. There are waiters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel who have worked there steadily for a quarter of a century.

AMERICANS are great coffee-drinkers, and good coffee must be had at every hotel that finds favor. I was curious to learn how the great quantities were kept constantly on hand, and, at the same time, always fresh. The coffee-pot is a huge affair in which several gallons could be made at once. It is upon the French plan, and boiling water is poured over finely-ground, freshly-parched coffee. One man is kept making coffee all the time. He makes it in six-quart quantities, using for breakfast coffee six quarts of water to four pounds of coffee; for dinner coffee the water is reduced to five quarts to four pounds, and for after-dinner or black coffee to four quarts. The coffee-pot is enameled inside because this can be kept clean, which tin cannot, as the coffee eats off the tin in a little while, and then in that pot it is next to impossible to make satisfactory coffee. I have mentioned these proportions and this matter of cleanliness of the pot because good coffee is just as easy to make as bad, if the material and the utensil be right. Boiled coffee is no longer served at first-class hotels and restaurants.

There is a tremendous breakage of china and glass in the kitchen and dining-rooms, and on the wash-tables. For many years past the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel have had to spend ten thousand dollars each year in new china, made specially for the hotel in France. Three-fourths of all the china in use is thus destroyed every year. Recently a rotary washing-machine has been put in operation, and there is a hope that the breakage will be less. Before the plates and dishes go to this machine they are scraped with tolerable care. In the machine jets of hot water play upon the china and remove from it all foreign substances; then a rinsing application is given and the china is ready to be wiped dry by hand—the good, old-fashioned way common to every kitchen. This machine is always busy, for the china is washed at once after it has been used, as it is in continuous service, the supper-room not being closed till midnight, having been opened for breakfast at seven.

ONE feature of providing for hotel tables puzzles the ordinary housekeeper. How does the steward know how much of each thing to provide? For instance, he knows that there will be five hundred persons for dinner and that all of them may call for soup. Now he has on his bill-of-fare three soups. How does he know that all of the guests will not call for one kind of soup, and if he does not know does he have to provide enough of each kind to supply all? But he does know. Long experience has taught these purveyors to the public taste what percentage of guests will call for this and for that. They make a little more than this percentage calls for, and then they are on the safe side without being wasteful. Green turtle soup is the most popular with hotel diners, and when that is on the bill-of-fare an extra quantity must be provided. When a popular game, such as grouse, or partridge, or quail, or canvas-back duck, is on the bill-of-fare then the supply must be very liberal. The record shows that eight out of ten will call for canvas-back, seven out of ten for quail, six out of ten for partridge and grouse. There are four portions to a grouse, partridge and duck, and only one to a quail. There is one thing of which at dinner it is tolerably safe to say that every guest will call for—ice cream. And, therefore, this is made in great quantities—eighty quarts a day—and sometimes a new freezer or so is started after dinner has begun. Roast beef is much more popular than any other meat.

This sketch may seem to partake somewhat of the nature of an inventory, but I trust it has given a little glimpse of the hotel world behind the scenes, and that in some measure it shows the infinite pains that are taken for the comfort of travelers when they are shut off by necessity from the inestimable comforts of home.

LITTLE SCHOOLMASTERS OF WISDOM

By William H. Hill

INSPIRATION, like death, always comes unexpectedly.

Many young men of to-day need guardians rather than wives.

The sneer of a cynic and the bite of a lamb are alike harmless.

The softest thing in the world is the hand of a woman when it caresses.

Generosity often follows the possession of riches, but riches are slow in coming to the generous.

How much of sorrow would be prevented if regret could precede rather than follow a wrong deed.

It is always best to avoid controversy with two kinds of people: those who cannot understand you and those who will not.

If common-sense were sold by the yard, like ribbon, there would be found many who did not possess enough sense to buy it with judgment.

THE VIOLET

By Julia Magruder

Author of "A Beautiful Alien," "The Princess Sonia," etc.

DRAWINGS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

XIV

WHEN Elinor King, a few hours later, having informed the servant that she would go up unannounced, entered the green sitting-room where Violet sat alone, she surprised her friend in a mood of sadness and tears. The poor little Violet was prone upon the lounge with her handkerchief rolled up into a small damp ball in her hand, and too clearly tell-tale flushes on her cheeks and about her eyes.

She sprang up, however, with a sudden cry of joy as she recognized her friend, and threw her arms around her with a warmth of affection that the other heartily returned.

"Oh, you precious!" she cried. "How good it is to see you! How sweet it was of you to come!"

Then they stood off at arm's length, still holding hands, and looked into each other's eyes.

"Well," said Elinor, speaking first, "do I look like a happy woman or not?"

"Oh, Elinor, thank God for it, if you are happy. So few women are!"

"If," said Elinor—"if I were not quite too happy to be revengeful, even to my worst enemy, I should inflict years of penance on you for the qualms, and doubts, and misgivings of which you sowed the seed in my heart."

"Did I, darling? Then forgive, forget, absolve me. I did it all to try to serve you, to let my bitter experience profit you, if it could—but, oh, how glad I am that it was not needed."

"Violet," said her friend, drawing her down beside her on the lounge, and speaking with concentrated earnestness, "the first thing I have to say to you after all this long separation, is that I have proved—not imagined, but proved—that your views of life, at least where marriage is concerned, are false. You thought, after an experience which was not marriage, that you were qualified to judge, but, dear one, you have been morbid, self-deceived, misguided, mistaken. Nothing but experience could ever tell you what true marriage is, because words which flock to my lips in plenty are so much less powerful than feeling, and cannot describe what feeling is. My own dear, I have come home with a feeling that I've got a mission to you—to give you my experience of marriage, as an offset to yours."

Violet shook her head.

"I yield the point in your case, Elinor," she said, "I see and am convinced. You are happy, and you have found this happiness in marriage. I believe it never could have been with me, and now my past experience has made it a plain impossibility. The only happiness that I shall ever get from marriage will be through yours and Louie's."

"Dear little Louie!" said Elinor smiling. "I'm going to have her for a sister. Do you know it?"

"No—I wasn't aware, but all the same my own belief is that she is willing."

"And my certainty is that he is anxious. He hasn't said much to me, but it's enough for such a keen scenter of matrimonial aspirations as I am. It's simply got to be. He's regenerated by his feeling for her already, and papa says he's a new man and on the way to being a successful one. So that's just got to be!"

"Oh, I hope and pray it may be!" said Violet impulsively.

"What! You matchmaking, Violet? This gives me new courage. When did you ever want any one to marry before?"

Violet blushed and lowered her eyes for a moment. Then meeting her friend's gaze she said half-wistfully:

"Ah, Elinor, don't expect me to be consistent. I hardly know what I want or think. I love you and I love Louie, and seeing how happy marriage has made you, makes me feel differently about Louie—or else it may be that all too plainly I have come to know that a woman cannot find her real and complete happiness outside of it—though she cannot find her completest misery elsewhere, either."

"I think you are right. The one involves the other. But oh, my Violet, my own friend, if I could show you my heart—my happy, satisfied, exultant heart—you would not wonder that I long for that to come to you which has come to me."

Her searching gaze was fixed on her friend's face, and it was vain for Violet to seek to hide the look of consciousness and agitation called up by her friend's appeal.

"Don't you believe me, dear?" said Elinor. "Don't you see and know that one woman has been made happy by marriage, and if so, why may not another?"

Violet only shook her head in sad, positive negation.

"And," said the other, dropping her voice to a whisper, "if Elinor, why not Violet?"

"No, no, no!" said Violet in acute distress. "If you love me, spare me such an appeal as this. Oh, Elinor, you do not know. You cannot understand. I can never marry again."

"Listen, dearest," said Elinor, taking both her hands and coming very close to her, her steady gaze intent upon her friend's face. "If that were marriage—that miserable rack and bondage into which your young life was betrayed—I would not injure you by naming it to you again, but, Violet, it was not. My child, it never was. Think of its very opposite and you will have the truth. In place of brutality, put infinite gentleness; in place of coldness and distrust, absolute tenderness and faith; in place of discord, harmony, and in place of antagonism and aversion, complete union and perfect love. Oh, Violet, your heart needs this—your nature craves it—your exquisite womanhood demands it! Open your heart to receive this blessing if God sends it to you. You are lonely and desolate. Even if you had millions you have no home. Mine, as you know, is open to you—but there is no true home for a woman except in love."

To her surprise and extreme relief Violet did not protest as she had expected her to do. She only looked a gentle denial through two great tear drops.

"Elinor . . . stepped back a few paces and gazed with rapture on the picture before her"

"You may be right in your theories of marriage," she said, "for you, for Louie, for other women; but not for me."

"Yes, for you, too—for you particularly and supremely! You are, of all women, the one who seems to me best fitted to enjoy and to satisfy love. I cannot bear to see the sweetness of you wasted—the sensibility, the beauty, the youth, the loveliness."

"No, Elinor, I am not young. I feel myself old, old, old!"

"But love rejuvenates!" said Elinor, "and something, I don't know what, has been making you younger and lovelier since I went away."

As she spoke the clock on the mantel chimed five.

Elinor rose to her feet and went over and touched the bell button.

"I want the maid to bring up a parcel from the carriage," she said, and when Hester appeared she gave the order.

It proved to be a large flat box, and Elinor, in her authoritative way, insisted on going into her friend's bedroom to open it.

"Of course, I could not go to the East," she said, "without bringing you something Oriental, but don't be alarmed. I know too well the sort of thing that chimes in with both your beauty and your taste to attempt to array you gorgeously. This will suit you to perfection—see!"

And she lifted out of the silver papers a marvelous white gown. It was dense white, without a shade of cream, and of a soft, light texture of crêpy cloth swathed in long wisps of deep white fringe. "Off with that sad black dress, and on with this!" she said, "I have set my heart on seeing you in it. And, by-the-way, Violet, I forgot to tell you that one reason of my precipitancy in rushing in on you this evening is that I can't have you with me to-night. We are to have a family dinner—all the tribe to assemble—and it would only tantalize us both. So I came around to give you a kiss and a hug, and to say that I will come for you myself the first thing to-morrow. I know you hate a lot of people——"

"Oh, I'm so glad you saved me from it," Violet began, but her friend cut her short. She had neither words nor eyes now for anything but the toilette at which she was assisting. Hester stood by and handed pins and gazed admiringly, but it was Mrs. King herself who threw the beautiful thing over her friend's head and fastened the folds of the Greek drapery about her.

It was made loose and yet it clung. It seemed to clasp and mould the lovely figure at the same time that it left it free as a nymph's.

And a nymph, a siren, an enchantress did the Violet look when she was swathed in it. The long Greek sleeves, split to the top of the arm—that gracious, rounded bend, where the form of woman is so infinitely lovely, and which modern fashion so often contrives to hide—showed from shoulder to finger tips, a pair of arms and hands of wonderful beauty. For once Nature had done, even in human form, where she is most chary of perfection, a bit of perfect work. In every curve, and line, and contour Violet's arms were perfect, and of a white so matchless that it was not like milk, nor snow, nor marble, nor anything in Nature, except just that flawless, perfect white which is never seen except in the skin of a red-haired woman.

Elinor, who had begun her office by smoothing to a yet more burnished tint the parted masses of soft, rippling hair, now stepped back a few paces and gazed with rapture on the picture before her.

"Why is it, I wonder," she said, "that a red-haired beauty never looks so enchanting as she does in white—and that no other woman in creation ever can look so enchanting as a beautiful red-haired woman dressed in white?"

Violet laughed.

"I like your spade-calling," she said. "People usually call my hair auburn, or golden—or even, at a stretch, nut-brown."

"I say red, *faute de mieux*, for it isn't really red. I never know what to compare it to. If one could conceive of metal as soft as silk, that would be best, for I declare that in that twisted topknot of yours I can see strands of gold, and brass, and copper, and bronze, and even silver! Oh, but my Violet's a bonnie thing!" she ended, clasping her hands and looking at her friend with a degree of delight, which, even from Elinor, Violet had never seen before.

"How you would have ruined me if I'd been ruinable!" she said. "But fortunately no one but you sees all that in me, and so I am wholesomely obliged to put it down to prejudice."

"One touch more—and this is the last," said Elinor. "The gown is from me, and this from Egie. He takes great credit to himself, you must know, for having named you—given you a sobriquet that every one who knows you has adopted. He sends this with his love to The Violet."

She opened a box and showed a small gold comb topped with a bunch of violets in white enamel.

While the recipient of this charming gift was admiring it Elinor was admiring her, but the clock gave one clear stroke and she started.

"Let me stick it in your hair," she said, "and now come back to the sitting-room. I must fly."

When she had embraced her friend with unusual fervor she led her to the green lounge, and made her sit down there among the cushions, saying:

"I am compelled to leave you, but don't take off your gown yet. I love to feel you in it—a sweet white violet on its green bank—as I drive through the snow outside. It's a whim of mine, but please promise me."

"Of course, I'll promise," Violet replied. "I never felt anything more comfortable. Bless your goodness!"

These were the words that lingered in Elinor King's ears as she passed down the staircase and entered the drawing-room, where Jerome awaited her.

He did not speak, but came forward, holding out his hands and looking at her with eager questioning.

Elinor gave him a glance of positive exultation. He did not read her thought, but she was thinking what a complement this man made for that exquisite piece of womanhood from whom she had just parted.

"Well?" he said, as she remained speechless.

"I have done my part. The rest is for you to do. Remember what has been decided of old to be the barrier to the winning of fair lady!"

"I am no faint heart!" he said. "I feel a power to do what God points me out as the thing to be done—and what my mind, and soul, and body are struggling for with all their strength."

"The Violet" was commenced in the December, 1895, JOURNAL.

Elinor was impatient to be off, and as he walked with her to her carriage she said:

"I shall be intensely anxious to hear from you. I have something in this little box by which you can tell me. Take her these, and if her answer is what I hope for almost as ardently as you, put one of them into the envelope and leave it for me as you are going home. I shall probably be dressing or at dinner, but it will give me the assurance I so crave. If you do not send it I shall understand that you have failed."

"In the first battle only. I shall not quickly yield to any such decision."

"That is the spirit that I like to see," she said, "the spirit that wins success—but women are unaccountable, and Violet can be as elusive as a sprite."

A sprite she looked, and a vision of an angel as well, as, a moment later, Jerome entered her presence with a bunch of white violets in his hands.

She was seated on the lounge, in an attitude which she frequently took when thinking earnestly—her head thrown backward and her hands clasped behind it. In this way her wonderful white arms were fully exposed, and the parted folds of her gown showed also a patch of her pure white neck, which Jerome had never seen before, except in its close swathing of collar or lace.

The afternoon was deepening toward twilight, but the room was subtly lighted by the mingling of dying sunlight and the flame of the wood fire. He closed the door behind him and stood intensely still.

She rose to her feet, the clinging folds of her gown falling, soft and heavy, about her. For some reason the words which she ought to have uttered did not come.

For a full minute they stood so, the space of the small room between them. Then he came forward, moving slowly and not taking his eyes from her face, and so stood in front of her until she looked at him.

The subtle, delicious odor of the violets in his hand was wafted toward her with that look. She was keenly sensitive to both impressions, and she felt a sort of intoxication stealing over her, and a sudden trembling which she could not quite control.

"The room is getting dark," she said, forgetting that they had not exchanged the usual formal greetings, "I will light the candles."

"Not yet," he said, and stood there still before her, looking at her.

In her absorption in her rushing thoughts she had forgotten her unusual dress, and made no allowance for the appearance of such a beautiful vision before the eyes of the man before her. If she had known the adoration, the tenderness, the passion that crowded that man's heart, and, at the same time, the sense of freedom and release from long-imposed bonds, which his recent knowledge of her had caused, she would not have wondered at the power of the gaze with which he overwhelmed her. That sense of tremulousness increased. She felt afraid—not of him, but of herself, lest she should betray a thing, the knowledge of which had come to her, swiftly, silently, unmistakably, though as subtly as that breath of violets.

"Elinor—" she began half-helplessly, "she has just been here—I had not seen her for so long——" but her floundering explanation seemed to do no good, either in relieving that tension of sweet pain upon her heart, or in bringing him to the point of the usual conventional intercourse.

But presently, an indefinable something—a little distressed catching or halting in her breath, perhaps—made a sudden appeal to him. He withdrew his gaze from her, and said, passing his hand across his eyes, and speaking with visible effort:

"Yes, I saw her. I met her going out. But sit down, Violet, I want to talk to you."

Oh, it was cruel to call her Violet, she thought. He must have known how it would loosen the reins of her self-possession—and yet, try as she could, it was impossible not to feel it sweet.

She had sunk back to her seat upon the lounge, and he seated himself upon the other end.

"I saw her—going out," he said again, "but I had already seen her to-day."

"Where?" she said, breathing the word forth softly, and with a little look of fear.

"At her father's house. She was good enough to give me an hour of her time—dear woman that she is!"

Poor Violet! Her heart beat suffocatingly and her helplessness was piteous. She felt that these two—her friends—had conspired together against her, and that she was too weak to stand up against them alone. He divined her very thought.

"Do we seem to you cruel?" he said. "Oh, Violet, it isn't so! It is because we are your best and dearest friends, that we have opened our hearts to each other and confessed all our hopes and wishes for you. She knows my heart as I want you to know it, too."

Complete silence. She tried to speak, but her tongue was dry, her throat ached.

"You do know it—do you not?" he said.

She could not speak. She only shook her head.

"Does that mean that you deny the knowledge—or that you refuse to receive it? You cannot escape it now, Violet, and you must look at me while I tell you."

But her lowered eyelids did not move—her head fell lower, till the flesh of the rounded chin almost touched the flesh of the lovely throat.

He put his hand between the two, and parted them. Curving his fingers softly, so that the sweet, smooth chin lay in the hollow of his palm, he forced her head backward, until, by stooping, he could see beneath the lowered lids. What was it that he saw there? What was it that she read in his revealing eyes, in that brief second's glance? Whatever it was, the revelation of it frightened her, for she closed her lids and held them shut, until, taking advantage of her blindness, he drew swiftly and silently near, and pressed his lips to hers.

She did not move, even so much as to lift her eyelids. Blind to all outward objects she was the more keenly alive to the vibrations of joy, as for a brief moment their lips were joined in a kiss that was a very throb of life.

When she opened her eyes there was a mingled look of joy and distress in them, as she said:

"I have given it up. You know. I meant to keep it hid, but it is stronger than I thought. Oh, be kind and merciful to me, now that I have so weakly betrayed myself, and let me talk to you and try to make you understand."

He loosed his arms, and she slipped from them. Sinking back upon the lounge she covered her face a moment with her hands. Then, after a strong effort at composure and self-control, she lowered them and looked at him.

But he was smiling down on her, with a look of such

"The sweetness of a last embrace"

all-confident joy that her carefully-collected forces scattered, and she could feel nothing but the one supreme fact of love—given abundantly and as abundantly returned.

"Oh, I want to speak to you," she said. "There are things that I must tell you. I want to think——"

"Don't think, dear one," he said tenderly, "feel—enjoy—be happy! You have thought too much. You need think of nothing now, except this glorious fact—that we love each other!"

The fervor in his voice, the fire in his eyes, the clasp of the strong hand that he laid over hers weakened her will and her resolution, but she said with a great effort:

"I must think, and I must speak. Here, now, to-night I must tell you why, in spite of all that I have owned, it must end to-night, and we must set about the hard task of forgetting——"

"Violet, dearest woman, precious child, spare both yourself and me such useless words. What you would tell me I already know. I have gone to the roots of the subject with Elinor—she has told me all—absolutely everything."

A wave of supreme and passionate relief swept over her. It gave her a sense of soothing comfort to know that he was in possession of her whole past history, as Elinor knew it all, and that upon the basis of that knowledge he had come to her. She had believed that that past would hedge her in from every thought of another marriage, but in so believing she had not reckoned on the coming of this overmastering power that she was under now.

As a bird that has been long imprisoned flutters, and hesitates, and doubts when its liberty is first given to it, so she faltered, uncertain and terrified, and looked at him with passionate appeal. He seemed to feel, however, that she was no longer asking for help against herself and the yielding to the call of love, but rather for help to comprehend and make her own the treasure of joy which had been laid at her feet.

He read in her soul, through her eyes, the willing surrender of her heart to his, and she knew that it was so.

When he opened his arms she came to them, and felt them close about her, strong, tender and availing. It was a perfect reassurance for the present and the past, and an earnest for the future, which banished the last shadow that had been between them.

The violets had fallen on the floor between them, but, as soon as he could think, for joy, he remembered Elinor and his pledge to her. He picked them up, the little mute and fragrant things that had been the witness to their happiness, and held them out to her.

She took them, laying them against her lips and bending her head above them.

"That kiss shall go to Elinor," he said, and told her of his promise. She was as pleased with the sweet device as a child would have been, and singling out one white bloom she kissed it again.

Then, taking a match from the mantel, she moved softly about, on little slippered feet, which he watched with a keen sense of exultant ownership, and lighted here and there the candles which stood about, dressed in their soft pink shades.

When she came back and stood before him he sat, a man beside himself for joy, and took her measure, with deliberate delight, from the little comb that crowned her head to the slippers that shod her feet.

She blushed a rosy red under his scrutiny, and when he sprang up, fire in his eyes and longing in his heart, and caught her to him, in all her exquisite loveliness, claiming her for his own, a wave of such supreme and perfect joy went over her that, for the first time, she felt the pain of all the past blotted out.

Long afterward, when he was telling her the last of many fond good-nights, she put into his hand the little fragrant flower.

"Elinor's white violet," she said in explanation.

"Mine!" he said, straining her to him in the sweetness of a last embrace, and with this happy jest upon his lips he left her.

. . . . . .

When Louie came home it had been decided that the wedding was to take place at once. She declared that she was very happy over it, that it fulfilled one of her most ardent dreams, etc., etc., and yet she cried heart-brokenly and seemed so sad that Violet went to Elinor about it, in distress.

"It's all the abominable pride of that ridiculous boy, Frank," said Elinor. "The way people *won't* live up to their privileges is one of the trials of my life. He believes Louie cares for him, or might be won to do so, but he hangs back because she has a fortune and he has none. If she were poor I am certain that he would ask her to marry him to-morrow, and really he is in good shape already for a beginner, and sure to go on to better things. He is obstinate, however, and, with Louie rich and himself poor, I'm afraid he will hang back and wait to get rich, until some other man marries her before his very eyes."

This in due time was reported by Violet to her lover. She had suddenly got to be as great a matchmaker as Elinor herself, and she and Jerome now put their heads together and concocted an intricate plot. Jerome was to go to Frank and tell him the true state of Louie's finances, and she, at the same time, was to tell the same fact to Louie. Then Frank, instigated by Elinor, was to go to Louie and ask her to marry him. If he succeeded—a thing which no one now was so blind as to doubt—they were to be married, with the prospect of comparative poverty before them, and then, when they had quite made up their minds to that idea, Violet was to transfer to them, as a wedding present, the entire property which she had inherited from John Bertrand, and which Jerome was as determined as she that she should never touch. It was her own, and she had to make some disposition of it, and this was one which completely satisfied her.

This scheme, conceived by Violet, and carried through by her lover, her friend and herself, was a complete and perfect success, but was kept a close secret, so that the world of society never knew anything except that Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jerome, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dexter were important additions to social life, as were also Mr. and Mrs. Egerton King, and that the three happy young couples were extraordinarily attached to one another, and appeared to be bound by some unusual and inscrutable bond which only they themselves seemed wholly to understand.

So Violet dropped forever the name of Bertrand, and had a pretty little visiting-card with *Mrs. Pembroke Jerome* engraved upon it, and, with this name, she entered into a new, a beautiful and a most happy life. The sobriquet given her by her friend's husband never left her, however, and wherever she went, and shed the blessed atmosphere of her sweet and gracious presence, she was known as "The Violet," and nowhere was she so tenderly cherished by that name as in the heart of her husband.

(CONCLUSION)

MAKING CONFIDANTES OF SERVANTS

By Frances E. Lanigan

No well-bred people gossip is always unpleasant; when retailed by an inferior it is not tolerated. And yet the fashion of gossiping about one's neighbors with one's servants is so prevalent and so much on the increase as to raise the question in the minds of thoughtful people: "Are there no well-bred women left?"

To the credit of the average housewife be it said that this habit is much less prevalent in her class than it is with the inhabitants of hotels, apartments, flats and boarding-houses, where numerous families are brought together as residents of one building, and an almost unlimited field is offered for the speculation and curiosity of their more or less idle occupants.

This idleness and curiosity, in about equal parts, are the causes of this undignified relation between mistress and maid. When a woman's time and life are well filled with home duties and with the social occupations incident to her social position she has but little time, and less desire, for any such undignified confidences. The woman, however, who has nothing to do but to dress and undress, walk the principal thoroughfares, stroll through the shops, and spend the evenings in public parlors, where she may watch but not know her fellow-lodgers, is the one with whom such a relation becomes in the beginning easy of accomplishment, and in the end a morbid necessity. Quite as frequently as the maid who is arranging the room drops a piece of information concerning the bride in the next suite of apartments, her auditor will return a question, and thus the intimacy is formed—for intimacy is what such confidences lead to.

There is but one way and one time to check such confidences, and that is at their first appearing. The maid will appreciate the behavior of her superior, and her respect for her will increase a thousand-fold; she will, for the time being at least, have received a wholesome lesson, and her desire to gossip will be lessened; while the mistress will have received a moral brace most satisfying to her conscience, most invigorating to her dignity and most stimulating to her character.

EGYPTIAN EMBROIDERY DESIGNS

By Helen Mar Adams

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

ILLUSTRATION No. 6

EGYPTIAN is the most ancient of the many classic styles that furnish us with such an abundance of ideas for attractive embroidery designs. There can be no doubt about its age, as many of the features illustrated in these designs were found on tombs and monuments that are known to have been erected at least two thousand years before the Christian era. The beauty of this style is in its severe simplicity. For their models the early Egyptians looked to Nature—a fact clearly shown at a glance, as the lotus and papyrus, that grew on the banks of the Nile, the feathers of birds, the palm branch, and the cobra are the leading features in the detail of this style. It is so easy for any one to readily adapt such a primitive style to almost anything that its use for embroidery work is at once established, and after a little practice it will become a simple matter to convert almost any of these designs into any piece of fancy-work desired.

Illustration No. 1 is the design for a round centrepiece. It is made up of some simple ornaments arranged in good line to work out a pleasing combination. Like other centrepieces it can be buttonholed around the edge and left plain, or it may be buttonholed and fringed, as shown in the drawing. The size may vary from fifteen to thirty inches, as a matter of choice, but a good size for it—and one that, perhaps, will be the most serviceable—is eighteen inches in diameter to outside of buttonholing. The inner circle, in that case, should be six inches in diameter, and the length of each surrounding ornament that butts against it will be about three inches long, while the small ornaments at the outer edge will measure one inch and half an inch, respectively. Fringing to a width of three inches will not be out of place on a centrepiece of this size, but for all ordinary purposes fringe two inches long is quite wide enough, as it is liable to become very much tangled in laundering if wider. A superior quality of round-thread butcher's linen is, of course, the best material for centrepieces that require frequent washing, but for those that do not there are many other materials that are quite as desirable. For large centrepieces denim is a very good material, and the design worked in white on a soft colored ground produces a very attractive and effective result.

ILLUSTRATION No. 2

A lobed centrepiece is shown in Illustration No. 2. It can be made in the same sizes that were suggested for Illustration No. 1. As the edge is serrated at four points it will, of course, be impossible to make a fringe, but, instead, it should be buttonholed as shown in the drawing, and the surplus outer edge of linen trimmed away afterward. The drawing also shows two ways of working this design: one half is the outline, while the other suggests a half solid treatment, that is, having a part of each flower in outline, and working that part solid that seems to be the sheath. The stems, also, are worked solid, and where they cross the central ring stop the stitches and continue inside the ring, to give them the appearance of lying under it. This is not an intricate design to work out, and, if treated right, a very attractive and classic centrepiece will be the result. The colorings used by the early Egyptians were primitive, like their designs, and the primary colors figured largely in decoration. Reds, yellows, blues, browns, black and white were the principal ones, and by combining yellow and blue the various greens were obtained. For embroidery work these colors may be used, but, at the discretion of the worker, the colors can be modified to meet the requirements. Vivid colors are not well adapted to handsome designs, but, instead, they should be worked out in the medium colors that are to be found in so many different shades, both in silk and linen.

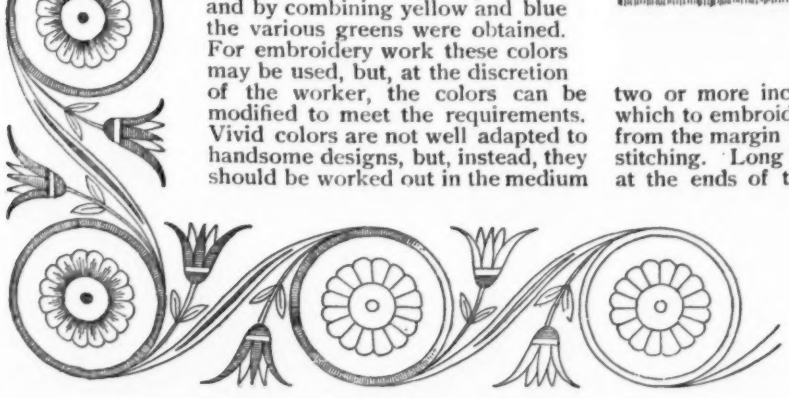


ILLUSTRATION No. 3

Suggestions for running borders and corners are shown in Illustrations Nos. 3 and 4, and they may be used on lambrequins, table-covers, scarfs or lunch-cloths. No. 3 is a sort of wheel pattern, and ornamented with lotus flowers. From two to four inches would be a good width for this design, and for No. 4 those sizes are about right also. Illustration No. 4 could be carried out on a larger scale if desired for the edge of a table-cover or other large piece, but it would not improve No. 3 to enlarge it more than four inches wide, as the design is too open and it would then look coarse, unless an exceedingly heavy effect is desired.

For the end of a dresser or table scarf a design is shown in Illustration No. 5, and while it may seem rather complicated it is, in reality, quite simple. To do it justice the scarf should be at least eighteen inches wide, and if wider the pattern can be carried out with equally good results. About an inch and a half from the edges threads should be drawn and a line of hemstitching worked; on the border strip the vine and leaf pattern can be embroidered, and at the ends, and below the hemstitching and margin, two or more inches of plain material should be left, on which to embroider the lotus flower stems and buds, and from the margin this may be separated by a line of fagot stitching. Long fringe can be formed at the ends of the scarf by raveling out the desired number of threads, and a pretty appearance may be given it by knotting it fairly close to the solid material. The main design must be drawn in proportion to the width of the material. In the illustration both the outline and solid treatment are shown. In the combination of colors a very pleasing result can be obtained in this design, or it will be very effective if worked with white on an unbleached linen. If it is not desirable, however, to use the unbleached, the white linen can be treated to a coffee bath that will give it an antique appearance, the darker shades being obtained by the strength of the coffee solution. The vine and leaf pattern is to extend around the entire outside of the scarf, but, instead of the leaves continuing to point in the same direction the total length of the piece, they should stop at the middle, and point at each other in a similar manner that they point away from each other at the centre of the width, or just under the central shaft of the design where the small rosette is drawn. When working a design of this description it is possible to use many different fancy stitches, but in justice to the style and its antiquity the least elaborate ones should be employed. The outline and solid treatment are sufficient to produce any result in this Egyptian method, although if strict conformity to the style is not to be respected the worker may use judgment in the treatment of the various parts with stitches that are best adapted to the requirement.

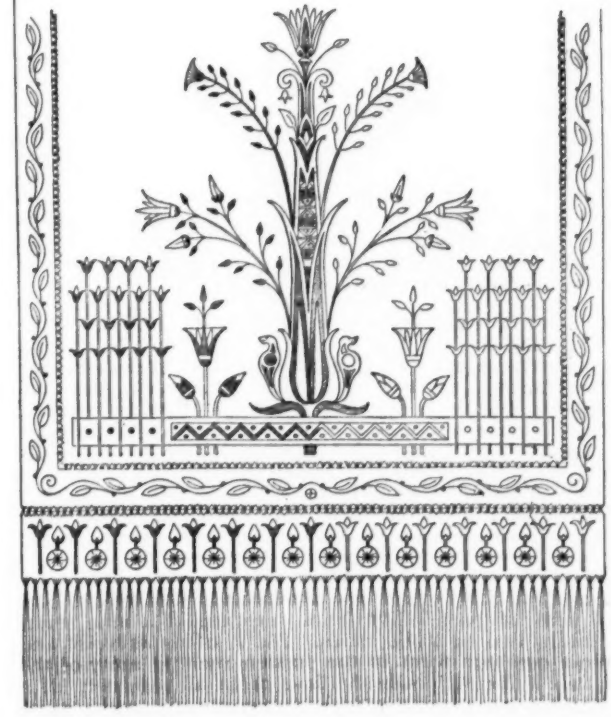
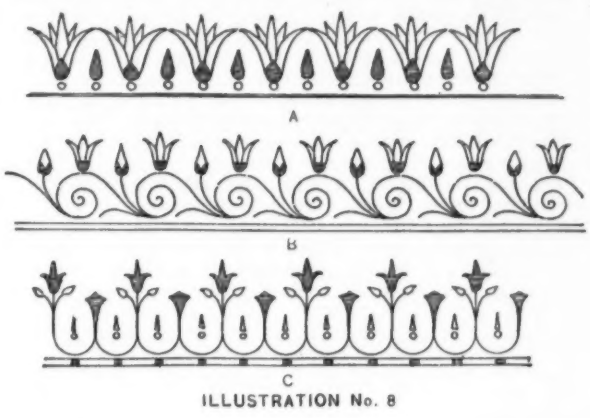


ILLUSTRATION No. 5



A

B

C

ILLUSTRATION No. 8

ILLUSTRATION No. 7

Illustration No. 6 is the design for a centre, and may be used on pillow-shams, bed and table linen, corners of table-covers, single ornaments on portières, or on wherever else it may be desired to place it. For pillow-shams it should not be more than seven inches across at the widest part, but for corners and table-covers four inches will be sufficiently large.

This design will appear to best advantage if carried out in the solid treatment, and whether in colors or in white it will add to the appearance if parts of the design are filled before being worked with the silk or linen floss, as it rounds the stems nicely and lends a fullness to the petals.

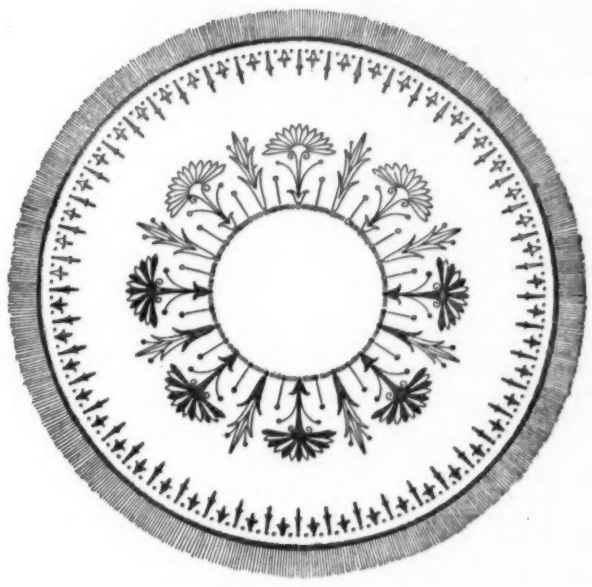


ILLUSTRATION No. 1

An odd design for a corner is depicted in Illustration No. 7. While it is particularly adapted to a table-cover, a lunch-cloth or a lambrequin, it may be used with equally good results on pillow-shams, table-linen, centrepieces and others where the centres are in use and the corners are not. The solid treatment is best for this design, as it will emphasize the lines and lend a solidity to the flowers and a thickness to the stems that cannot be obtained in any other manner. A definite size cannot be specified for this pattern as it can be adapted to so many pieces of various sizes, but for a lunch-cloth a yard square the lotus stem can be seven inches in length, and for napkins four inches will be quite long enough. For very large pieces, such as table-covers or bedspreads, the main stem with flowers can be twelve inches long, or even fourteen, but it should not be enlarged more than fifteen, as it would become too open and lose its character. When a design of this kind is drawn to such large proportions there will be plenty of space for more detail, and this may be done in most cases by the worker who can find it advantageous to add a leaf here and there or a scroll in a similar manner.

Figures A, B and C in Illustration No. 8 are suggestions for small running borders. They may be used from one to two inches in width, and are adapted to small pieces, such as napkins, doilies, small centrepieces, etc. Parts of the ornament may be worked solid to lend a contrast, and when it is desirable the entire ornament may be carried out in the solid treatment.

It will be an easy matter to arrange corners for these three running patterns, especially figures A and C, as parts of the ornament in the running design can be adapted in such a manner as to work in the corners to advantage.

Figure B is a pattern that can be drawn right and left, or it may continue in the same direction around the edge of a cloth. It will look very attractive, however, if carried in opposite directions—that is, on a square of linen start the design in opposite directions from the centre of each side. This will match the design at the centres and corners, and the union at both places can be made by drawing in small parts of the ornament in a satisfactory manner to harmonize with the running design.

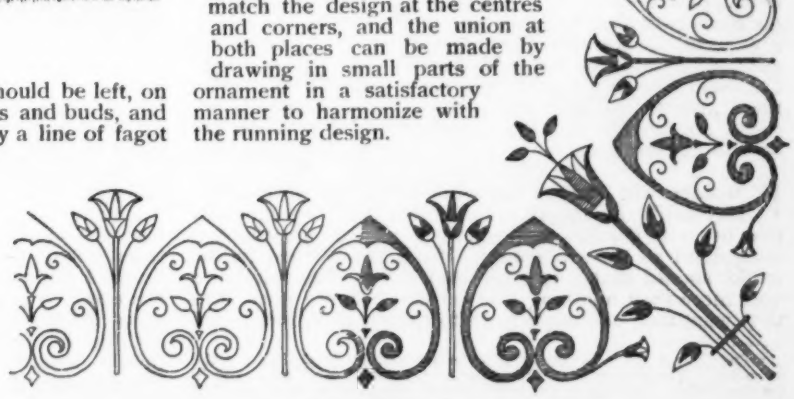


ILLUSTRATION No. 4

FROM A GIRL'S STANDPOINT

By Lilian Bell

*IV—WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN LOVE

THE first right of a woman in love is to be protected from her friends while she considers the man whom she contemplates loving. The well-meant blundering of vitally interested friends has spoiled many a promising love affair which might have resulted in a marriage so much above the ordinary that it could almost be termed satisfactory. At no time in a girl's life has she a greater right to work out her own salvation in fear and trembling than during the period known among girls as "making up her mind." If she is the right kind of a girl, honest and delicate-minded, it is nerve-racking to be talked about, and sacrilege to be talked to. The bloom is on the grape then which a rude touch mars forever. Yet these kind friends never think of the delicate, touch-me-not influences at work in the girl's soul, or that the instinct to hide her real interest in the man precludes the possibility of her daring to ask to be let alone. So they, in their over-zeal and ambition, either make the path of love so easy and inevitable that all the zest is taken out of it for both, (for lovers never want somebody to go ahead and baste the problem for them; they want to blindstitch it for themselves as they go along,) or else by critical nagging, and balancing the eligibility of one suitor against another, these friends so jar and upset the poor girl that she doesn't know which man she wants, and so turns her back upon all.

In point of fact, when a man is in love, and a girl is trying to return his love—when she is weighing out their adaptability and balancing his love for foot-ball against her passion for Browning—during the delicate, tentative period, when the most affectionate solicitude from friends is an irritation, there ought to be a law banishing the interested couple to an island peopled with strangers, who would not discover the delicacy of the situation until it was too late to spoil it.

"WOMAN'S rights." I agree with the men who think that those words have a masculine, assertive, belligerent sound. "Equal suffrage" is much more ladylike, and we are in the way of getting what we want of the men on any subject under the gentlest title by which it may be called. Strange how with strong men force never avails, but the softest methods are the surest and swiftest. However, equal suffrage, wide as it is, isn't all that I want. It does well enough, but it does not cover the entire ground. I never clamored very much for women to be recognized as the equals of men, either in politics or in love, because if I had clamored at all I should have clamored for infinitely more than that. I should have clamored for men to recognize us as their superiors, and not for equal rights with themselves, but for more, many more, rights than they ever dreamed of possessing. 'Tis not justice I crave, but mercy. 'Tis no equality, but chivalry.

In the whole history of the world, from nineteenth century Public Opinion clear back to the age of chivalry, men have never been inclined to deal out justice to women. It is their watchword with each other, but with women it is always either injustice or mercy. And in spite of all wrongs and all abuses I say Heaven bless the men that this is so. Human nature is more fundamental than customs, and what would become of women if we only got our exact deserts or had absolute justice dealt to us either by men or other women?

Woman's rights! Why the very first right we expect is to be treated better than anybody else—better than men treat each other as a body, and better by the individual man than he treats all other women. I abominate the idea of equality and to be mentally slapped on the shoulder and told I am "a good fellow." I shrink from the idea of independence and cold, proud isolation with my emancipated sister-women, who struggle into their own coats unassisted, and get red in the face putting on their own skates, and hang on to a strap in the street car in the proud consciousness that they are independent and the equal of men. I never worry myself when a man is on his knees in front of me putting on my overshoes, as to whether he considers me his equal politically or not. It is sufficient satisfaction for me to see him there. If he hadn't wanted to save me the trouble I suppose he wouldn't have offered. He may even think I am not strong enough for such an arduous duty. That wouldn't hurt my feelings either. I have an idea that he likes it better to think that I cannot do anything troublesome for myself than to believe that I could get along perfectly without him. In fact—here's heresy for you, oh, ye emancipated—I do not in the least mind being dependent on men—provided the men are nice enough. Let them give us all the so-called rights they want to. I shall never get over wanting to get behind some man if I see a cow. Let them give us a vote if they will. I shall want at least three men to go with me to the polls—one to hold my purse, one to hold my gloves, and the third to show me how to cast my vote.

IF women are serious in wanting to vote in politics, why don't they apply to the body politic the methods they use with the one man which an all-wise Destiny has committed to their keeping? If all the women in the world should make up their minds that they wanted to vote more than anything else on earth—more even than they want their husbands to go to church with them—and each woman would put on her prettiest clothes and cuddle up to her own particular man in her softest and most womanish way when she was begging him to get suffrage for her, why you all know they would do it. Men would get it for us exactly as they would buy us a pair of horses.

Have you men ever thought about practicing for suffrage in politics by giving women suffrage in love? Surely you do not doubt that should you do this it would not occur to us to stuff the ballot boxes or to put up a ticket with any but honorable candidates for our hands and hearts. We do not ask nor wish to indicate who shall run for office. Let the men announce themselves candidates. We would not take the initiative there if it were offered to us for a thousand years. All we ask is to be given plenty of time to canvass the honor of the candidates, thoroughly to understand and investigate the platform, and to be allowed to cast a free and untrammeled vote.

Now men seem to think that if they allow women equal suffrage, that the bright, white light of our honesty would be too strong a glare for their weak eyes—so long accustomed to darkness—to bear. Um—possibly in politics. Hardly in love. For myself, I consider absolute honesty most unpleasant. I never knew any really nice, lovable women who were unflinchingly honest. But I have known a few women of severe visage, who were so brutally honest that I have ingloriously fled at the mention of their approach, and solaced myself with a congenial spirit who is in the habit of skirting delicately around painful truth—and a cozy corner in which to abuse the aforesaid severe-visaged carver of helpless humanity who loves to draw blood with her truth. Such a one will get a vote in politics long before she gets it in love.

NO, men need not fear to give us equal suffrage in love. Our honesty will not be disconcerting. (I would even address a private query at this point to the women, begging that the men will skip it, asking women where in the world we should find ourselves if we were unflinchingly honest with the men who love us?) No one will deny that we would even countenance a certain amount of questionable campaigning. We fully agree with those men who tell us weakly-questioning women that campaign funds are a necessity. We never have been able to discover just where the money in politics went to, but the expenses of a campaign in our line are more in evidence. I doubt if the most straight-laced Puritan will gainsay me when I declare that bribery from the candidates in the form of theatres, opera boxes, flowers, bonbons and books, would not only be tolerated, but even, in a modest manner, encouraged, having, of course, a keen eye as to the elasticity of the campaign fund. But, of course, just as vulgar bribery, *per se*, only catches the easy and unthinking vote in politics, so, in like manner, would these evidences of generosity only capture the less desirable voter in love. When you men are trying for a woman's vote you need give yourself no uneasiness. If she is worth having character and brains win every time. You don't believe that. That is why you trust to bribery to do it all. And it is also why so many of you get the girl you try for—which is about the richest punishment you could receive.

I adore "Hamlet" for two reasons. One that he said, "I, myself, am indifferent honest." Oh, the humanity of "Hamlet"! And the other that when under the spell of "Ophelia's" beauty, and in the tentative, interested stage, when he cared for her all but enough to ask her to marry him, he had the wit to discover that she was a fool. Imagine the calamity of "Hamlet" married to "Ophelia"! That would have been a tragedy. Think of a man clever enough to discover that his idol was made of putty! "Hamlet" was a hero. He withdrew in time. Most men have to be married ten years to discover that they have married an "Ophelia."

IT is a trite saying that the whole world is behind a woman urging her to marry. But I find much to interest me in trite sayings. I like to get hold of them and look them through, and turn them wrong side out, and pull them to pieces to find how much life there is in them. Psychological vivisection is not a subject for the humane society. A trite saying has my sympathy. It is generally stupid and shop-worn, and consequently is banished to polite society and hated by the clever. And only because it possessed a soul of truth and a wonderful vitality, has it kept from dying long ago of a broken heart. Books could be written of the truth of this particular trite saying. The urging, of course, among people whom we know, is neither vulgar nor intentional. It takes the form of jests, of pseudo-humorous questions, if a man sends flowers two or three times. But it takes its worst and most common form in the sudden melting away of the family if the man calls and finds them all together. If a man has no specific intentions toward a girl, and has not determined in his own mind that he wants to marry her; if he is only liking her a great deal, with but an occasional wonder in the depths of his own heart whether this girl is the wife for him—to call upon her casually and see the family scatter and other callers hastily leave is enough to scare him to death. And the girl herself has a right to be perfectly furious. When eligible young people are in that tentative stage it is death to a love to make them self-conscious.

I, myself, am so afraid of brushing the down from the butterfly wings at this point that occasionally when I have been calling, and the girl's possible lover has caught me before I could escape in a natural manner, I have doggedly remained, even knowing that, perhaps, he wished me well away among the angels, rather than to run the risk of making him conscious that I understood his state of mind. Imagine my feelings of anguish, however, at holding on against my will and against theirs, wanting somebody to help me let go! Much better, I solace myself afterward, that he should wish me away than to look after my retreating form and wish that I had stayed. Better for the girl I mean. For my own feelings—but I don't count. I am only giving a girl one of her rights in love. A few judicious obstacles but whet a man's appetite—if he is worth having. And I don't mind being a judicious obstacle once in a while—if I like the girl.

AS to how far a girl has a right to encourage a man in love, opinions differ. I once asked a clever literary friend of mine, whose husband is so satisfactory that it is quite a delightful shock to discover it, how far men ought to be encouraged to make love.

"Encourage them all you can, my dear. The best of men require all the encouragement one is capable of giving them."

I pondered over that statement. From her standpoint it was, of course, perfectly proper. Married men need all the encouragement they can get to keep them making love to their own wives. But from our standpoint, of being girls—and very nice girls, too, some of us, if I do say it myself—how far have we a right to encourage men to make love to us?

Now, I like men. And I like girls, so that I never want anybody to be hurt at this very delicate and dangerous game of love-making. But somebody always is getting hurt, and although she never makes any fuss about it it is generally the girl. There are two reasons for this. One is that love means twice, yes, twenty, forty times as much to a girl as to a man, and the second is that we are a believing set of human geese, and we believe a whole lot of what you men say, which is wrong of us, and a good deal more of what your insane actions over us imply, which is worse. Girls are just the same along the main lines of sentiment, and hope, and trust, and belief in men now that they ever were, and most of this talk about the new woman is mere nonsense.

Now the men come in right at this point and declare that we ought not to believe so much; that until they have actually proposed marriage, often they don't know their own minds themselves; that a man has a perfect right to withdraw, *à la* "Hamlet," if he finds insurmountable flaws in the girl's nature, or, what is oftener the case, somebody he likes better; and they intimate pretty strongly that broken hearts or even slightly damaged affections are largely our own fault, which, from their standpoint, is perfectly true, and if we were men we should all say so too.

BUT looking at it from ours, doesn't it seem as if the men had all the rights on their side? In order to make ourselves desirable we are not to be forward nor unduly prominent. We are to sit at home and wait to be asked. We are not to take a man's words uttered under the magnetism of our presence for truth. We are not to judge by his manner if he does not speak. We are not to encourage any other men when one man is considering us as a possible wife (although we don't know that he is, and it is dangerous to guess), because he does not like that. It shows, he thinks, "a frivolous nature," or "a desire to attract," or "a tendency to flirt," or it is "unwomanly," or "unworthy a true woman." There are some other things men say to us if several men are attentive to one at the same time, but I have forgotten the rest. They are very convincing, however. Then when the man has made up his mind that he wants us as his wife (that grammar sounds polygamous, but my whole philosophy of life is against that idea) why we are to be ready to drop into his arms like a ripe plum and not keep him on tenterhooks of anxiety, because only flirts do that.

Now I am not endeavoring to do an exceptional man justice who will resent that somewhat broad platform. I am only presenting the attitude of man in general from a girl's standpoint. And if you will view it as referring to "other men," and not to yourself, you will be quite willing to admit that it is, in the main, true.

Now, if in order to avoid heartaches, and so be able to blame you for something you never intended and which you are not willing to shoulder, we are not to let ourselves go when we feel like falling in love with you, do you give us leave to allow every one of you to get clear up to the proposing point and come flatly out with the words, "Will you marry me?" before we let you know whether we want you or not, or before we begin to let ourselves go?

COME now! Own up, you men! How well do we girls know you when you have called on us three hundred and sixty-five times in succession? Not at all. We know only what we can see and hear. How well do we know you when we have been engaged to you six months? Not at all. We know only what you have been unable to conceal of your faults, and the virtues you have displayed in your show windows. How long must a woman be married to a man before she understands him thoroughly—as thoroughly as she ought to have understood him before she ever dared to stand up at an altar and promise to love him and live with him until death did them part?

A broken engagement ought to be considered a blessed thing as a preventive of further and worse ills, like vaccination. But it is not. It militates dreadfully against a girl. Not so much with men as with women. That is one of the times, and there are many others, when men are broader and more just than women. The ordinary man, taken at random, will say, "Probably he was a worthless fellow." The ordinary woman will say, "She ought to have known her own mind better."

The odd part of all this is that, even if you men, as a body, should say to all the girls, "Go ahead, encourage us to the top of your bent, let us propose without any knowledge based on your past actions or words as to whether we are going to be accepted or not, and we will take the result cheerfully and won't rage nor howl about it"—not one of us would do it. "How conscience doth make cowards of us all!" We might consider that you were only giving us our rights in love. We might theorize beautifully about it, and even vow we were going to take you at your word and do it. But we couldn't. It simply isn't in us. We could not be so unjust to you—so untrue to ourselves. The great maternal heart of woman, which bears the greater part of all the sufferings in this world that the men and little children may go free, prevents us from taking any such so-called rights from you at the expense of suffering on your part. Women have tenderer hearts than men for a purpose, and if they are hurt oftener than men's, why that is for us to bear. We cannot make ourselves over and turn Amazons at your expense.

"I believe in woman's suffrage," declared Josh Billings. "Let 'em suffer. We men have to."

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* The fourth of a series of articles written by Miss Bell for the JOURNAL. The first article, "The Man Under Thirty-five," appeared in the December, 1895, issue; the second in February, 1896, and the third in the April number. Others will be published during the year.

A SAD CASE

"There he is, he won't see no one; he lives the excluded and sanitary life of an old-time philosopher, an' all 'cause he was jilted by a girl with Asia eyes an' Albany hair!"

MR. WOOLF AND HIS WAIFS

By Mrs. Hamilton Mott

NO man has ever portrayed with such humor and pathos the sunlight and shadows which play through the lives of the children of the slums as has Mr. M. Woolf. From week to week he has pictured his little waifs in a New York humorous weekly, "Life," and in other papers. Now, the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will know his children. Mr. Woolf will hereafter be a regular contributor to this magazine, and the first five pictures which he has drawn for the JOURNAL are given on this page.

Mr. Woolf draws his little people with a feeling that shows the sure touch of the artist, and of the man in sympathy with his subject. He knows the waifs of the street, their thoughts, hopes and ambitions, as no other man knows them. For years be has talked with them, and lived among them.

That it is but an easy transition from the humorous to the pathetic in this world is apparent in these pictures; but many artists who have attempted to depict sorrow have succeeded in evoking only a smile. Mr. Woolf's ability to infuse that certain something into his drawings, which strikes unerringly a responsive chord in our natures, has seldom been equaled by any delineator of human character. And this great gift, taken in conjunction with his technical skill, places him in the foremost rank of modern illustrators. The drawings for the coming issues of the JOURNAL are, perhaps, of greater range in the selection of types than any of Mr. Woolf's previous compositions.

In comment upon Mr. Woolf's pictures given on this page, "A Moment of Triumph" calls to mind, perhaps, some personal experiences in every one's life when the selfish gratification of vanity has caused one to inflict needless pain upon others. It matters not whether the scene be enacted in rags or whether the actors be clothed in ermine, human suffering is just as poignant, and human victories quite as profitless.

A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH

He—"Do not, oh, do not blast my young life with a refusal!"
She—(Aside gleefully) "Ah, proud Montressor Saint Alban Duffy, have I brought you to my feet at last?"

M. WOOLF

THE ONLY ELIGIBLE MAN IN THE WARD
(A leap-year sketch)

and illustrator, and so he came naturally by his talents. His first drawing was for a paper called "The Pick," the picture of a ragged newsboy. This led him to study the waifs of the street, and ever since he has portrayed them, and in a way, as I have said, that no other artist has ever done. His work has aroused sympathy for the little tots of the streets, and many a hand has been lifted for the betterment of their lives through Mr. Woolf's drawings. This is the artist's best reward. To use his own words: "If my little pictures have anywhere awakened a feeling of charity for my little friends I am supremely happy and feel repaid for my work. It has been my constant care to keep in mind the fact that where a blow and ridicule would harden a sensitive nature, tears of pity and sympathy might soften the thorns which have entered the hearts of thousands of the slums."

With these words Mr. Woolf and his work are presented to the readers of the JOURNAL.

ALONE!

"A Sad Case," while unlikely in its situation, has touched upon a human foible with incisive sarcasm. How many people one meets in life who parade before the eyes of their fellow-beings mental or physical affliction, craving sympathy for themselves, and posing as the victims of undeserved punishment!

"The Only Eligible Man" reminds one of the precocity of the rising generation, and of the hot-house development of the pernicious habits which spring from the environments of the street arab.

The clever interpreter of these children of the streets is an Englishman, who was born in London in 1837. He was brought to America when he was six months old. He early showed his love of art, and studied wood-engraving for seven years. Then he became an illustrator for "Yankee Notions," a paper in vogue some forty years ago. But the stage won him from his work, and for nearly eight years he was an actor, being for some time a member of the Boston Museum Company, as its comedian. But his first love reclaimed him, and he went to Munich and Paris to study painting. Upon returning to America, and finding that his pencil could make for him more money than his brush could, he took up the work of illustration as a life career. His father was an artist

ECSTASY

The Lady—"Oh, Harold!"
The Gent—"Oh, Guinevere!"

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JUNE, 1896

THE COMING OF THE GRECIAN WAIST

ALL that writers of different shades and abilities, and of both sexes, have written on the evils of tight-lacing by unthinking women, has had but little effect during these years. Girls, with more regard to looks than health, have gone right on and compressed their waists into a twenty or twenty-two inch measurement regardless of consequences. It mattered little whether parents or friends warned them of stomach, lung, liver or arterial troubles. A small waist was the thing, and "the thing," however ridiculous it might be, they must have. Nor have women beyond the first blush of youth shown better judgment. The waist measure of a woman of fair height is adjudged to be twenty-eight inches, and physicians and specialists have repeatedly said that this measurement of the waist was actually necessary for the proper working of the internal organs. But was their statement heeded? Not a bit of it. Twenty-five and twenty-two inch waists continued to be just as numerous, and so were anatomical troubles, as some women soon learned to their misery, and realize to their greater sorrow to-day. The warning of red noses and flat chests had just a trifle more effect, but only because it appealed to the vanity of these women. The measurement was let out an inch or so, but there the reform stopped. The full waist, the comfortable breathing waist, was a thing yet to be achieved.

NOW, however, Fashion herself comes along, and from her recognized seat of authority, Paris, has been issued the edict that she was mistaken when she counseled a wasp's waist for women, and that, in reality, it is a hideous thing, and no longer to be countenanced by women who follow her laws. Hence, all the French dressmakers are discountenancing the slender waist. Fragility in that respect is to be rigidly avoided, they say, and the really lovely lines of Fashion's waist are those of the Venus de Milo, and of the Pallas, and of the Diana. The Greek women, these arbiters of Fashion claim, must now be taken as examples, and followed. Those women had waists of perfect beauty, these modern clothiers of women have suddenly discovered, and the cast of the future waist must be upon the Greek model. The beauty and the grace of the lines of the ancient women of Greece are now in the minds of all the Parisian women, and the reform has not started in any luke-warm fashion, but has suddenly become the watchword and the rigid law. And so what writers, doctors and specialists without number have been unable to do, Dame Fashion with one edict has accomplished. Without stopping to dissect the folly or wisdom of the source from which spring the surest reforms in such a matter as this, women and men may well congratulate themselves that the reform has occurred, irrespective of how it happened or whence it came. The sane, natural waist of woman is here, and the hour-glass variety has ceased to be, except for those women who choose to be out of style. And that number is not destined to be very large. The Greek waist is now "the thing," and, thanks to the Grecian women who knew a thing or two about beauty, it is a sensible one.

THE FOOLISH FEAR OF THUNDER

THE average woman is afraid of what many people call "thunder-storms" and others term "electric storms." Or if she does not actually tremble when a storm with thunder and lightning blows up she becomes exceedingly timid. Some women become so terrified when they hear the sound of thunder that they fly into closets or get between feather-beds. Others, with blanched cheeks, immediately conceal knives, scissors and any other articles made of steel which may be within reach. These precautions against a danger which seems imminent, but which, in reality, is not imminent at all, only go to show how fixed a popular notion may become. The fact of the matter really is that these trifling bits of steel, which timid women are so quick to conceal, will not attract a current of lightning at all. And so far as a feather-bed is concerned, the fact has been clearly demonstrated that it is no more of an insulated place than any other, and that it will not repel an electric current. On the other hand, what is a real source of attraction to the lightning, a current of air, is, as a general thing, very generally overlooked by housewives during an electric storm. Lightning, it has been proven, has a singular predilection for air currents, and a draught in a house is the most dangerous of all lightning conductors.

THE simple truth about electric storms is that they are far less dangerous than the majority of people imagine. That a severe lightning storm is terrifying admits of no question, and will sometimes bring uneasiness to the heart of the strongest man. But the real danger is slight. The chance of lightning striking a house, for example, is not one in a million. Particularly is this true in cities, strung as most of them are with electric wires. The greater danger from electric storms is in the country, and even there the danger may be lessened if the simplest and most common-sense of precautions are exercised. As I have said, the surest electric conductor is a draught, and if, when a thunder-storm approaches, it is seen that all windows and doors liable to occasion a draught are kept closed, the danger is at once reduced to a minimum. If a woman is "caught" out in a thunder-storm the safest shelter is a house; the most dangerous a tree, particularly an oak tree. It is a peculiar, but nevertheless a proven, fact, that the oak is the most susceptible of all trees to a current of electricity. Over fifty per cent. of trees struck by lightning storms during one summer, the Government statistician tells us, were oaks, while the beech tree was the least harmed. Therefore, the worst possible place of shelter in an electric storm is under an oak tree, while, by all odds, the safest place is in a house and out of a draught.

I THINK women can well afford to look at this question of electric storms with a little more composure, with a result which will be to their greater comfort. After all, what really terrifies us about an electric storm is the roll of thunder, which, of course, is nothing more than the report of the lightning. It is the lightning, naturally, which is dangerous, and usually when a storm comes during the daytime, this is the part of the storm of which we see the least. A vivid bolt of electricity in the inky blackness of the night is unquestionably alarming and terrifying in its sudden brilliancy. But as I have said before, and I make this statement after a careful perusal of a series of studies by eminent authorities on the subject, the danger from an electric storm is far, far less than most people imagine. The danger is, in fact, so infinitesimal that the feeling of fear into which some women are wont to work themselves is as unwise as it is unnecessary. Many a woman has worked herself into a highly nervous condition over a thunder-storm, when, as I say, if she would simply see that all draughts of air were excluded from her house she would be comparatively safe from any danger. The actual danger is, in truth, not from the lightning nor the thunder, but from the nervous condition into which women allow themselves to fall. And this is a danger which they can avoid. A little calm thought and a few grains of common-sense will do it.

WOMEN AND CARD-PARTIES

WHEN the idea of "progressive card-parties" came into vogue some years ago it was received as a welcome innovation in evening amusements. People had tired somewhat of the conventional manner of card-playing, and the introduction of the "progressive" element was a novelty. The reward for the best player of each sex was then the place of honor at the right and left of the hostess at the supper which followed. But this reward soon proved insufficient, and "prizes" for the two winning players were added. After a while came the idea of the "booby prize," which began by being some ridiculous object—the more ridiculous the better. Then the interest returned again to the leading players, and two "second prizes" were interjected. Thus, from a simple recognition, the "stimulant" to the players has grown to such an extent that now six prizes are required at each "progressive card-party." And still we are not satisfied, but "souvenirs" for each player in the "party" have now come into vogue. Then, too, the "progressive card-party" was designed as an evening amusement for men and women; but some women, with more time than tact at their disposal, suggested "progressive card-parties" for women during the daytime, and this idea grew until now in all our cities, large and small, and even in very moderate-sized communities, afternoon and morning card-parties have become general. At first blush there would seem to be no serious objections to these perversions of the original idea. And yet if one stops and considers what the present growth of these card-parties and the manner of their conduct represent, some other and distinct sides present themselves.

WHERE simple "prizes" were once thought all-sufficient, Fashion now demands expensive gifts. A woman belongs to a "progressive card club" numbering say eight, twelve or sixteen members. A card-party is held weekly at the houses of the members in rotation. "Play" is generally begun at these functions at two o'clock in the afternoon and continued until five. Hence a woman, if she attend all the "meetings" of her card club—and a woman with the card fever once upon her generally does—spends about sixty-six hours at the card-table during a season—that is, if she belongs only to one club; generally she is a member of several. During the "intervals" of the "meetings" she spends even more time "practicing" with a few friends. This is the time spent. The cost of these "progressive card-parties" is another item, and it has grown to be a considerable one. Each woman in the "club" tries to outdo the other members in the costliness of the six prizes which she provides, to say nothing of the "souvenirs" and the refreshments. There was a time when the appropriateness of these prizes was considered. But that point has been passed. The costlier the object the better the "impression" which the hostess feels that she makes; the more pronounced her advantage over Mrs. B——'s prizes of the previous week. And, naturally, Mrs. C——, who "entertains" the members of the "club" the next week, will seek to go a little ahead of Mrs. B—— with her prizes and the refreshments which she provides. And so the thing goes, until in many quarters the idea of the pleasure that might be derived from card-playing has been lost sight of: it has simply become a question of "playing for the prizes." And the woman who, at the close of the season, is able to display the largest number of them is the envy of her "set" and the talk of the summer piazza. To say that the whole idea of these card-parties has degenerated into nothing more nor less than a system of gambling may seem a little harsh to some ears. It may be a very proper and eminently respectable form of gambling, but the element of chance has come into the game, and that most distinctly. It is simply a question of how respectable gambling can be made. That is all.

THERE are doubtless many women among my readers who, addicted to this habit of playing cards among themselves, will think I am harsh and severe in what I write of their favorite pastime. We naturally do not like to have any one disturb the things which we enjoy, though we cannot, even to ourselves always, reconcile them to our minds and consciences as just the best forms of amusement. And thus, my women readers may not like it when I say that a woman's place during the daytime is not at the card-table. But, just the same, that is the truth, and it cannot be gainsaid. Some people, of course, go so far as to disbelieve in the playing of cards at any time by either man or woman. There are others, however, who see no harm in an innocent game of cards between friends. Each class is right—judged from its own standpoint. Whether a game of whist, euchre, hearts or any form of card-playing is right or wrong is not for me to discuss. But one thing I do say, and it was best expressed by a charming woman of my acquaintance, of unquestioned social position, a woman well-bred and accustomed to everything that the world can offer in the way of material comforts and opportunities, when she said: "I entertain my girl and women friends in every way I can during the day, but I never allow card-playing in my house when my husband is not at home." There is the neat distinction of a gentlewoman in such a rule. That there is something incongruous in seeing a woman at a card-table during the day cannot be denied by any one who will stop and think. It is wasteful of a time that was never intended to be so spent; it has a bad moral influence; it engenders a spirit that is fatal to a woman's happiest way of living. I make no distinction here between women who have home ties and women who have not; the wrong of the thing is simply a question of degree. The one has no right to play cards during the daytime; the other woman cannot afford to.

IT is not my pleasure, but my misfortune, to know some women who are addicted to this card habit, and the study of them is both interesting and pitiable. Evidently their thoughts rarely rise above the card-table. Talk to them about books, art, music, the theatre, the topics of the day—anything, I care not what, and their answers are as monosyllabic as their interest is languid. But mention "cards," and in a moment a sparkle of interest comes to their eyes, and they are ready for business! What a subject, after all, to arouse interest, when one thinks of it! What an ambition, what a distinction, to be adjudged a good card-player! "Do you know," said a society man to me not long ago, "I never discover a woman who is good at cards, but I think of the time she must have wasted to reach that state of perfection. And I venture to say," he added, "that such a woman believes the average man adjudges her clever because she *can* play well." I remember a high-spirited girl saying to a man: "You men resent a woman playing well at cards because you like to believe it to be a game expressly made for you to excel in." "I should hardly say that," was the man's answer, and then he added, "But a man does believe in keeping cards in their proper place." And there was struck the keynote of this whole question of "progressive card-parties." Cards are well enough in their place to those who approve of and enjoy a game with them. But their place is not in a woman's hands during the daytime. Men reserve them for evening amusement, and by that act they give them their proper place—their correct application as a form of pleasure or interest.

I WRITE these words at this time because of the baneful influence which these "progressive card-parties" are having upon our girls. How any mother, with the best interests of her daughter at heart, can allow her either to attend a card-party of girls during the day, or permit such a function in her own house, is not easy to understand. "Why cannot Ethel come to Jennie's card-party to-morrow afternoon?" asked one mother of another a few days ago within my hearing. "Ethel feels that she has not the time," was the answer. "The days are so short in a girl's life, you know." The rebuke was graceful and eminently to the point. It is unfortunate enough, I think, when our women begin playing cards during the day, but it seems to me that we might draw the line at our girls following the practice. Even if we cannot all concede that it is harmful for a girl to spend an afternoon at cards, surely none of us can say that it is healthful. It is, indeed, a pity when a girl is at a loss to find something better to do than to devote from three to five hours of a short day to playing cards. It is by no means necessary that a girl should abstain from card-playing if her conscience and her parents do not object to the game. She has her evenings for the amusement, and a quiet family game of cards with friends may be permitted by her parents, who will be wise if they withhold their consent to her presence at a morning or afternoon card-party.

IT is unfortunate that we have in this life of ours, which seems so full to some of us, so many women who can find nothing for their hands to do. I do not mean by this those whom we call the wealthy and the leisure classes. The greatest dangers to our womanhood do not arise from these classes. The woman most dangerous to modern society is she who is married, and yet is indifferent to domestic ties, who lives in boarding-house or hotel, and who is constantly on the lookout for something to occupy her attention. And a woman in this condition generally finds the very thing she shouldn't. Instead of filling up her life with something worthy of her womanhood she drags it out through a succession of such enjoyments as these "progressive card-parties." As she cannot play alone she seeks company, and, unfortunately, it is never difficult for a woman of this sort to find companions of her own kind. She is one of the types of women who have made these card-parties what they are to-day among women. The well-bred woman; the woman of intelligence who can see the relative fitness of things; the woman who believes that God gave her something to do in this world; the woman with nice perceptions; the woman who is wholesome in every sense; the woman whom it is good for another woman to know, who says something of value when she speaks, who lifts herself mentally and spiritually above others, whom mothers like their daughters to know and their sons to talk with—believe me, my friend, when I say all this, and I say it in kindness—such women do not play cards during the daytime; they leave that sort of thing to others. They find something else to do—something worthier of them, something better, more elevating, more enlightening, and better fitted to qualify them for their positions in their homes, and their duties toward their husbands and children. To you, my dear woman, who may feel aggrieved at these words of mine, let me say: Do not adjudge me severe or uncharitable until your next appearance at a "progressive card-party," and then take a few moments and look calmly around you. Study the women who are there. They may be your friends. But look at them away from that standpoint. Judge them impartially and quietly. Stop and think a little of what they represent. And then, if you have eyes and will see, I think you will agree with me in the kindly-intentioned statement that the best type of our American woman is not to be found at the card-table during daylight hours.

SUBSTITUTES FOR A COLLEGE TRAINING

By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

MY May article stated some of the advantages of a college training. Some go to college who would have been better off at home. Some, who would have been benefited by such discipline, have the opportunity closed against them by circumstances that are beyond their control. To many of the latter the deprivation is a bitter disappointment, and the earnestness of their own temperament and purpose of life puts them upon inquiring how the loss which they thus sustain can, in a measure, be made up to them by some sort of substitute for college training. The aim of the present paper is to answer, as far as possible, this inquiry.

THE first thing of which we need to remind ourselves is that the particular studies which are taken up in college are not prosecuted for their own sake, but for the sake of the interior discipline which their prosecution is presumed to afford. Let me cite, as example, the Greek and Latin languages. If, now, those languages were studied in order that upon graduation the student might be in a condition to read classic authors with facility and intelligence, it would be difficult to solve my inquirer's perplexity. Nothing but the study of Greek and Latin will acquaint men with Greek and Latin, and there is nothing that will perfectly take the place of a college as an expedient for pursuing those studies. The instant it is allowed that the final object of a college course is to acquaint students with the branches taught in that course there is no longer anything that can be offered as a substitute for such a course. But that, as I attempted to point out a month ago, is not the object of the college. A student may think it is before he goes, but he understands better after he has been out a few years. I studied Greek faithfully when I was in college and read considerable of Homer, but I do not suppose I could read a line of him to day without a grammar and a dictionary. If anybody says I ought to be ashamed of it, all I can reply is that I am not ashamed of it at all. When a traveler comes to a river he looks about to find a bridge by which he can cross it, and when he gets to the other end of the bridge he leaves it for the next man, without its ever occurring to him to take it along with him. So when a mountaineer is scaling a sharp spur and finds a ladder spiked in for the convenience of climbers, he puts his foot upon it, scrambles up over it, and then leaves it behind him, never expecting to encounter any one who is so much of a fool as to rebuke him for not having trundled the ladder up with him, and for not having capped the summit with all his mountaineering paraphernalia. What I mean by this is that Greek, Latin, physics and mathematics are primarily not the goal of pursuit, but are the bridges, ladders and other apparatus of locomotion by which the goal is to be reached; so that whether we do or do not know how to read Plato and Livy six years after we are out of college, or how to analyze flowers and calculate ellipses, we are still at the apex if we are possessed of the mental keenness and vigor which it is the supreme office of those studies to produce.

UNDERSTANDING, then, that mental keenness and vigor are the final objects proper to be aimed at by a college course it becomes a very natural and suitable question to ask whether those objects are not such that other than college means will suffice to compass them. Because a gymnasium affords opportunity for systematized bodily training, hardly to be obtained otherwise, it does not follow that a gymnasium is necessary to health, and that there are no other means of physical culture that will not answer every essential purpose. If health depended on the swinging of dumb-bells, or the ability to vault, or to exploit parallel bars, then a gymnasium would be an indispensable, and all idea of substituting for it a vagary; but what one man gets in a gymnasium another may get just as well in a row-boat, or on a mountain climb, or a bicycle, or even in the common exertion of every-day exercise. The question in physical matters is not how the discipline comes but whether it comes. So it is in the matter we are considering now. When a man has reached the age of thirty the question to ask is, how much intellectual vigor he is possessed of, not how he obtained it.

I can take another step forward now and say that everything that taxes the mind is in the nature of mental discipline. In every department of acquisition we make progress by trying to be to the utmost the thing that we already are. If our object is to lengthen the reach of our vision we do it by requiring our eyes from time to time to form a distinct image of objects so far removed that it is done only by a little exertion. That is why sailors have a better eye for distant objects than a landsman has. The gymnast who is intent upon adding to his muscle raises a dumb-bell that demands of him distinct outlay of effort. He becomes stronger by being as strong as he can with the fund of strength he already possesses. The same principle, familiarized to us by the more commonplace acquirements of life, is really the fundamental factor in all processes of mental discipline. The mind also gains in vigor by the taxed exercise of its vigor. As soon as any particular variety of mental exercise has been practiced so long that it ceases to cost us effort its value as a means of mental training has come to an end. Any employment, therefore, that tends to keep the intellectual powers strained is to a degree working the same kind of educational effect that is produced by training in college.

HOW much all this means has been brought very closely home to me by my intimate personal acquaintance with two communities, one of which is devoted to agricultural, the other to manufacturing, interests. One of these two is filled up with machines, and the men and women who tend them become almost as mechanical in their mental processes as are the machines themselves. The efforts required by such employment may be physically exhaustive, but the intellectual activity involved sinks almost to the level of the automatic. The other town mentioned is distinctly agricultural. It is largely in the hands of independent farmers, who work with their own hands, but who form their own plans of work, study the soil, observe climatic conditions, familiarize themselves with the whole matter of the relation and adaptedness of crops, and are well at home with the requirements of the markets. Any man who has undertaken to be either a teacher or a preacher in two communities thus differenced in their occupations, understands very well the unlikeness between the two in point of intelligence. It is not simply that it takes less brain to run a loom than it does to raise a crop, but that there is nothing in the former to strain the brain and stimulate it to become larger. Closely consistent with all of this is the increased attention which is coming to be paid to manual training, and that, too, not simply with the intention of providing the student with a means of livelihood, but for the purpose of the intellectual training which it involves. Neither a boy nor a man can do difficult and painstaking work with his hands without his energies of attention and thought becoming enlisted and strained, and that, so far forth, means education, education in the same sense in which college intends it, *viz.:* the knitting of the mental fibre together in closer compactness. Such a process will not make a man either a linguist or a mathematician, but if wisely selected and maintained will, at least, work in the direction of the results aimed at by the discipline of the college.

IT will be still farther in the same direction, and a more pronounced step in that direction, to say that systems of instruction by correspondence have been developed in a very remarkable degree during the past few years, and while they do not take the place of the college they go quite a way toward it. Probably almost any man who has an earnest purpose to equip himself for effective service would be able to devote an hour a day to quiet and concentrated study. He will lack the stimulus that comes from the rivalries and personal contacts of college, but that will be mostly supplied by his own ambition. The college, too, gives that carefully-considered direction to studious endeavor such as could certainly not be expected from a student who was undertaking to work out his own course unaided and alone. Anything like a balanced education implies a system of discipline whose administration is in the hands of a master who thoroughly comprehends that system. The great fault of private attempts at an education is that the learner is a blind leader of the blind, and therefore runs great risk of never getting anywhere in particular. It is at this point that the scheme of education by correspondence just mentioned comes to the rescue. It lacks the element of direct personal touch between teacher and pupil, but secures the very important feature of intellectual governance. A personal friend of mine recently took up the study of Hebrew in this way. His report of the case is that though his teacher and he were hundreds of miles apart, and the intercourse of question and answer had to be maintained entirely by mail, yet he considered that the progress he made was nearly as great and satisfactory as though the course had been conducted in a college or seminary classroom. And even if he did not in a given time acquire the same amount of Hebrew that might have been possible in the ordinary method of personal instruction, yet it is presumable that the intellectual tax upon him was just as severe, if not more so, and that, after all, as already intimated, is the chief desideratum. If a man cannot go to college, the college can, in this way in a very wide and true sense of the term, come to him. This is not the place to go into the details of this matter of correspondence schools, although I would be pleased to do so by private communication with any reader who may desire further information. My only object in this allusion has been to show that to any man who has a little time, a fair amount of brain and a large store of energy and patience, there are the means at hand, without much pecuniary expense, of securing a near equivalent of the mental discipline obtainable in college, and an interior equipment, therefore, qualifying for good and effective service. The man who fails of doing large work in the world because he has not spent four years in Harvard or Yale, Amherst or Columbia, has himself to blame for it.

IT involves no abandonment of practical ground to say that an additional means of mental discipline is involved in the laborious contemplation of the great truths of our Christian religion. In making this reference I am not speaking at all in the interests either of morality or of piety. The position here assumed simply tallies with the statement attributed to Rufus Choate that he recommended to his law students a familiarity with the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism. No one will imagine that his suggestion was made in the interests of evangelization; neither is mine. The authors of that catechism may have said a great deal more than they know, but the lines of thought which they laid down feel their way out into the vastnesses of religious reality in such a way that no mind can follow them, or even attempt to follow them, without feeling itself to be developing intellectual nerve and robustness in the process. It is a great thing to think about large matters, even if the accuracy of the thinking cannot be absolutely guaranteed, for it creates intellectual width, and strains the mental tissues in a way that makes over to them push and resolution. It may be well said of the hardy intelligence of the Scotch that it is due to generations of oatmeal and Calvinism. In reading recently the biography of a prominent statesman it was interesting to observe that his training was conducted along distinctly Biblical lines, and that while he did not have the advantage of a college education the loss was in no small measure made up to him by the thoroughness with which he was taught in the truths of our religion. Contact with great truths, whether of the astronomical or of the theological heavens, gets the mind into a large way of working, and the stuff that is in an idea becomes stuff in the mental calibre of the mind that digests and assimilates that idea. It is easy and rather good form to depreciate the tough indoctrination that used to be administered on Sunday to the olden congregations of New England, but a good deal of New England sturdiness of thought was built out of exactly that tough indoctrination; and to-day there would be less mushiness in what laymen think six days in the week if there were more sinew in what we preachers teach them the other one day.

ONLY sufficient space remains to me to say that there is a certain keenness and vigor of discipline that can come to a man only as he lives out in the midst of things and becomes himself a part of the world and of the events with which the world is so solidly packed. Those to whom my words are particularly addressed are young men who are anxious to make themselves felt in the world, and to such it needs to be said that we best learn how to do by doing. A sense of opportunity, a feeling of being a part, even a minute part, of the machinery by which the threads of current event are being woven in, works upon us with the power of a fine discipline and a strong inspiration. The solidity of the burden that is carried helps to solidify the man who carries it. Problems tumble easily apart in the field that refuse to give up their secret in the study or even in the closet. Reality is what educates us, and reality never comes so close to us with all its powers of discipline as when we encounter it in action. In books we find truth in black and white, but in the on-rush of event we see truth at work; and it is only when truth is busy, and when we are ourselves personally mixed up in its activities, that we learn to know of how much we are capable, or win the power by which those capabilities can be made over into effect. Let no young man, then, of spirit and purpose be dismayed by his inability to attend either college or university. Life is itself the oldest and best endowed university in the world, and will guarantee to its pupils all in the way of vigor, keenness and grasp that they have in them the grace and persistency to acquire.

C. H. Parkhurst

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THE CRITICAL GIRL

By Ruth Ashmore

SHE is met with too often in these days—this girl, whose first inclination is to find fault rather than to approve whatever is before her. Sometimes she is the college-bred girl who comes home to find fault with the things for which she cared most at one time. The people who were once nearest and dearest to her become subjects for criticism. She finds her home life tiresome, and she indulges in continual tirades against it. The chances are that it has been more than difficult to raise the money to allow her to attend college, and the proud father and loving mother have thought so much of having her at home again. But, alas, the home-coming is all very different from what they had anticipated. Away from the farmhouse she has, by occasional visits to one of her schoolmates, learned what beauty in decoration and furniture meant, and what is called the "best room" at home has simply become an object of ridicule. She corrects her younger brothers and sisters, who wonder if there is any way in which they can please her, until her mother apologetically reminds them that their sister knows so much more than they, and that they must not blame her for not being satisfied with their simple and quiet life.

THE VICE OF CRITICISM

IF anybody mentions a book or any great invention in her hearing this girl talks, as she thinks, very learnedly, making the speaker feel as if he knew nothing, and yet, very often, her own knowledge is superficial, and her criticism nothing but words, words, words. Her one desire is to get away from home. She thinks that out in the wide, wide world she would be appreciated. Sometimes she is allowed to go. She has cultivated so strongly the vice of criticism that even in the land that seemed to her the best of all she finds fault, and never realizes that there would be fewer faults in people and in surroundings if they were not reflections from her own ugly temper. Nine times out of ten she is a failure in life. She may have to go back to the old home; worn out, dissatisfied and unhappy, she sits around and finds fault all of her days, a burden to those who are bound to her by ties of blood, for she has long ago ceased to have anybody bound to her by ties of love. She is a terror to the entire neighborhood, which fears her sarcastic criticism and dreads her inciting in some boy or some girl the desire to go away to seek something which seems better because it is far from home. This is not because she is college-bred. That has nothing at all to do with it. She would have been exactly the same fault-finding, critical girl if she had never been sent to college, but having been there her mother writes to me, complainingly, asking what she is to do, and inquiring if the college has made of her daughter this unpleasant creature, and what would I suggest in the way of reformation. Work, I think, and work right in the home; work that will have such an effect upon her that the scales will fall from her eyes and she will see life as it is, and not as it appears through the green glasses of envy and criticism.

WITH HER SWEETHEART

OCCASIONALLY, the critical girl is bright, and the vindictiveness of her unpleasant habit does not show itself at once, so that what she says is counted as clever, and men and women laugh at her, even though, occasionally, they feel the sharpness of her two-edged sword. Some day there comes along Prince Charming. For a while she forgets to be the critical girl and is just an ordinary one; she thinks she loves him, and when he asks her tells him so. Perhaps she is happy, but only for a little while. Then she begins to criticise. She says, either to her intimate friend or to her own heart, "Is he as clever as I want my husband to be? Is he as dignified as I want my husband to be? Is he as handsome as I want my husband to be? Is he as much interested in books as I should like him to be? Does he dress with absolute correctness? Is he always certain to say the proper thing at the proper time?"

Gradually, as time goes on, she annoys him by little remarks concerning these things. One day it is his scarf that does not suit her; perhaps, another day, it is his opinion of Egyptian antiquities to which she objects, and another day it is because she does not think he has done all that he should have done to convince his friends how intelligent she is. She never asks, "Am I good enough for him?"

LOVE IS NOT CRITICAL

SHE never says, "Am I the sort of woman he wants? Am I the sort of woman who will be a loving wife, a wise mother and a good home maker?" No, these things never enter her mind. The critical girl never for a second loses the good opinion which she has of herself. Occasionally, after much fault-finding and wrangling, the engagement is broken, and the young man, not understanding women entirely, little knows how much he has to be thankful for. But, unfortunately, as she is good-looking she will probably marry somebody else. Imagine what that household will be—a household where the wife is not satisfied with her husband, the mother with her children, or the housekeeper with her servants—a household where friends are only looked at as medical students analyze their subjects on the dissecting-board. The children of the critical woman will never bring to her their joys and their sorrows, because they think they would be laughed at. And everybody knows what a cruel weapon laughter may become. To lay bare one's heart full of sorrow, if it only be for a broken doll, and to receive, instead of sympathetic words and kindly looks, a critical smile and some clever epigram, is hard to bear. I do not want any girl to be blind in her love, but love condones the fault and strives to develop it into a virtue, while making much of the virtue causes it to grow every day, and to make the whole character more beautiful and more lovable.

AS A COMPANION

SHE is pleasant for a little while, when her cleverness is fresh, but only for a very short time. In general society, women of any standing quickly describe her to each other, and announce that for a girl to know so much that is unpleasant is not good form. The younger women, who suffer from her desire to analyze, are not anxious to adopt her as a friend. She often wonders why it is that she is not more keenly appreciated; why it is that she is not invited to certain places and made the guest of honor; why it is that young Crœsus dances after a girl whom she condemns as pretty, but silly, and leaves her alone. Young Crœsus is not exactly a simpleton, though he has been unfortunate enough to inherit some millions of money. He realizes that the critical girl may say some clever things, but that she is hard; in a way, he thinks she is smart, but he realizes that when a man is looking for a wife he does not want to take up a case of brains versus heart. Then he is looking more for the old-fashioned virtues than the new-fangled clevernesses, and he has never fancied the critical girl since she thought it very funny one night to say that it was a good thing that some girl knew he was strong of heart for he was decidedly weak of brain. Rudeness, he called that. For his part, he likes simple virtues, especially goodness of heart; he does not like to hear people made little of.

The brother of young Crœsus, who is counted the bright one of the family, and who, once in a while, crosses swords with the critical girl, until she is convinced that he admires her very much, shocks her terribly by choosing as his companion for life a girl of whom it is said that she never speaks an unkind word of anybody. The critical girl calls her "skim milk." She forgets that there are times in one's life when one cannot stand rich cream, or even milk at its very richest, but has to take skim milk because of its delicacy.

What I most dislike in the critical girl is her conceit. She will talk to an utterly strange man as if he were an ignoramus. In one case she discovered she had been giving her opinion of England, where she had never been, to a learned English professor, and in another that she had been teaching the pronunciation of German to one of the greatest linguists in the world. She takes your ignorance and her knowledge for granted, and she patronizes you. As I have said before, she is often clever, and it seems a pity that she is not taken hold of in the beginning, and that the little weeds of disagreeableness that surround her have not been removed by pulling them out before they had time to grow into poisonous plants, making her a very deadly Upas tree.

You cannot introduce her to herself. She confesses to no faults, and she claims no virtues, as she laughs at them as only feminine weaknesses. People without brain must cultivate their hearts. But for her part—well, she counts what she calls "real culture" as of more importance—of vastly more importance, she reiterates.

WHEN IN SOCIETY

IT goes without saying that the critical girl is not popular in society. The collection of people that go to make up society desire to have a pleasant time; and disagreeable words, cold, calculating criticisms, are not considered in good taste. At a luncheon, where the discussion of somebody's pretty, new dress was going on, the critical girl coldly announced her opinion of frothy gossip, and so silenced everybody around her that they felt wicked when they had been doing nothing wrong. She can imagine a society that would suit her: one where she would reign alone, where what she thought, what she said and what she did would be counted proper, and her drawing-room would be filled with her admirers. She does not confess this even to herself, but whenever she thinks of society as it should be it formulates itself in that way.

The critical girl respects neither age nor weakness. Strong of body, she is contemptuous of those who are not so fortunate as herself, and audibly remarks that she cannot understand why people who are not perfectly well do not stay at home; that, anyhow, it would be the best thing if the physicians chloroformed all such people inasmuch as they and their aches are bores to the world at large. Old age is, to her thinking, a something to be laughed at, for by the time she has allowed herself to merge into being not a pretty girl, nor a loving girl, nor an agreeable girl, but entirely a critical girl, she finds in years only a subject for guying. The beauty of age never presents itself to her, and she horrifies a well-bred girl by criticising an old lady as "a tiresome work of the Georgian period." These things sound smart, but they are really impolite and unkind. In time the critical girl will care so little for what she says that as the years go she will grow careless in her speech, and all men will keep away from her, all women will dread her, and all children will be afraid of her. What she thinks seems to her sufficient. Her opinion should make the beautiful or the rainy weather. The book of which she disapproves should be of no value to anybody else; the picture that has her disapprobation can never sell, and the queer part of it all is that she rejoices in feeling prepared to criticise everything in life, whereas the really great critics, the men and women whose words and opinions were of value, felt, when life was all over, that they had not as yet learned to criticise even one thing thoroughly.

SOME WORDS OF ADVICE

DO not drift into the critical habit. Have an opinion, and a sensible one, about everything, but when you come to judge people remember that you see very little of what they really are, unless you winter and summer with them. Find the kindly, lovable nature of the man who knows little of books. Look for the beautiful self-sacrifice made daily by some woman who knows nothing about pictures, and teach yourself day in and day out to look for the best in everything. It is the every-day joys and sorrows, my dear girl, that go to make up life. It is not the one great sorrow, nor the one intense joy, it is the accumulation of the little ones that constitute living, so do not be critical of the little faults, and do be quick to find the little virtues and to praise them. So much that is good in people dies for want of encouragement. As I said before, have an opinion, and a well-thought-out one, about everything that comes into your life, but do not have too many opinions about people. Their hearts are not open books, and as you must be judged yourself some day, give them the kindest judgment now.

Do not be afraid to give the word of praise. Do not be afraid to utter hundreds of words of approbation to one of fault-finding, for it is fault-finding to which at last the critical girl comes. She loses her friends and she loses her faith, and I want my girls to understand that there is nothing in life so dreadful as that. Better lose everything that the world can give than lose your belief. Without it where would you be? Whom could you go to when sorrow or pain came? Who could you ask to help you when the trouble seemed almost more than you could bear? I want my girls to be happy, to be bright, to be overflowing with gladness, but to respect old age, to regard the weak with tenderness, and to search for the good qualities in everybody. If we fill our minds to overflowing with the thought of that which is bad, be certain we will sink lower and lower until the deepest pit is reached. Exaggerated? I do not think so. One of the dangers at present is the desire to be critical. If you find that you are growing so throw yourself on your knees and ask God to make a change in you, and then close your lips and keep silence rather than permit a word of unkind criticism to pass them. It is an old quotation, well known to most of you, but it is a great prayer, especially for that girl who is quick to speak: "Set a watch, oh Lord, before my mouth, to keep the door of my lips."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 27 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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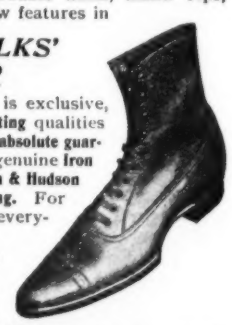

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THE AMERICAN GIRL IN SCULPTURE

By Isabel McDougall

FOR a long time the American girl has been sung, studied, romanced about; the painter has painted her; the illustrator—one in particular—has made her and himself illustrious. And now a sculptor hath set her forth, in her habit as she lives, whether the same be severely tailor-made or covered with all the frills of a Parisian man milliner's invention. And the sculptor—here is the most striking part of it—is herself an American girl.

She was born in St. Louis but her home is in Chicago, the city which, rightly or wrongly, claims to be more characteristically American than any other in the land. Her training has been entirely American, local even, and was comprised in four or five years of study under Lorado Taft at the Chicago Art Institute. Her name is Bessie Onahotema Potter; her middle name was given her by an Indian chief some twenty years ago, when her mother sought something sweet and original enough for her rosy baby. "Onahotema," suggested the governor of the Choctaw nation. "It means give with an open hand."

There is a tradition that the little Bessie Onahotema was a prize baby. If so, she paid for that innocent early distinction by eight years of invalidhood. To-day she is very small, but not fragile; she has the color and the brightness of perfect health. Robert W. Vonnoh says she looks like the portraits of Madame Lebrun, and there is a charming photograph of her wearing a large white cap and posed like the famous French woman. Vonnoh has painted her more than once, so has F. W. Freer, so has Caroline Wade, so have half the artistic fraternity of Chicago. Visitors from other cities always find the way to her studio: among these have been August Franzen, Lungren, Raffaëlli, who called her "an impressionist in plaster"; Julia Marlowe and James Herne; souvenirs of their visits remain in the shape of statuettes of "Juliet," full of pensive grace, and of the kindly old farmer of "Shore Acres."

At the time of the World's Fair Mr. Lorado Taft, who was in charge of the sculptural decoration of the Horticultural Building, found great need for assistance. Every man capable of spreading plaster or using a hatchet had been already pressed into service, and then Mr. Taft bethought him of his clever pupils at the Art Institute. Was there any objection to his bringing some young ladies out there to help him? he asked. And the weary chief of construction answered:

"Oh, bring what you like. Bring rabbits if they can do the work."

Mr. Taft's "rabbits" could and did do the work, making up in intelligence and zeal what they lacked in physical strength. Bessie Potter was among the half dozen bright girls who camped out that autumn and winter in the huge glass building, climbing up and down ladders to model fourteen-foot goddesses, enlarging small sketches, making ornamental designs. All of which was excellent practical training for young sculptors. Bessie Potter, moreover, was represented by two works in the Art Palace, a great honor for so young a girl, and one which gave her free admission to all its treasures. Strangely enough, she was more interested in the paintings, especially impressionist paintings, than in the exhibition of sculpture.

After the Fair Miss Potter had her share of orders for portrait busts, the one remunerative branch of the sculptor's art. Between whiles, to please herself, she began making rapid little clay sketches of any friend who would pose to her for an hour. Soon a row of modern maidens, blocked out in various careless, lifelike positions, were drying on the radiator "to see if they would crack." Most of them did, and were thrown back into the tub to mix again with clay for new attempts. Some were rescued by appreciative friends. The artists began to drop in to see "Bessie's little Troubetskois." She had applied the Franco-Russian's rapid, nervous touch in a fashion at once *fin de siècle* and all womanly. Here was the real, familiar-spirited, dainty, nineteenth century girl. And lo, the unknown moulders of the Tanagra figurines might have desired her for a model. They would have applauded that winsome little lady playing the violin, or that other fanning herself with a large feather fan, or the third in hat and veil who has thrown herself carelessly on a high-backed chair, not as if she were sitting for her portrait, but as though in another minute she might rise and walk away. Their lifelike, their momentary—if one may say so—their unstatuesque air is the charm of these diminutive yet entirely adequate sketches.

MISS BESSIE POTTER

The artist has not confined herself to figurines. Her bust of David Swing showed what she could do in the presentation of a rugged personality. Another very clever head, of the wife of A. P. Proctor, the sculptor, modeled in rather low relief, reminds one of the reserve and the poetry of Herbert Adams' portraits. Two small heads—little "William B.," with his finger in his mouth, and his sweet sister "Mildred," with all her pretty curls pinned up on top of her head—were shown and admired at last spring's fine exhibition of the National Sculpture Society of New York. Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cleveland and other cities have requested these figurines for their exhibitions, and the most gratifying part of their little journeys in the world is that many never return, but remain in the keeping of an artist or a connoisseur whose approbation is worth winning.

To do it justice the Chicago public has not waited for an Eastern endorsement, although with it Miss Potter's work is in greater demand. It has become the thing for wealthy and fashionable women to sit for these portrait sketches. Herein lies the danger of the artist lowering her standard to the taste of her public, rather than keeping it up to the demand of her own more exacting conscience. Happily, there appears no sign of this. What pleases the public is the prettiness and grace of her subjects, their easy attitudes, their smart gowns, their "style." What the artists like is the boldness of treatment, the truly sculptural instinct which makes these small things harmonious compositions from every point of view.

"I understand by art," said William Morris, "a man's expression of his pleasure in his work." Surely no dull moment can have attended the creation of these animated little productions of Miss Potter's art. Indeed, it might almost seem as though a star laughed and under that they were born.

Statuettes obviously need not conform to the requirements for figures of heroic proportions. But smallness of size does not, in Miss Potter's case, at all events, imply smallness of style, as her recent figure of one of the literary men of the West needs only enlarging to be entirely satisfactory in the dimensions of life. She is constantly gaining in strength, and the pieces on which she is at present at work bid fair to be the best which this veritable American girl has yet produced.

Miss Potter can point with pride to the fact that she is the first sculptress to treat this heretofore essentially masculine art from a feminine standpoint.

Clay, as a medium of artistic expression, has not been popular with the art students of this country, but these little figures certainly demonstrate the attractiveness and possibilities of sculpture for the display of woman's artistic ability.

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THE ORB THAT LIGHTS THE WORLD

By Alden W. Quimby

FOR transcendent interest to us among all the celestial host is the sun, a star smaller and less brilliant than many of his fellows, but so much nearer to us than they—the nearest of them being two hundred thousand times more distant—that their feebler light wrestles in vain to penetrate to our eyes through the day atmosphere laden with diffused sunbeams. Even Sirius, the brightest of them all, would need to be seven billion times more brilliant to compete successfully with the sunlight. What wonder then that, centuries ago, when the gates of the morning opened, and the sun rose above the horizon, men fell adoringly upon their faces in recognition of the most fitting symbol of Divinity. Around the sun revolve a goodly company of satellites whose very life depends upon his energy. Nearest is little Mercury; then Venus, counterpart of the earth in size; then our own globe; next, Mars, supposed to resemble our world in physical conditions; then more than four hundred worlds of varying degrees of smallness termed "asteroids"; then Jupiter—thirteen hundred times the size of the earth; next Saturn, perpetually inclosed by beautiful rings; then Uranus; and finally Neptune, so far away, and with so vast an orbit, that his year is one hundred and sixty-four times as long as ours. In addition there are myriads of meteoric bodies, and not a few comets, which owe allegiance to the sun and in some instances to the larger planets.

WHAT THE SUN REALLY IS

VIEWED through a piece of smoked glass the sun presents a disk apparently the size of the full moon, but we must remember that he is four hundred times farther away. In the telescope the disk becomes a globe; and in the spectroscope, the marvelous instrument of our own day, we read the sun's very constitution.

We might expect of speculative thought a variety of views concerning our principal luminary, yet it seems singular that the illustrious Herschel could regard it as a cool habitable body. This hypothesis, which was suggested by Wilson, conceived the real sun to be invisible to us, its bright disk being due to a covering of luminous clouds, beneath which was a layer not quite so bright, the spots being small portions of the dark surface exposed by openings in the clouds. La Place, like some of the early philosophers of the race, looked upon it as a mass of fire.

The sun is now almost universally considered to be a huge ball of gas, its gases, however, affected by conditions very different from those which ordinarily attend terrestrial gases, the condensation resulting from gravity being enormous, and in all probability causing the central mass to be so dense as to be viscous, while the temperature is appalling. The shining surface is called the "photosphere," and is, perhaps, "a shell of luminous clouds" formed by the condensation of vapors exposed to the frightful cold of space. In even a comparatively small telescope the photosphere is very interesting. It appears curdled, and here and there are great white lumps which stand out like mountains, only that they are thousands of miles high; while in certain latitudes there are large or small groups of "spots." But not invariably, for the spots have a "period" of about eleven years, during which there are months when no spots are visible, and years when they are never missing. This periodicity, though long the subject of close investigation, is as yet unexplained.

When a spot is found exactly upon the sun's limb it is readily seen to be a depression in the photosphere. If it be upon the eastern limb it will seem to traverse the entire diameter of the sun's surface in fourteen days, or a trifle less; but this is because the sun turns half around upon its axis in that time. The spot may reappear upon the eastern limb after fourteen days of hiding, or it may be broken up before the sun's rotation can bring it again into view. These depressions occur in neighborhoods where Titanic eruptions have been in play, and are doubtless filled with cooled metallic vapors. The spots are dark only in contrast with the dazzling brightness of the other portions, the blackest parts being brighter than the calcium light. Some of them are large enough to receive the earth as easily as a teacup would accommodate an egg, and not infrequently a single group covers an area of several billion square miles.

ITS DISTANCE FROM THE EARTH

IS about ninety-three millions of miles. It varies through the year because the earth's orbit is elliptical, and the sun is at one focus of the ellipse. The earth is more than three millions of miles nearer the sun in December than in June, at which time the latitudes south of the equator receive his direct rays and experience the great heat of their summer.

Let us try to comprehend the figures stated. The other day two racers of the sea proudly lowered the record of trans-Atlantic passage. Could they turn their prows to the sun, and drive their great engines day and night in the crossing of the ether main, it would be five hundred years before they could reach harbor.

Most persons have noticed the appreciable interval of time between the stroke of an axe at a distance and the resultant sound; could we hear the sound of a solar explosion we would know that the explosion had occurred fourteen years before. Perhaps the most striking illustration is that which imagines a little child to have an arm long enough to reach the sun. The child might thrust its fingers into the seething fires but it would grow up to maturity, and calmly descend into the valley of extreme old age, blissfully unconscious of any pain from the burning; in fact, it would require another such a lifetime to bring the news to the brain.

THE SIZE OF THE SUN

THE gaseous ball, provided we measure only the disk seen with the smoked glass, is eight hundred and sixty-six thousand miles in diameter, *i. e.*, one hundred and eight earths could be comfortably ranged side by side across the disk. To cover the surface would require many thousands. To fill the interior we should need one million three hundred thousand. On a smaller scale we might represent the sun by a ball two feet in diameter and the earth by a good-sized grain of shot. Let the sun be hollowed out, then place the earth at its centre, and let the moon revolve about it at its real distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles. There would yet remain nearly two hundred thousand miles of space between the moon's orbit and the inclosing shell of the sun. Indeed, to journey from one side of the sun to the other, through the centre, would take one of our swift express trains nearly two years and a half. So vast a globe must be heavy. Since its density is only one-quarter that of the earth, it only weighs as much as three hundred and thirty-two thousand earths, or two octillions of tons! The attraction of gravity on its surface would cause a man whose weight was one hundred and fifty pounds to weigh two tons.

ITS POWER OF HEAT AND LIGHT

IF we have been fortunate enough to look through dark spectacles at molten steel in a converter, we have a vivid impression of dazzling brilliancy and immense heat. But patient experiments have shown that the sun's brightness is more than five thousand times greater than that of molten steel, while the effective temperature has been very moderately estimated at eighteen thousand degrees Fahrenheit. With fair spacing for easy reading the registering thermometer would need to be as tall as the Washington Monument. If we wish to compare sunlight with that of candles we must use more than one and a half octillions—1575 followed by twenty-four ciphers. And six hundred thousand full moons would have to be brought into the sky to rival sunshine. There are times when the ice bridge at Niagara attracts many visitors by its huge masses of ice superbly wreathed with tracery of frozen spray. Let us widen its base in every direction until it has attained a diameter of two and a quarter miles; now let it climb heavenward until its summit reaches the sun; in one second, if the heat of the sun can be concentrated upon it, it will be turned into water, and in a few seconds more the water will be dissipated in vapor. Or could we coat the sun with ice fifty feet thick there would be heat enough to melt it in a minute. To produce such heat with coal, a layer twenty feet thick all over the sun would have to be burned each hour, and if the sun were composed of coal it could not last more than six thousand years. There have been some great terrestrial conflagrations. Multiply them a million-fold and set the whole world on fire; it would be only as the light of a burning match compared with the globe upon whose shores awful billows of fire surge and break only to be hurled into the highest heavens.

ITS MOVEMENT IN SPACE

COPERNICUS demonstrated that the sun is "at rest," and that its stately diurnal march across the sky is simply due to the axial rotation of the earth; nevertheless, our great luminary has a most pronounced "proper motion," and is obedient to the same principle of gravitation which it asserts, for since the combined mass of the planets and their satellites is about one seven hundred and fiftieth that of the sun they swing him back and forth ceaselessly; and it has been proven that the sun is actually traveling a vast orbit which requires millions of years for a single revolution, and at a rate of speed not far behind that of the earth's orbital movement—perhaps somewhat less than a thousand miles a minute. The point toward which this movement is directed is in the constellation Lyra, whose beautiful components are separating a little, while the stars behind our system are closing together. It was once believed that all stars move about a central sun. The thought is taking, and has led to some fine descriptions of an "unmoving centre," but the spectroscope has added to its laurels the detection of the direction of movement by the quality of vibration, and we find that there are movements in all directions among the stars.

WHAT SUNLIGHT IS AND MEANS

EVERY one is familiar with the three-faced glass pendants upon old-fashioned chandeliers, and the fringes of color with which they invest objects viewed through them. Such a form of glass is called a prism, and it separates white light into its component colors: violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red—the band of color being called the "spectrum" of the beam. The spectroscope employs a series of prisms to decompose a pure beam of light coming through a narrow slit after passing through a telescope. A still better servant than the prisms is a perfectly flat and highly-polished metal surface, upon which many thousands of parallel lines are ruled in a single inch. In either case the resulting spectrum is magnified for study. This exquisite color band, because of its concentration and purity, is more gorgeous than the rainbow, which is itself a spectrum produced by the rain-drops. Its pre-eminent value lies in the fact that it reveals thousands of slender dark lines, which in many instances correspond exactly with the bright lines in the spectra of certain metals in a glowing state, the dark lines being gaps caused by the absorption of the original rays by the gaseous envelope which, they encounter in the outward passage. This discovery is one of the grandest achievements of the race, for by it we have demonstrated our kinship with the sun. We can speak with confidence of iron and sodium and other metals as entering into the composition of that far-away world, and read with ease the daily record of events there.

Light is believed to be the result of the vibration of particles in ether. Color depends upon the quickness of the vibration. Violet, at one end of the spectrum, is produced by seven or eight hundred millions of millions of vibrations per second, while red, at the other end, represents half the number. Light moves in straight lines, which can be bent aside by prisms or reflected by mirrors. To gain the full benefit of light the medium through which it comes must be perfect. Our atmosphere varies much in its mediumship. Sometimes it is very dense with moisture, and the sun's rays are bent or reflected to such an extent that no image of the sun can be collected, and the light which finally reaches us is greatly lessened. Because of this atmospheric diffusion we enjoy an illumination unknown to space, for a few hundred miles outside of the earth we should find no atmosphere. We would see a dazzling sun, but we would also see stars. All light would be confined to straight lines and the effect would be very strange.

The velocity of light, ascertained by various experiments, is about one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. Could one cross the Atlantic at that rate of speed it would be much quicker than the winking of an eyelid. Yet light which started from the sun centuries ago may still be journeying unwearied in the abyss of space.

ITS RELATION TO THE EARTH

IN a word, it is all in all to the earth. According to the "nebular hypothesis" the earth was once a part of the sun. This daring attempt to solve questions of the infinite supposes that ages ago all the matter of the solar system existed as a nebulous mass, and that, in consequence of the rotation of this mass, rings of matter were left behind by centrifugal force, and were eventually condensed into the planets and their satellites. We cannot turn to a single feature of earth life which is not absolutely dependent upon the influence of the sun. Light, heat, color, vegetable growth, day and night and the seasons, perhaps much more of the electrical force than we now perceive—all are due to him. The sailor on unknown seas tells the place of his ship in a few moments by a simple observation of the sun's position in the sky, and it is the stored-away sunlight which, both on land and sea, turns the wheels of commerce and ministers to the world's comfort.

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WHEN AND HOW TO BATHE

By Cyrus Edson, M. D.

Ex-President of the New York Board of Health

IT is within all our memories when water was considered the fashionable cure-all, but like all the cure-alls it has had its day. A new medicine, a new treatment, a new operation is discovered, and the medical, as well as the lay, world runs wild over it. Then, when it fails to do all that has been promised, it is discarded, and as a rule its real value is entirely overlooked and set at naught.

As the human race, so far as we know, attained civilization earliest in tropical countries, so the bath obtained there a development never exceeded even in ancient times. The hot room, the douche, the massage were apparently known among the people of Babylon, but we have no means of finding out whether or not they originated there. The baths of Rome were more magnificent than anything seen in modern times. When the Arabs from the desert, with the Koran in one hand and the scimeter in the other, swept out the remains of the fallen Lower Empire they retained the bath in all its magnificence. "The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night," as translated by Sir Richard Burton, gives us pictures of the bath we would find it impossible to equal to-day. Not only was the bath a means of luxury in those days, but its hygienic value was known and appreciated. Many Roman authors allude to its curative powers, and it is evident that the effects derived from it were properly estimated.

PRIMARILY speaking, the first and most important hygienic effect of the bath in health is cleanliness. In these days of diffused knowledge all men and women know that the skin contains millions of little orifices called pores, which serve as minute drain pipes, through which a part of the waste of the body escapes. When a person is suffering from that familiar ailment, a cold, these pores are closed, and the extra work thrown on other organs of secretion become at once disagreeably apparent. Now, when the skin is unclean the pores are mechanically closed, very much as a bottle is closed when it is corked. The bath, figuratively speaking, removes the cork. More than this, the bath removes the dead particles of the scurf or outer skin which have also mechanically closed the pores. The vigorous rubbing, which should be a part of all baths, stimulates the minute blood vessels as well as the nerves of the skin. A person who bathes frequently has a much more sensitive skin than one who does not. I do not mean sensitive to cold, although there are people who make this mistake. As a matter of fact, a healthy skin is like a healthy body: it is far less liable to contract disease.

IT is impossible to give any rule about bathing which will apply to all persons. Each in this must be a law unto himself. In nothing does the desire, so common among mankind, to have others conform to the rule of life adopted by one's self, so often show itself as in the advice given on the subject of baths. You hear some strong man, who delights in the bracing shock of cold water when he rises from his warm bed, not only dilate on the value of the bath taken as he takes it, but seriously advising others to adopt his rule—those others, be it understood, being persons who could not possibly stand the shock of a cold bath. Again, you will hear a man who resorts to the Turkish bath three or four times a week, and derives great benefit therefrom, urge his friend to follow his example, when such a system of bathing would probably prostrate the friend.

The number and temperature of the baths, when they are taken merely for the purpose of cleanliness, must be regulated by the personal feelings of the bather. It may, however, be said that every one can take baths in some form, and emphatically every one should.

It is quite possible to give certain general directions about baths which will meet the requirements of the majority of persons in good health. A child between the ages of one and ten years—the bathing of infants is fairly well understood by mothers and nurses, and as it almost invariably is the subject of the directions given by the family physician, it need not be considered here—should be bathed in a tub once a week, the temperature of the water being about ninety degrees Fahrenheit. A little ammonia may be added to the water to aid as a stimulant to the skin.

THE water in the tub should be from four to six inches deep. It sometimes happens that very young children seem to be afraid of the water, in which case it is not worth while to force them into the bath. A good sponging will serve until they outgrow the fear. Good Castile soap is the best to use.

Children under five years of age should have all surfaces liable to chafe, as well as the armpits, powdered with lycopodium or good, unscented starch powder. This should always be applied before putting them in bed.

From the ages of ten to fifteen years children should not bathe more than twice a week (though, of course, a sponge bath should be taken every day). Once a week is sufficient for cleanliness, less than this is not. As before, the temperature of the water should be ninety degrees Fahrenheit. The best time for the bath is just before going to bed, although this is not obligatory. If taken at any other time it should be followed by a cold shower.

From sixteen to twenty-two years the baths for cleanliness are the same. A tub bath, with the water between sixty and seventy degrees Fahrenheit, may be taken every other day on rising from bed, and if the person be in very robust health, and he or she like this bath, it may be taken daily. In place of it a shower bath for two or three minutes, with the water at sixty degrees Fahrenheit, may be substituted. When this is the practice the tub bath, at ninety degrees Fahrenheit, should never be taken more than once in seven days, and then at bedtime followed by a cool shower. These rules apply to all adults in good health until the first effects of age become apparent.

THE hygienic value of the bath in cases of disease is very great, but as the water is then used as a medicine—that is, as a part of the treatment—its use must be prescribed by a physician. A sick person has no more right to take a bath without the order of a medical man than he has to change his medicine. But there is a border line between health and disease, where people prescribe for themselves, and here the bath may be used rightly enough without orders. For example, suppose a person be tired out by overwork of any kind, to feel nervous, irritable and worn, to be absolutely certain that bed means only tossing for hours in an unhappy wakefulness. We all know this condition of the body and mind. Turn on the hot water in the bathroom and soak in the hot bath until the drowsy feeling comes, which will be within three minutes; rub yourself briskly with a coarse Turkish towel until the body is perfectly dry, and then go to bed. You will sleep the sleep of the just, and rise in the morning wondering how you could have felt so badly the night before. The bath has saved many a one from a sleepless night, if not from a severe headache the next day.

THE use of cold water, or rather the therapeutic effect of cold water, on the skin, is that of shock, and the effect of this, again, is to stimulate the organs subjected to it, and, secondarily, all those of the body. Any person who has ever felt the cold douche knows that when it strikes the body one fairly gasps for breath. Immediately afterward there is a tingling feeling in the nerves of the skin and one of warmth, owing to the increased action of the heart. This means the nerves and the heart have been stimulated. When, then, we find a girl who is anæmic, whose skin is cold, whose movements are languid, and in whom life seems to be feeble, we can do great things with her by utilizing the stimulating shock of cold water. Not the douche, because that would be too strong and the effect too great, but she can stand in the bath and have a basin of cold water poured on the shoulders. Then she must be vigorously rubbed. Treatment of this kind depends for its value in the shock, but if continued it will have the greatest effect. Its value is not confined to anæmic girls. Men whose work is sedentary and who have little time to follow those pursuits which will stimulate the heart and lungs, or women who have little chance to exercise, can find in cold water very great benefit. It must be used as a douche or by means of the ordinary shower bath. A word of caution in regard to its use should be remembered. A cold douche or any form of shower bath should not be used when a person is tired or exhausted from any cause, as the reaction, on which the shock depends for its beneficial effect, does not follow effectually when the system is tired.

THE result of the shower in such a case is apt to be internal congestion, which may be disastrous. It does not follow, however, that a perspiring person should not bathe until cooled off. As a matter of fact, if the person is not exhausted the fact that the pores are open is rather advantageous than otherwise, as the reaction is enhanced and will probably follow more energetically. A bath should never be taken within two hours of a hearty meal. The first effect of immersion in warm or in cold water is to seriously derange the digestive process if that is progressing at the time, and by a physiological effect that naturally follows, to unbalance or derange the whole nervous system. The result of this is extremely dangerous to the bather. There are numerous instances of severe illness and even of death caused by bathing while the stomach was full.

Few people have any idea of the value of the douche, which, as Dr. Baruch points out, is really a thermic massage. The form of the appliance is familiar to the majority. A rubber pipe is connected with the water pipes, and by stopcocks or valves the temperature of the water is regulated at will. The pressure found in the ordinary waterworks of cities is quite sufficient. The pipe is supplied with various nozzles varying from a single stream to a fine rain of water, and an attendant directs the stream, which can be used in an ordinary bathtub by having the wall at the back of the tub covered with zinc or metallic paint, and attaching a rubber sheet to buttons inside the tub and to hooks in the ceiling.

I quote from Dr. Baruch's book:

"* * * The well-known refreshing and invigorating effects of the douche, which in France is so largely resorted to by men and women of feeble muscular fibre, by people who lead sedentary lives or lose their vigor in the whirl of fashionable dissipation. To endow the feeble muscle of the children and youths with strength, to invigorate the lax fibre of those men and women who either have no time nor inclination to indulge in normal exercise in the open air, there is certainly no measure more valuable than the cold douche carefully adapted to each individual in duration, temperature and pressure. I do not refer here to diseased conditions, but simply to abnormal feebleness in muscle and the incapacity for normal work."

It does not seem that I can add anything to Dr. Baruch's words. It would be a great convenience if some one of our inventors would devise some measure which would enable the person taking the douche to direct it himself.

THE hygienic value of the bath to people in ordinary good health is very greatly increased by a most vigorous rubbing. With the flesh brushes and gloves, the rough Turkish towels and other appliances—one of the most valuable is the narrow band of toweling—this can be administered with the greatest ease, and it should always be thorough—in fact, it is difficult to overdo. Its effect is to stimulate the reaction from the bath, and bring the vessels and nerves of the skin into a healthy, vigorous condition.

One of the most valuable baths to those in whom the organs of the lower part of the trunk are weak is the hip bath. In this the bather is seated in the bath, and the water covers the body as high as the waist. If the water be cold, that is, if we desire to stimulate the organs by the shock, a towel wet with cold water must be folded turban-wise on the head. The duration of the bath is from fifteen to twenty minutes, and its effect is immediate. The baths excite the vasomotor nerves of the abdominal organs. Their use should be prescribed by a physician.

One of the modern developments of practice is internal baths: washing the stomach and other organs of the body. The effect is marvelous. Cases of nervous prostration caused by the inability of the stomach to perform its function, which are the result of over excitement or work, have been cured by simply washing the stomach out. The process is not difficult, nor does the patient seriously object to it after the nervousness resulting from the first attempts has been overcome by experience. Water is run into the stomach and then withdrawn by the principle of siphonage, and this is repeated until the stomach is perfectly clean. This treatment, however, is not a part of ordinary bathing, and is merely alluded to in order to show how great a part water is playing in modern medical practice. The use of baths to lower the temperature of persons suffering from high fever is certainly on the increase, many physicians believing the bath to be a decided factor in the treatment of typhoid fever.

As long as the result of bathing is not to weaken the bather we can practically say a person cannot, when in health, bathe too much. I have spoken of the hygienic value of the bath, but I have said nothing of the physical pleasure to be derived from it. Every one knows the delicious feeling of cleanliness, the glow of the skin, and the general sense of robust health which follow a good bath. What is more delightful than the exhilaration of a swim in salt water? These results are a part of the experience of all, but it must not be forgotten that in these very physical pleasures there is a distinct hygienic effect.

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It will not tear the hose, no matter how fine the fabric.

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A simple device which fastens to corset. Holds up the skirt—holds down the shirt-waist, without pins, hooks or buttons. Exclusive territory to **lady agents.** Not sold in stores. **Price 25 cents.** Catalogue and agents' terms free.

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Agents Wanted!

THE LATEST SUMMER GOWNS

By Emma M. Hooper

NEW and striking effects in the way of cotton gowns always appear after the first of May. New cotton crêpes, organdies, dimities and piqués delight the eyes of every one able to wear cotton gowns. I say "able," for many women from climate, health or occupation are debarred from wearing any but woolen gowns. Even heavy Irish linen has been taken for midsummer wear, and gold lace appears on grass linen. Nothing seems incongruous; every possible combination of material and color is before us.

So much silk is mixed with the finer qualities of cotton dress goods that the material is quite suitable for wear on very dressy occasions; the trimmings, too, which are of ribbon, lace and fine open-work embroidery, are very elaborate.

IN TAILOR EFFECTS

THE linen suits referred to are given a tailor-like look by stitching bias straps, an inch wide before turning them under, down every seam of the coat, which has a godet or fluted back about four inches long, and loose fronts fully seven inches below the waist-line; these also have very large revers of the material doubled and stitched twice on the edge to correspond with the wrists and lower part of the coat. A belt of linen, gold ribbon or white leather is worn outside of the back, passes through slits in the sides, and buckles in front. The sleeves are very large, yet, of course, are unlined. The skirt is unlined, has a hem ten inches deep, is six yards wide and laid in a loose box-plait in front. White Japanese silk or nainsook shirt-waists are to be worn with such suits, a plastron of dotted Swiss trimmed with yellow Valenciennes lace, or a white wool sweater made with the rolled collar band, the lower part being tucked inside of the skirt.

Piqué, duck and linen should be shrunk before making up. Duck suits have the little coats described above, and also the blouse coat cut like a loose sacque, belted, and the fronts allowed to drop over the waist-line. All seams are strapped, and the edges are finished with two rows of stitching. Duck this season is of a very fine, smooth, even weave. Sleeveless vests or loose plastrons and crush collars of light Persian silk are pretty with these coat suits. For a stout figure a striped piqué or duck is becomingly made with a blazer having straight fronts and a close back, with rolled collar, revers and leg-of-mutton sleeves. All seams are strapped, and a narrow belt passes over the back and under the fronts; a soft plastron falls below the waist-line. The skirt will be cut in eight gores, and the seams on each side strapped.

IN COLORED PIQUÉ

LOVELY light shades of French piqué, at seventy-five cents a yard, and thirty inches wide, are in green, blue, yellow and pink. They make handsome shirt-waists with white collar and cuffs, and handsomer jacket suits for seaside, country and city wear. The skirt is nearly six yards wide, has a deep hem, six to eight inches, and often the front is laid in a box-plait that is shallow and seven inches wide at the top, then widens to twenty-four inches at the bottom, being pressed, not caught, into shape. Make the coat with bag seams, and have the sleeves amply full, though soft in effect. A lovely pink suit has the coat with a full godet back, and the fronts cut like an Eton, only slightly pointed on the front edge below the waist-line; the belt is over the back and under the fronts, and there are large revers and a small turned-over collar. A plastron of dotted white Swiss is worn, which extends to the side seams and has a lawn back hooked over. A double box-plait ornaments the centre front, down each edge of which are stitched two rows of narrow yellow Valenciennes lace; straight collar of Swiss, over which fall four points, each edged with two rows of the lace. A band of number twelve Dresden ribbon, white figured with pink, is passed under the points, a dart being taken at the centre front, and tied in a short, full bow at the back. One of pale yellow is worn with a plastron and crush collar of cream Japanese silk figured with yellow Marguerites and pale bluets. A green suit takes on a Frenchy appearance from the pale violet silk plastron printed with green designs and the crush collar of five-inch ribbon tied in a square bow at the back, using a yard and a quarter of the ribbon. The very light tints of piqué are worn with a turned-over collar of grass linen, with ribbon band and bow the color of the piqué.

GINGHAMS OF MANY KINDS

GINGHAMS are sold at from ten to seventy-five cents a yard, and the occasions for their use are as varied as the prices. They are mixed with dots, tiny stripes, rings and small figures of silk, and show white and light-colored grounds, which afford the keynote of color for the ribbons, many of which are put upon these dainty and washable gowns. The chiné or warp-printed ginghams at fifty cents really resemble silk in their figured and striped floral and Oriental designs. They are pretty for misses and ladies, and are to be worn for all except the very dressiest evening occasions during the summer. The useful plaid, striped and checked ginghams remain the favorite morning or home dresses. The pretty gingham gown illustrated in the March issue has a good design for sleeves in wash dresses. The foundation is a full coat shape similar to the lining pattern for all large sleeves; over this there is a puff forty inches wide and twenty-four inches long, which is rounded up at the top and shirred there all around in three rows and sewed in the armhole with the under sleeve. The lower edge is gathered twice and sewed to the sleeve half way between the armhole and elbow, leaving a loose, doubled puff free from the arm. The nicest ginghams are trimmed with bands of heavy insertion, plaitings of narrow Valenciennes lace, or the open embroidery insertion and edging that come in lacy patterns on nainsook and batiste grounds.

NEW BELTS AND COLLARS

OF course, these are of ribbon, for such accessories are a fad of the season. Some girls have as many as ten sets of collars and belts for their summer gowns, and as each set requires two yards and three-quarters of ribbon from four to six inches wide, costing from thirty to seventy-five cents a yard, it is an easy matter to put ten dollars in these becoming trifles as light as air, but stylish and becoming withal. Points or square tabs of lace, in twos or fours, hang over the tops of collars; then a plaited ruche of lace, tulle, etc., finishes the inside edge of many collars, and all of this is climaxed with a folded band of ribbon tied in two loops and ends at the back, so a fashionably-dressed neck nowadays is, indeed, wonderfully and fearfully constructed. With a flowered dress like organdy the belt and collar ribbons do not, of necessity, match. A tan organdy figured with pink and green has a pink taffeta ribbon collar and a green belt. A new belt becoming to large and small figures is of six-inch ribbon laid in four folds over a pointed girdle of white crinoline lined and well boned. A pretty button is on each fold of ribbon at the point back and front, and serves to keep it in place; the girdle hooks at the back, and is only an inch and a half wide over the hips, though three inches deep at the point back and front.

SOME PRETTY MULLS

FRENCH women have a fondness for soft-finished white and colored mulls, and from that country come some charming designs that may be copied in dimity, cheaper mull and Swiss. One of white, having pink blossoms, made over a pink lawn princesse slip, has a gored skirt five yards and a half wide, hemmed and shirred in three rows to the belt. The round waist is shirred to fit the figure as a round yoke and bodice belt; large elbow sleeves ending in a ruffle of yellowish lace and tied in three puffs with three-inch ribbon, cream, yellow and green. The ribbon forms a collar, bretelles, shoulder bows and a bow at the back of the waist-line. A Marie Antoinette frock for a slender girl has the upper edge of the front and sides of the skirt tucked in half-inch tucks to a depth of ten inches. The round waist is slightly low, and over the shoulders there is a fichu of embroidered white mull, the dress being blue and white, and the fichu having long ends that pass under the belt in front. The belt is of blue ribbon an inch wide in three rows, each ending in a little square bow in front; close-fitting sleeves having a full double ruffle at the elbow, while the ruffles on the fichu supply the fullness at the top. Round, low mull waists trimmed with lace are worn for full dress by young ladies. Sometimes the full skirt is prettily finished with a ruffle of the ribbon forming the decorations, with a deeper ruffle of cream or yellowish lace over it. The appliqué Lierre laces are used when something nicer than the machine-made Valenciennes is wished. These Lierre patterns are really the best imitation of real laces ever made. A five-inch width having the pattern covering three inches and of a good quality may be had for about sixty-five cents a yard.

GRASS LINEN GOWNS

SOME of the neatest effects in grass linen show blouses of colored mull embroidered all over in dots or only down the front box-plait. These blouses are made with full bishop sleeves, turned-over collar and deep cuffs of grass linen. Other grass linens have colored silk dots, and are made up over a taffeta or China silk lining to match. Still another pattern of this material shows open squares or circles worked with scarlet. It is made up over scarlet and is remarkably becoming to a pale brunette, as it has a collar of red taffeta ribbon, over which points of grass linen turn, bracelet cuffs to match on the elbow sleeves, and a similar belt. A Parisian model gown of grass linen has a belt, revers and collarette of red cloth edged with white braid, but I do not fancy the combination at all. Silk striped and checked grass linen blouses and entire gowns are trimmed with satin ribbon the color of the silk. Gold belts are much worn with these gowns. Very light grass-green ribbon, cream, pinkish mauve, turquoise and cherry are the shades looking best with these dresses, ranking in favor as named. The fancy grass linens have often a lining of the plain goods. The most expensive qualities of this material have gold bands along one edge for a trimming, and gold lace appliqués all over; this forms the fronts and puff on sleeves, with the rest of the dress plain. The gold insertion and lace are used for collar, wrist ruffles, etc. Collar of white satin ribbon covered with the lace appliqués. Such gowns are only fit for a very complete wardrobe, as they will only dry-clean, not wash, but as a novelty they are worth mentioning. There is no doubt of the popularity of grass linen, but it will be more worn for odd waists with black skirts than for entire gowns. Gowns of this material are not generally becoming, but the lovely ribbons of the season will probably alter that objection, for pretty ribbons can certainly effect wonders in the way of making a gown becoming.

FAVORITE ORGANDY DESIGNS

THE stores are selling, for ten cents a yard, lawn suitable for lining organdy gowns at twenty-five to forty cents, the lining bringing out the most becoming color in the organdy. The skirts are made separate, but hung from the same belt, each having a five-inch hem. Sometimes a cluster of narrow ruffles, edged with lace, is added, and for this the novelty is to use black Valenciennes lace, but this is not general. The round waist may bag like a blouse or fit snugly, and the sleeves be very full, with only the natural stiffness of the material. If one has a pretty throat a cool and girlish fashion is to cut the neck round and a full inch lower than usual, finishing it with two ruffles of the goods, tucked or with narrow lace. An organdy gown is considered sufficiently nice to wear at summer dances, as are dotted Swisses made up with ribbons and laces. As long as maidens (and matrons as well) will dance through midsummer heat it is, at least, sensible to do so in thin gowns. There are lovely black and white organdies for mourning wear, and they are worn with a white gros-grain or black taffeta ribbon, plain or striped, belt and collar, but should not have lace on them unless it be the black Valenciennes. These are lined with clear white lawn. Violet and white organdies are worn by ladies both in and out of mourning.

CLOTHED IN DIMITY

COLORED and white ground dimities have floral designs in bright colors, and are lined with plain white or colored lawn or dimity. Large collarettes of silk ruffled all around are worn with such dresses, and others have merely a crush belt and collar of fancy ribbon. The collarettes appear with the "Dutch" necks, those cut down two inches below the throat in a square. Sometimes the lining is sleeveless and cut low in the neck; again, it is merely a reënforcement around the armholes. The waists are worn under the skirt belt, and the latest manner of trimming them with lace insertion is to apply it in squares over the waist and full sleeves, cutting the material from beneath. The insertion is from an inch to an inch and a half in width. Sometimes the insertion is laid in a large open bow on each side and the dimity cut out. The skirt is five yards wide, hemmed, shirred around the belt, and trimmed down each side with ribbon that ends at the knees in a bow that is sewed down in the open loops and waving ends that distinguished bows of the Watteau period. A gored lining skirt is hung from the same belt, and either simply hemmed or finished with a ruffle edged with Valenciennes lace. Some lovely collarettes to wear with these gowns are square, back and front, and edged with lace. They are made of alternate stripes of Valenciennes lace insertion and taffeta ribbon, the latter in fine tucks. Yoke collars and plastrons in one piece can be had ready-made, that will entirely and prettily trim one of these dainty gowns.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on page 28 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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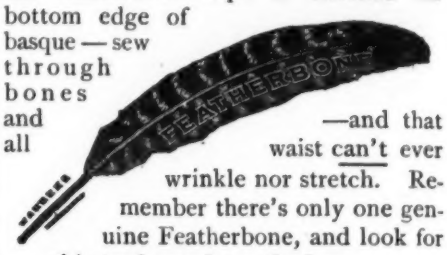

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THE NEW SUMMER MILLINERY

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

IF all womankind wears the fashionable summer chapeau, then the garden of girls will be materialized, for every bonnet and every hat this season is heavy with flowers and their foliage. And the hats themselves are of fancy straw, and the fashionable colors are more generally seen than the plain ones. Stem-green, dahlia, dark green, dull rose-pink, violet, dull heliotrope, écru and dead white are shown. For the small poke bonnets, which will undoubtedly have a special vogue given them, white Neapolitan is liked. These bonnets, much smaller than the poke as we have known it in the past and a little more like the poke as worn during the time of Queen Anne, are, when properly worn, which is slightly forward, very becoming. They do not shade the face—indeed, they show it, allowing the forehead and the front hair to be seen with good effect. Expensive laces are put on these bonnets, and very often the entire brim is studded with paste ornaments.

A typical poke, which has the stamp of simplicity as well as of good form, is a white Neapolitan; the brim is underfaced with pale green silk, while on the upper part it is thickly studded with imitation emeralds. Around the crown is a twist of soft silk, and on the left side, standing up rather high, but well toward the front, is a bunch of mignonette, for which five stalks are required. The long stems are quaintly tied together with ribbon grass; the

CLOSE-FITTING BONNET

ties are of taffeta ribbon matching the brim facing in color, and are looped under the chin in the old-fashioned manner. A number of the bonnets have ribbon ties on them, a fashion that should be welcomed by most women inasmuch as the tie tends to soften the face, and conceals that first evidence of age, wrinkles about the throat. Tuscan braid is still in vogue, and some very elaborate hats have a crown of Tuscan and a stiffened brim of coarse crochet. Most of the black straws are fancy in effect.

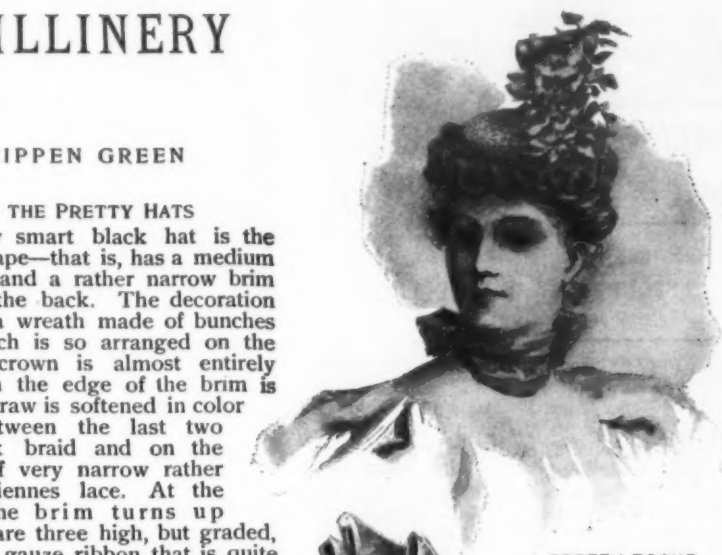
A STYLISH HAT

A TYPICAL POKE

SOME OF THE PRETTY HATS

AN extremely smart black hat is the fancied shape—that is, has a medium square crown, and a rather narrow brim turning up in the back. The decoration is formed by a wreath made of bunches of violets, which is so arranged on the hat that the crown is almost entirely hidden, though the edge of the brim is visible. The straw is softened in color by having between the last two rows of black braid and on the edge, a frill of very narrow rather yellow Valenciennes lace. At the back, where the brim turns up sharply, there are three high, but graded, loops of violet gauze ribbon that is quite three inches wide. These stand up stiffly, and are not placed on the outer part of the brim, but between the brim and the crown. A double bow of many grasses seems to fasten the brim tight against the crown, and at the same time to make the loops firm.

A pretty hat noted is made of écru fancy braid, with the usual square crown and a brim bent in a curve at each side so that three niches are formed; in each one is placed a white rose, very small, and framed in its own green leaves. About the crown is a bandeau, a narrow one, of yellow stones, and above this, framing the upper part of the crown, is a wreath of white roses and small yellow flowers arranged in bunches and having their foliage sticking up in rather a pert fashion above the wreath and the crown. At the back the hat is turned up sharply, and there are high loops of yellow taffeta ribbon and an aigrette of black osprey feathers. This bit of black, oddly enough, gives a special air to the hat, and one is almost tempted, before looking at the name on its lining, to say that it is from some famous French milliner.



A PRETTY TOQUE

A simpler hat, but an equally pretty one, is a very light brown glossy braid, showing on its brim a tiny frill of yellow Valenciennes between the rows of braid. Around the crown is a scarf of yellow lace, which has its ends knotted and wired so that they stand up in loop fashion at the back. Below the lace scarf, at the very foot of the crown, is a double row of small yellow pansies, to which their stems, sticking out here and there, form the only color contrast—a contrast which is decidedly effective.

A VERY SMART HAT

THE BONNET IN VOGUE

BESIDE the poke which bears the stamp of Parisian approval, there is a small, close-fitting bonnet, quaint in shape, and made of rather coarse straw, or else of the fancy braids. These bonnets, though not unlike the Dutch cap in shape, are somewhat larger, and are worn further on the face. The trimming in some instances takes the form of a wreath and encircles the bonnet. Then the dexterous milliner bends it so that it seems almost oval. Sometimes the chief decoration is at one side and stands up very high; again, the entire front is quite plain, the trimming is at the back, and either flares out in bows at each side, or stands up quite straight just in the centre. Rosettes of piece velvet or gauze ribbon are liked on these bonnets, and many good color effects are obtained when a little care is taken, and some thought is given to the contrast between the rosettes and flowers.

A particularly pretty bonnet of the shape described has its edge finished with a narrow frill of yellow lace, and then at each side of the front on the brim is placed a rosette of violet velvet; at the back is the main decoration, which is formed by two low bunches of violets, and three crimson roses bunched closely together, but standing well up. The ties are violet taffeta ribbon, or if these are not fancied, lace, like that which outlines the edges, may be used. Another bonnet, equally pretty but much quieter, is of black straw in fancy braid, and has, wreathing it, a double row of forget-me-nots made of velvet and in the palest shade of blue.

TWO DAINTY HATS

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AN OUTDOOR PARTY, DINNER AND LUNCHEON

A WILD ROSE PARTY

By Mary S. Saxe

THE invitations should be sent out during the latter days of May, the invitation card, of heavy white paper, being decorated with a spray of wild roses. It might read as follows:

Mrs. —— invites you to join a wild rose party on her lawn on Tuesday afternoon, the ninth of June. Weather not permitting the party will be transferred to the library.

CLOVERNOOK, May twenty-ninth.

When the guests assemble upon the lawn each one should be handed either bouquet or *boutonnière* of wild roses, the gentlemen being permitted to select partners, and all to arrange themselves comfortably in close proximity to the hostess, who for this occasion is given the seat of honor, close beside a rustic table filled with wild roses. Each lady is handed a long strip of rose-colored paper, and each gentleman a pencil, and the party begins in real earnest. The hostess reads aloud the following questions, the answers to which are to be found in the names of flowers and written in order on the slips provided—and as two heads are better than one the gentlemen may hold many consultations with their partners before they write down the answers which, between them, they have guessed.

THE hostess begins the story in this wise: "This is a floral love story taken from the leaves of a bud's journal; her name was Violet."

"'1. What was her nationality and appearance?' [An American Beauty.]
"'2. What was his disposition and name?' [Sweet William.]
"'3. What was his object in matrimony?' [He wished to Marigold.]
"'4. How did he offer himself?' [He Aster.]
"'5. To whom did she refer him?' [Poppy.]
"'6. What did her father ask concerning William's prospects?' [Anemone—any money?]
"'7. How long had Violet been out in society?' [Four Seasons.]
"'8. By whom were they married?' [Jack-in-the-Pulpit.]
"'9. How many attended the ceremony?' [Phlox.]
"'10. Who were the bridesmaids?' [Wild Rose and Lily-of-the-Valley.]
"'11. What was the color of their gowns?' [Heliotrope and Pink.]
"'12. What did the bride wear on her head?' [Bridal Wreath.]
"'13. What did she resemble?' [Maid in a Mist.]
"'14. What did the bridegroom wear for the last time?' [Bachelor's Buttons.]
"'15. What did he resemble?' [A Night-blooming Cereus—Knight blooming serious.]
"'16. How was the house decorated for the reception?' [With Blue Flags and Yellow Flags.]
"'17. What did they throw after the carriage?' [A Lady's Slipper.]
"'18. Where did they go on their wedding trip?' [Magnolia.]
"'19 What animals did they see on visiting a menagerie?' [A Dandelion, Tiger Lily and Great Solomon's Seal.]
"'20. What two presents did they take to her parents?' [A Dutchman's Pipe and Yellow Jacket.]
"'21. What did they take to her good little brother?' [Trumpet-vine.]
"'22. At what hour did he awaken them blowing it?' [Four-o'clock.]
"'23. How long did he keep it going?' [Until Deadly Nightshade.]
"'24. What happened when they took it from him?' [He did Balsam—bawl some.]
"'25. Whom did they engage as cook?' [Black-eyed Susan.]
"'26. Who was her young man?' [Ragged Robin.]
"'27. For what was a plumber called in?' [A House-leek.]
"'28. When Sweet William left home on business what were his parting words?' [Forget-me-not.]
"'29. What did she reply?' [Speedwell.]
"'30. What happened when she saw him returning?' [A Yellow Rose—a yell arose.]
"'31. How did she salute him?' [With Tulips.]
"'32. What bonbons did he bring her?' [Butter cups and Marshmallows.]
"'33. How did Violet rule her husband?' [With a Goldenrod.]
"'34. Was their happiness enduring?'" [Everlasting.]

WHEN all have finished the papers are collected and prizes are given to the two who have guessed the most answers correctly, and, of course, to the two who have been least clever in guessing. Flower stick pins, sunflower pincushions, vases, or a box of buttercups and marshmallow bonbons make suitable prizes. The prize for the couple who have been least successful might be a huge bouquet of roses, or a bonbon box filled with rose-colored April-fool candies. Then refreshments may be served upon small tables covered with snowy cloths and lavishly decorated with viands of a rosy hue. A delightful afternoon party may thus be brought to an end.

It is difficult to imagine anything which can be made more charmingly pretty than the wild rose luncheon here described. The season is the one of the year which lends itself most readily to outdoor entertainments, and the prolific growth of roses during June suggests at once the suitable flower for the decorations.

A FOURTH OF JULY DINNER

By E. M. Lucas

FLOWERS, red, white and blue, were lavishly employed in decorating the round dining-table which stood on the lawn under an improvised awning of red, white and blue. The table-cloth was of white, the centrepiece of crimson satin, upon which stood a blue bowl filled with red and white roses. At either end of the table were placed low, flat forms filled with dampened moss, banked slightly toward the centre. These were filled with even stripes of red, white and blue flowers to represent the American flag. The stripes were composed of roses, red and white, and larkspurs, blue, the variety known as "hyacinth flowered," which have long spikes of large double flowerets. The stems were cut short and thrust into the moss compactly. On the larkspurs the lower flowerets were cut away, only the rosette-shaped tips being utilized. The whole design was edged with ferns, which drooped in feathery fronds over the snowy cloth. Floral ropes of red and white roses and blue larkspurs twined with smilax ran from the centrepiece to the four corners of the table, and were held in place by small, flat baskets enameled in clear red, the handles decorated with smartly-tied bows of blue ribbon, and filled with white roses and ferns. At either end of the central mass of bloom stood quaintly-shaped baskets heaped high with red and white cherries, the whole edged with fluffy masses of delicate blue ageratum and ferns.

BEFORE each guest was placed a little basket in white enamel, with bows of scarlet ribbon on the handles. These were filled with white and blue forget-me-nots and ferns.

The menu cards were large, and on the white surface were sketched in water-colors sprays of red, white and blue blossoms, encircled in dainty foliage of green. Some had red roses, white lilies and delicate forget-me-nots. On others were red, white and blue gloxinias, and others bore carnations in red, carnations in white, and blue centaureas.

Scarlet columbines and graceful bells of white and blue campanula were shown upon the guest cards, with a patriotic motto in letters of gold, such as:

"For aye must our motto stand fronting the sun,
'E Pluribus Unum'—though many, we're one."

"Ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves."

"Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light."

"Day of glory! Welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray."

"Own fair land—refinement's chosen seat,
Art's trophied dwelling, learning's green retreat."

"To mark this day we gather round,
And to our nation's founders raise
The voice of gratitude and praise."

"Thou art the shelter of the Free,
The home, the port of Liberty."

"Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high."

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye."

"Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared."

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

"I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound than mine own life."

"What strong, mysterious links enchain the heart
To regions where the morn of life was spent."

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

"With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

"All who the wreath of Freedom twine
Beneath the shadow of their vine
Are blessed."

"Hail, Heaven-born peace!
Thy grateful blessings pour
On this glad land, and
Round the peopled shore"

"Soul-searching Freedom! here
Assume thy stand,
And radiate hence to every
Distant land"

"May Peace, like the dove who
Return'd from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our
Mild constitution."

THE piazzas and trees were decorated with bunting, and from several windows hung the flags of our own country.

The edibles were served from side tables by white-capped maids, whose costumes consisted of blue skirts, red waists, white collars and cuffs and white aprons. The menu consisted of:

Little-Neck Clams
Brown Bread and Butter

Clear Tomato Soup
Croutons

Lobster Cutlets
Rasp Rolls

Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce
White Potatoes, Cream Dressing Green Peas
Currant Jelly

Lettuce, French Dressing
Crackers Cheese

Raspberry Cream Frozen Cherries
Fancy Cakes Bonbons

Black Coffee

The little fancy cakes were baked in the shape of stars and iced with red and white icing, and the bonbons were served in red, white and blue paper cases, all of which served to add brightness and suggestiveness to the occasion.

Should it be desired to give either a dinner or luncheon after the one described here, which was given last Fourth of July, the United States flag, with its additional star, might be used as a design for the corner of the invitation and of the menu card, both of which would then be of value as souvenirs of the change in the stars and stripes which goes into effect on Independence Day this year.

A PEACH LUNCHEON

THE day was bright and full of cheer, albeit the temperature did suggest a foreboding of the trials the weather would entail. But when the guests had assembled on the pretty lawn not one of them remembered that the thermometer stood in the nineties, and when the call to luncheon came, and the guests surveyed the pretty table with its cool tints and appetizing contents, our hostess' plan for a luncheon on the lawn was heartily approved. The table was round, that most completely sociable of all forms. In the place of honor, upon a centrepiece embroidered in the colors of the leaf and fruit of the peach and upon the snowiest of cloths, stood a good imitation of a peach basket, reduced in size, and enameled in silver, filled to overflowing with soft pink and pale yellow carnations, dainty ferns, and the feathery asparagus ornatus, which strayed in long sprays to the place of each guest, before which lay a bouquet of pale pink carnations tied with yellow. At the four corners of the centrepiece stood small imitations of peach baskets, enameled in pink, filled with peaches, bordered with sprays of delicate ferns.

THE *bonbonnières* were lilliputian peach baskets of spun sugar, filled with pieces of crystallized peaches, surrounded by wreaths of tiny ferns. The menu cards were round and delicately tinted in water-colors to represent peaches, with lettering in gold. The ices flavored with peach were in the form of peaches, with leaves of pistachio ice cream, and in all delectable ways the fruit was served. The menu, which was served on the daintiest of china, consisted of:

Oyster Triangles
Bread Fingers

Jellied Veal and Tongue
Cream Biscuits Potato Roses
Olives

Shrimps in Aspic, Mayonnaise Sauce
Cheese Straws Celery

Peach Omelet

Peach Tart Love's Wells
Jellied Peaches
Iced Peach Soufflé
Peach Ices

Iced Coffee.

The invitations to this dainty luncheon were written on pale pink cards, and gave the cheering information that wind and weather not permitting the luncheon would be served in the dining-room. Fortunately, however, both wind and weather did permit, and the awning, which had been erected on the shady side of the grounds, kept all present in a very comfortable condition during the entire progress of the meal. After luncheon was over the guests were given the freedom of the house.

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JUST AMONG OURSELVES

By Mrs. Lyman Abbott

CHILDREN and young people ought to be shielded from great responsibilities. Enough of problems suited to their capacity come to them in a wholesome life. The mind and the conscience should be exercised but not overstrained. Parents should guide their children without worrying them with reasons why this or that thing is allowed or is forbidden. It is not enough to refrain from unnecessary explanations; a child often suffers from unfounded fancies. His mind is alert for mysteries. He imagines a hundred things which have no reality. The clouded face of father or mother fills him with suspicions of impending evil, and he dreads a host of advancing troubles which have no existence. One companion of my childhood confided to me the awful secret that she was not the own child of her supposed parents. Believing this, she kept her childish troubles to herself, magnifying them many times, and she fretted herself with forebodings which almost unsettled her small brain. It all came from the unwisdom of really devoted parents. Anxieties about money and business affairs ought not to be allowed to oppress children. They cannot add to the family purse, and will accept readily necessary restrictions if there is no gloom accompanying them. "Bread and cheese and kisses" are satisfactory fare in a cheerful home.

MAKING OUR OWN BEDS TO SLEEP IN

FEW of us think that we are where we are, and are occupied as we are from choice. It seems, sometimes, as if there were no order in the arrangement of our lives, that things befell us with no relation to our volition. But if we think of it carefully we can remember some choice of ours which decided a course of life which has resulted in our present circumstances. It is true that we did not foresee all that has followed from our decision, and we probably considered the matter only an affair of the moment. Men thus unthinkingly make their homes in this or that place according to the impression of the hour, and find themselves and their children entangled in meshes of evil threads, or surrounded by helpful influences without realizing their own part in the election.

Among the young men whom a young girl meets she finds one who at once especially attracts her by his merry speech and sprightly manner, and she makes it very agreeable for him when he calls upon her. He brings to her house his friends of a similar superficial nature, and thus a standard is created. Men of a different character do not find it pleasant to call upon the girl, although she may possess charming qualities, when they are likely to meet uncongenial persons with her, and gradually her society becomes limited by her original choice to those who are far from being an advantage to her. Later, perhaps, she will wake to a knowledge of the difference between her life and that of some of her school companions whose choices have been for those things which are uplifting. Youthful comrades often seem to be unconsciously drifting apart when the separation is the natural outcome of decisions, as truly

> "As, at a railway junction, men
> Who came together, taking there
> One the train up, one down, again
> Meet never——"

CLOUDS BEFORE THE SUN

ONE must not, however, take life too seriously. If we felt that we must carry alone all our possible responsibilities we could not endure it, and, happily, we are surrounded by those to whom we have a right to look for support in our cares. No one is so isolated as not to have some one—parent, child, brother, sister, friend—on whom to lean. "Bear ye one another's burdens" is not only a command to us to give needed assistance, but it affords us justification for seeking it for our own aid. Nothing relieves a true heart of its own misery so much as giving courage and cheer to some other sufferer. The man who takes for his motto, "I have troubles enough of my own, don't mention yours," is likely to keep his troubles for an unlimited time. It is not necessary to run to a sympathizing friend with every petty annoyance, although the very telling of a grievance is often enough to destroy it. Taking your cloud into the presence of a sunny-tempered person often dissipates it. A cheerful, encouraging friend is a great boon, and to be such a friend, to whom the discouraged and the lonely come for refreshment, is blessed beyond measure.

THE ETHICS OF TRAVELING

NOWHERE is real disaster or sorrow treated with more kindness and consideration than on a steamboat or in a railroad train. Men and women eagerly seek to give aid to any one who falls into unexpected misfortune on a journey, or is obliged to be *en route* in circumstances of disaster or illness. But for the ordinary traveler, whose weariness or care is no more than can be silently borne, journeying is often made very hard by the selfishness which seems to reign among travelers. And it is equally hard for the well and strong to endure with equanimity the delays caused by the careless and the self-seeking. Language has been exhausted on the subject of open windows and stifling cars, and, at least on all through trains, much more attention is paid by the railroad officials to ventilation and heating than was done a few years ago, so that less opportunity is given to the passengers to indulge their whims in that direction. But there is still the person who crowds the way to the ticket-office regardless of toes stepped on, bundles knocked out of over-full arms, and with a general disregard of any life or property but his own—here I am forced by the delinquencies of the English grammar to use the masculine gender, but I disclaim any intention of calling men, more than women, to account for this misdemeanor. There is, also, the person who is buying a ticket for use an hour or two hence, possibly one so "forehanded" as to be securing it for next week, and who attaches to the simple transaction an apparently unlimited series of preliminary and appended questions, entirely oblivious of blocking the line of impatient candidates for tickets for a train on the eve of departure. It is not enough for the seller of tickets to refer the dilatory buyer to the "Bureau of Information," which is now established in every well-ordered railway station. An old adage seems to be controlling the mind of the unyielding bore: "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

EARLY COMERS ON RAILROAD CARS

THEN the first settlers in the train seem to consider that the entire car, just as far as they can use it for person and luggage, is a worm wholly belonging to the early bird, and later comers are very grudgingly given any share. It is discouraging to enter a car and see a single row of sitters on either side of the aisle, with faces intent on anything out of the window or inside, so that they may not see the humble applicant for a seat as she goes timidly along the passageway, dreading to receive a more definite discourtesy if she asks for the half of the bench to which she is entitled by her ticket. The feminine gender is appropriate here, for a man has always recourse to the smoking-car.

If all travelers were wise this word would be sufficient to cause repentance and conversion, but, alas, many a sinner above others will read this paragraph and fail to make a personal application—except to some one else. The old maxims I have referred to, and others equally egoistic, seem to control the ethics of traveling. This is a good time in the year to make a change.

THERE ARE GIRLS AND GIRLS

IT is pleasant, when an individual or a class has been criticised, to have some one appear in defense, and I am glad that an enthusiastic defender of young women has thought it worth while to send to me her protest against what seems to her a too sweeping arraignment of young women on this page a few months ago. She says: "I am no longer young, and am continually surprised at the care and loving attention of the young girls in whose society I am thrown. It touches me very much, for in no way can I repay them, and it is just the goodness of their kind hearts which leads them ever to treat me with great consideration. I have yet to be treated otherwise."

So there are girls and girls, and now that both sides of this matter of youthful treatment of older people have been described the contrast may make a deeper impression than if one side alone had been recognized. And, after all, will it not depend a little upon the attitude and the acts of the older people themselves? Are they as considerate of youth as it is right to be? Is there not a danger that the aged may become selfish and exacting? We of gray hairs, perhaps, may mend our ways and put ourselves more on the plane of the young people—they will be no worse for it and we may be happier.

FROM MATHEMATICS TO MORALS

HAVING occasion to visit a toy shop a few days ago I was led into a little mathematical study. It was a large shop on a street where rents are high. The storekeeper would need to make good profits in order to pay the expenses of his business. The truck which brought the wares to the shop, the steamship which brought them across the sea, the carriages which took them from the maker's home in the Swiss mountains or the German forests to the steamships could not do it for nothing. After this was all paid for, what could be left to pay the maker for his time and skill, and for the wood and paint he used for the making of Noah, his family, a score of animals and the ark itself—when the whole expense to me for my wrapped-up parcel is but twelve cents? Do you wonder that my mind failed to reduce the figures to such microscopical proportions and that I fell from mathematics into morals? Is it good for anybody to have such cheapness? Do our children gain much satisfaction from playthings so flimsily made? Are we not encouraging destructiveness and wastefulness in our own homes, and helping to make other homes barren and mean by indulging in such "bargains"? It is a large question; one cannot easily determine the proportion of responsibility belonging to the individual for these poor and unfair transactions. But, at least, we can do something to lessen the mad rush after cheapness. We can require honest work and good material; we may buy less and buy of better quality. One good and durable article is worth a score of shoddy garments, and an ornament able to withstand the dust and corrosion of years is far more to be desired than the ephemeral production we so often see paraded on mantel and walls.

THE REAL AND SUBSTANTIAL

WE really believe this, and are eager now to get the old furniture, solid and substantial, old tapestry, old rugs with their rich and permanent colors, and yet while reaching one hand out for these real and substantial things, we stretch forth the other to grasp the modern "tidy"—almost always untidily soiled and awry; cheap draperies, colored to-day and bleached to-morrow. We need to read Ruskin more, and feel with him an abhorrence for insincerity in workmanship and materials. One cannot follow so intense a man quite as far as he goes in the application of his principles, but he inspires a love for that which is true, and clears our vision from the glamour of ostentation, and helps us to see that a simple thing may be fit for its purpose and beautiful in its design and construction—that inexpensive material, if good of its kind, is rather to be chosen than a cheap grade of that which is more costly. It is said that many of the books nowadays are printed on paper with so much earthy matter in its composition that it will soon begin to crumble. Fifty years from now a man may go to his shelves to consult a book not often used, to find a mass of dust instead of the pages he seeks. The cynic may say that it will be better for our literary reputation if the next generation does not see much of what we are now writing and reading. He may be partially right, but assuredly a better way may be found to save our literary reputation than at the expense of honest and sincere workmanship.

ANOTHER SERIOUS PROBLEM

WHEN one has, by toil and economy, saved a little money, there comes the problem of its safe storage or investment. We are familiar with the stories of loss, when the old stocking has been sold to the rag man, or the unexpected fire has been kindled in the stove where the precious treasure was hidden. At Washington, in the Treasury Department, there is a corner where an expert studies the fragments of burnt or macerated money which have come out from some disaster and are sent to the Government for redemption. The stories behind these fragments would fill many a volume of homely details and read us many a lesson of carelessness and mistaken judgment. But beside the losses arising from the bad storage of money there are more pitiful ones coming from bad investments. Well-meaning visionaries and unprincipled swindlers make a ready prey of many a trustful man and woman; and the savings of years are lost because safety has been sacrificed to a desire for large and immediate returns. I remember that years ago a wise man urged those who were in his employ to invest in Government bonds, and he persuaded several wage-earners to purchase, with his assistance, those sure certificates of property. Our daily mail is often burdened with most alluring circulars, proposing investments in lands or in stocks with such promise of large interest money that we are not surprised to hear that one friend after another, old or young, has been caught in the trap, and is not only out of pocket but is out of hope. So far as I can see, the opportunities which are stretching out eager hands for our savings are not the ones to be accepted.

A. F. H. Abbott

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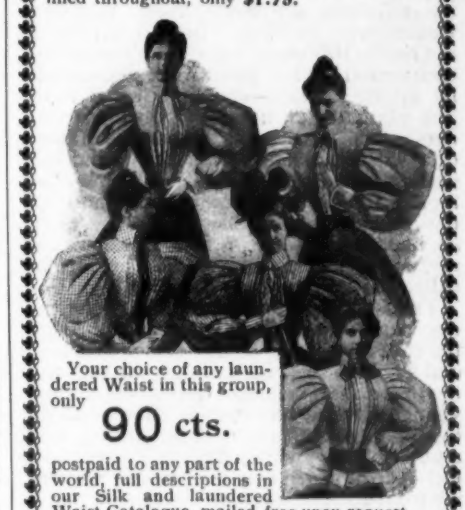

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome

HEART TO HEART TALKS

I THOUGHT this month I would tell you of what one of our JOURNAL "Daughters" has done "In His Name" since she joined us. Her letter tells me how perfectly happy she has herself become while doing the work. She has thirty-five shut-ins on her list; she has sent each one of them letters and leaflets, and the letters of bright sunshine and hope she has received from them in return are priceless, she says. Now, this dear woman who has this "Invalid Circle" is not rich in this world's goods. The money she needed for her good work she earned by selling pickles—she lives on a farm. She planted one hundred hills of cucumbers. The first year she made fifteen dollars; the second, twenty-five, and this year thirty dollars. She said she then had money for the missionary cause and for her invalids. Now she tells me she is so happy she wants others to share her joy, so she is forming another Circle, to be called the "Comforting Circle."

Then one of our working-girls tells me her work takes her every day through the suburbs of one of our principal cities, and she says she sees so much misery, and her heart has been so drawn out to the young, that she has gathered the children together on Sundays to help them. She adds, "I am young and inexperienced, but I do not see why this should prevent me from doing what I can 'In His Name.'" As I read the letter, and my heart responded to her call to me to help her in any way I could, I thought of her as a working-girl, as she called herself, and I was deeply touched when she thanked me for messages received through the JOURNAL that the working-girls felt were for them, and I said, working all the week and then lending a helping hand to those poorer still on Sunday! Oh, how sure I am that God will recompense!

Suppose we repeat a little oftener to ourselves the lines we were taught in our childhood:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see,
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

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ONE WOMAN'S PROGRESS

I HAPPENED one day last summer to be at a table in London where all who were present were in favor of woman suffrage, and all were surprised at finding I was not pronounced on that line. One lady said, after a little conversation: "Mrs. Bottome, will you please give us your ideal woman?" As I lifted my eyes I saw just before me a very fine picture of the Sistine Madonna, and I quietly and silently pointed to the picture. The Child in the arms of His mother—the calm, beautiful face is before me now in memory—the face of the Mother of Christ: the ideal woman!

I was, not long ago, at a convention where one of the speakers spoke of a work that women had done for the bettering of a city morally, and she said that after they had done their best the men of the city had not thanked them. I am sorry, for the sake of the men, that they were not courteous. But what about the highest Christian ideal, I thought to myself—"Give, hoping for nothing again," doing all for Christ's sake? He said, "I receive not honors from men." If women are to fill public places, if they are to stand by the side of their brothers and do work that women in the past did not do, and that some women in the present do not feel capable of doing, then they must be of the very highest type of womanhood. The need will be holy women in no ordinary degree. I shall never forget an experience told me by a deeply devoted Christian woman, who found herself at one time living in a State where the women were citizens. She was called upon to act as a juror on a murder trial. She was greatly shocked, and asked to be excused. She said she had little children, and wanted to know if she could not be released. She was asked if she had servants, and answered that she had. Had she a nurse for her children? and she replied that she had. "You cannot then be excused," was the answer. She told me she went to her room and prayed as she never had prayed in her life, for the presence of the Holy Ghost, a spirit of wisdom and power from on high to rest upon her, and her prayer was answered, and she said that never in her life was she so conscious of the presence of God as when she sat on that jury in that murder trial.

WOMAN'S IDEAL

NOW, if all this is before women, I am sure we need very holy women—we certainly do not want politicians—so I am clear as regards my work. There is only time and strength enough for me to devote the rest of my life to the cause of personal holiness of heart and life. The type I speak of is among us. I saw the type a few days ago when spending a short time with the college girls at the Syracuse University. One I have in my mind now. I heard her give one of the most eloquent addresses I ever heard from a young woman. Yes, she was a type of perfect Christian womanhood: beautiful to look at, with culture in every word and tone, and yet permeating it all was a fire of Divine love for the Lord Jesus Christ—a loyalty to Him that made you feel she was a living sacrifice. She would have honored any position. You could see His eyes as you looked into hers. She made you think so much of Him that you could almost hear His sweet, sad voice as He said, "My kingdom is not of this world." There was a far-away look that seemed to say plainer than words, "I seek a country, even a heavenly." I am sure she would do anything the Lord Jesus would ask her to do, but she would surely wait till she knew His will. All that woman is to-day in our Christian land she owes to the Lord Jesus Christ, and nothing less is reasonable in woman but a holy sacrifice to Him and His cause, and it looks as if the apostle taught in the beginning of that twelfth chapter of Romans that if we would become transformed by not being conformed to this world, we should be able to know what the will of the Lord is, and so I think in regard to all that pertains to women the first and last emancipation must be emancipation from selfishness.

I am sure I am right when I take in for myself and all women the thought and care for a progress that has eternity affixed to it.

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HOLINESS THE END OF PROGRESS

NOTHING, nothing, can ever equal goodness, holiness; no amount of smartness or cleverness will reach the deep need. I am not undervaluing knowledge or ability, but striking through it all must be that nameless something that shall make you long to be what that woman was. If women are to speak from platforms let us most earnestly pray that they may be so conscious of Christ that all self-consciousness shall be gone. I shall never forget what one of the holiest men I ever met said to me last summer. I was looking in his library at the beautiful face of his mother who had gone on to Paradise. He said as he looked at her, "She never descended to a platform." I am quite sure that the clergyman, to whom I was a stranger, did not know I stood occasionally on a platform, because he would not have been discourteous, but I understood him, and I think never since that time have I ever felt I was being promoted as I have ascended the steps to a platform. I know too well that the best of women have never been on a platform, and yet if God called me to go I would go, but I never wish to go without feeling the lines of the little song:

"Never further than His cross,
Never higher than His feet."

There is a grace that we are told to be clothed with, that we cannot, must not, fail to have. Along these high lines we women must progress.

"The millennial year
Rushes on to our view,
And Eternity here!"

The greatest need of the world to-day, the greatest need of our families, of our churches, is holy women—women of God, women of Divine power. Oh, that we could get thousands of women who would arise and shake off the dust of worldliness, and say, "A heavenly race demands my zeal and an immortal crown." Young women, into whose hands some of us will, ere long, lay our work, we ask you to carry the banner of the cross. You, to whom we look for help in this world, for our King, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, will you not consecrate your young womanhood to Him, to His cause, the salvation of immortal souls? This will be worthy of your being, and on this line there will be no disappointment. After a few short years you will lay your trophies down and be crowned with victory at His feet, and then an eternity of progress will still be before you! Try to be so like Him here that people will see God in you! Surely this is worth living for, and while some things are not within our reach this is.

THE ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

I REMEMBER once visiting a young woman dying of consumption. She lived just opposite my house. She was the daughter of a dear old minister; she had been a most exemplary Christian, a dutiful daughter, and so helpful to her father in his church; she had been a teacher of a Bible-class for many years, but she was now slowly dying, and she had no joy, and she told me she feared death—not the dying, but standing unclothed, her real self before God. She said she had tried to do right so far as she knew how. I could tell her nothing that she did not know. I remember going home one day, having had an unsatisfactory visit with her, because the gloom never lifted from her mind. After I reached home I opened quite a large Bible that stood on a table near which I happened to be standing, and my eye rested on a passage of Scripture in the Old Testament, and the sentence is in the largest type of any in every Bible, "The Lord our righteousness." I took the Bible over to my friend, though it was heavy to carry, and I held it up before her without saying a word, and she saw the words, "The Lord our righteousness," and in less than a minute she had the "robe of righteousness" on, and oh, how becoming it was to her. Her face was lighted up as she exclaimed, "I see it!" And from that moment she was another person: not a shadow ever fell on her face again, not the slightest fear of meeting God. Why should not the Father be glad to see her? He would see in her His well-beloved Son, in whom He was well pleased. Do you not remember the words, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ"? Now any other dress than this will not satisfy you, and there is a deep need why you should be admired of God. I am glad you have a love of admiration. All evil is only the perversion of good. You fear your love of admiration; just lift it a little higher, covet to be admired by the angels, especially long to be admired by the One who made you. You say: "If He would only say of me, 'This is my child, in whom I am well pleased.'" Well, be all taken up with Christ, take Him for all He offers to be to you. I am sure, as I write these words, that this is the deep need in so many souls, and I am equally sure this need may be supplied by taking Christ as our righteousness.

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GUIDE ME

WHAT shall I say to you young girls who wish me to guide you in so many ways? You say you do not know which is the right way. Now let me deal plainly with you. You can know if you desire!

We are not always honest when we say, "Guide me." We have our favorite temptations, and we lead ourselves into them even while saying, "Lead us not into temptation." We want more little self-denials, little honesties, and the path would be cleared for us. We need more moral backbone to say "no" to ourselves, our selfish selves. We play with temptation and we lose the grand victory over wrong. The great battles of our life are wrought out on unseen fields in our own hearts. If we only really believed that every thought, every act, would go on accumulating! I read not long ago of a lady whose husband died, and she found among his effects a savings-bank book. There was only one entry in it, and that was five dollars, but she thought she would take it to the bank, and they handed her two hundred and forty-eight dollars—all gained from the five dollars. Interest and compound interest on those few dollars! Now think that the interest is going on (to carry out the figure) of all our little thoughts and acts. Think what the future will be of joy or sorrow, and even in this life the reaping time does come, and we reap what we sow. It is terribly sad to see the harvest so many of our young girls are reaping, and they sowed with their eyes wide open. But then, God does not leave them as some do, saying, "You made your bed, now lie on it." Oh, no, He comes, the pitying, loving Christ, and heals the broken-hearted, and binds up and pours in the oil of sympathy and kindness, and turns all our mistakes into everlasting blessings, and forgives all our sins, and becomes indeed to us, Christ the Consoler, and, as in Nature, just as soon as a break takes place the healing begins. So the Holy Spirit, who is the agent in natural life as in spiritual (for there is not a flower nor fruit that He is not the power that makes), will forgive all our transgressions and heal all our diseases if we will only let Him, for Nature does not hinder Him, and we may. Believe me, the one gift you need more than any other, you dear girls who will look at this page seeing what I have to say to you, is the gift of the Holy Spirit, and Christ said His Father was more willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that asked Him than parents were to give good gifts to their children. So no matter who you are, no matter how sinful, ask for the gift of the Holy Spirit.

Margaret Bottome

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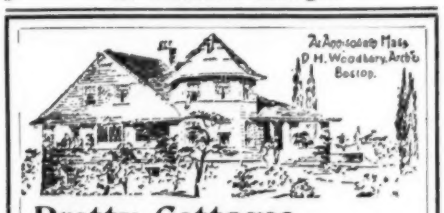

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An Issue of Complete Clever Short Stories

IN order to make up to our readers for the lack of short stories in the past few issues of the JOURNAL the editors have decided to present an entire number of this magazine made up of good short fiction. That is, all the literary portion of the JOURNAL for August, with the exception of two pages, will be given over to short stories. Some seven or eight stories will be presented, each complete and different in theme and character. The pages excepted will present an illustrated poem by James Whitcomb Riley and a group of Mr. Woolf's inimitable creations. This fiction issue will contain stories by Bret Harte, Lilian Bell, Alice Wellington Rollins, Jerome K. Jerome, Sarah Parr, Jeannette H. Walworth and Caroline Leslie Field. All of these stories will be illustrated by prominent artists, the whole making a peculiarly attractive and readable midsummer number.

ALBERT LYNCH'S AMERICAN GIRL

THE singularly beautiful girls which Albert Lynch has drawn for the JOURNAL'S cover designs have, up to this time, represented the French type. But last January Mr. Lynch came to America, and has since been engaged in studying the American girl. The results of this observation are now being utilized by Mr. Lynch in a painting of great beauty, in which he will portray his typical American girl. So soon as this picture is finished by Mr. Lynch it will be engraved for the JOURNAL and reproduced in its pages. It will be the first example that this wonderfully successful French artist has ever given of the American girl.

FEEDING A CITY LIKE NEW YORK

ONE of the most absorbingly interesting articles, under the above title, will be printed in the next issue of the JOURNAL. In it Mr. John Gilmer Speed will tell the amazing story of what it means to feed such a city as New York. No one can imagine the magnitude of this task, which is repeated each morning in the great metropolis while most of us are asleep. Mr. Speed has carefully prepared his story, and the figures and statistics are alone worthy of study. Mr. Sontagg has illustrated the article with singular power.

EARNING MONEY IN VACATION

THE teacher or scholar away from school or college during the summer months often wonders how she can make money for herself, and still utilize her holiday for rest and recreation. The JOURNAL has a plan to meet this condition, the success of which has been learned from those who took advantage of it last summer. The plan is not confined to women alone; it is also open to young men. Any person so inclined has an opportunity to obtain a substantial sum of money by pleasant employment during leisure hours this summer. The Circulation Bureau of the JOURNAL will gladly tell of the method.

THE COVER DESIGN THIS MONTH

M. ALBERT AUBLET, the painter, whose charming production entitled "June Roses" adorns our cover this month, is a Frenchman, born some forty years ago of well-to-do, refined parents. He has not been prolific in his work, but has won several medals, which place him *hors concours* with the juries of the Champs Élysées Salon. He is Chevalier Legion d'Honour. But few of his works have been seen in this country. The painting entitled "Around the Music Score" is, perhaps, best known here, having been reproduced in Paris "Illustré" in 1891. The JOURNAL'S cover design by him, "June Roses," is self-explanatory. The sweet and unaffected pose of the kneeling woman rendering homage to the roses, June's own flowers, expresses that gladsome feeling which comes to us all with the return of summer.

THE JOURNAL'S FINEST DRAWINGS

TWELVE of the best drawings which have appeared in this magazine are in the new portfolio just prepared by the JOURNAL. They are 15x12 inches in size, printed on the finest paper and are admirably suited for framing. There are two by C. D. Gibson, two by W. L. Taylor, and three by Alice Barber Stephens; one each by Albert Lynch, Howard Pyle and W. Hamilton Gibson, and two by W. T. Smedley. This attractive collection of black and white drawings sells, including portfolio, for one dollar ($1.00), sent to the JOURNAL.

A GIRL'S CHANCES THIS SUMMER

JUST a little effort this summer can make it possible for any girl to obtain a free education next autumn at any college, university or conservatory that she may desire. Of the two hundred and fifty girls educated, free of all expense, by the JOURNAL, two hundred earned their educations during the summer months. Girls should remember that there is absolutely no competitive element in these free educational offers by the JOURNAL. Every girl has a chance—the very humblest as well as the most fortunately placed. A free education, of any sort whatever, belongs to any girl for the asking. The Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL will gladly give information concerning this matter.

THE NOVELS YOU WANT THIS SUMMER

ARE the novels which the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau has special means of obtaining for you at the most advantageous prices. Simply send your list of summer reading to the Literary Bureau and an answer will at once be sent affixing prices, etc. Through the cheaper prices obtained you can either extend your reading or save money for other necessary purchases. Whether it be one book or twenty it makes no difference; the Literary Bureau will gladly assist you in the matter.

WHAT ONE GIRL WRITES

ONE girl to whom the JOURNAL gave a free musical training in the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, wrote to us when she arrived there: "I can scarcely believe that I am here amid these pleasant surroundings. And to think that two weeks' easy work should have brought it all! It seems to have come almost without an effort." The experience of this girl may be the experience of every girl. The JOURNAL asks nothing impossible, nothing difficult, in return for any sort of an education which a girl may desire. And she can employ her summer vacation in no better way. The JOURNAL'S Educational Bureau will give an outline of the plan.

WHEN MOVING ABOUT IN SUMMER

IT is not always possible to buy the JOURNAL, although it is supposed to be for sale everywhere. The surest way to get it is to send a dollar to the JOURNAL

office in Philadelphia. It will then be sent to you wherever you are, and your address can be changed as often as desired. Besides that, a subscription saves you twenty cents during a year—not a great deal, it is true, but small sums saved are ofttimes great points gained.

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SAYS ABOUT HER
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I must compliment you and beg of you to receive my salutations.
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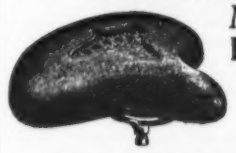

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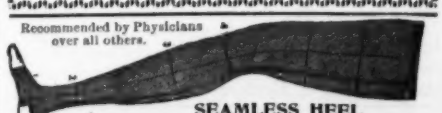

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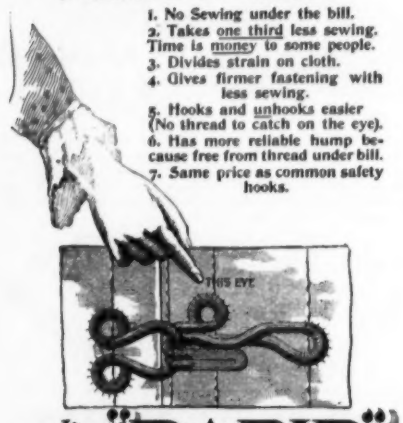

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A FRIENDLY LETTER TO GIRL FRIENDS

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 4)

LOOKING back through long years in which I can trace these things, it seems to me that the second French Empire—brief, unsubstantial, meretricious—inaugurated the movement in false shows, ambitions, luxuries, which became such a rush into lower levels of life in our Republic. The beautiful woman whose genius disported itself in lovely inventions of dress, and those who surrounded her and followed her lead in her court, excited, throughout the world of women looking on, an eager impulse of desire. Newspapers teemed with gorgeous, fascinating descriptions; those who could achieve only ordinary constructions and effects felt themselves tame, flat, obliterated; in our own country a tremendous surge of extravagance set in. This was accompanied, followed and abetted by our own great crises and changes, bringing influxes of sudden wealth, gold discovery, petroleum discovery, war, war prices and shoddy; expansions and monopolies. An almost instantaneous wave of recklessness, a blaze of splendor in dress, equipment, social elegancies, swept over our land, submerging and blinding. It controlled quickly the great centres, and reached toward the remotest little quietudes. After that there were no quietudes.

Sewing machines began to buzz; but the sewing, instead of being done, was aggravated into hopeless increase. There was no end to the "frills" that were "put on." Hoop skirts and trains and drapery-sleeves invaded the kitchens. Home service was demoralized; fancy demands in wages despoiled simple economical housekeepers of their assistants; "girls" must robe themselves like "ladies"; a dreadful degeneracy was begun, under the illusion of artistic progress and high refinement, and it could not be stopped at any line of social grade. In this country all are empresses. The few real nobles who resisted, who stood back in native dignity and let the tide roll by, were glanced over with superior surprise by the newly grand. A little incident in an eclectic establishment in Boston illustrated over the counter the prevailing state of things and became a current anecdote. Two quiet West End ladies sat in the silk department carefully choosing some soberly elegant stuff, and purchasing in moderate quantity. To them rustled in a magnificent dame. She tossed the fabrics shown her negligently about, rejected superciliously the modest in style and cost, gathered swiftly around her a heap of the most expensively splendid, and nonchalantly ordered abundant measures of this, that and the other sent to an address for which she furnished her card; and then swept forth again, all in about five minutes. As she went the first two ladies looked at each other with a calm amaze. "Shoddy," whispered one. "No, madame," came back in clear, incisive tone over a satin shoulder, "*petroleum!*" It was cleverly retorted; but the demonstration was none the less of the under order.

IT is of no use to try to enter here upon what the men have done: upon clubs and coaches, and yachts and races; upon women, certainly, rests their own fearful share of responsibility for the unrighteous greed, the unworthy ambitions, the senseless motive of our later life, and when all crumbles back in the ruin of such things to the compulsion of new beginnings, it will depend greatly—most of all—upon what women will do with new conditions; upon how Eve, when the flaming sword shall have driven her forth from her false paradise, will behave in the wilderness.

The true enfranchisement of women must be from their own slaveries. With a beautiful fitness of atonement there comes just now from the very centre and source of the tyrannies of fashion, a note of freedom. In the French Republic starts a movement toward sanity, soberness, peace. "Noble Dames in Council" there (I quote the heading of an article on the matter in a Boston newspaper) have met to consider what the very *haute noblesse* may do to escape the oppression of "whims," "freaks," "atrocities," that take the power of decrees; that "make caricatures of the most beautiful," fools and victims of the imitative masses; how they can best rebel against "incessant changes" that waste material, time and life. And they advise three things: first, refusal to adopt "every novelty of costume solely because it is a novelty"; second, independent consideration of individual fitness in any style, and an insistence upon the right of every woman to "remain distinctly herself"; and third, a protest in action, by daring to continue to "wear garments, once well and fittingly made, until they begin to wear out."

Jerusalem, thine iniquity is pardoned!

Beautiful upon the high places are the feet of them that bring good tidings.

"Distinctly herself." It is the clear annunciation of the whole essentialness and intent of garb. It is to set forth the individual. A lily is to be a lily; a rose, a rose; a clover blossom, a clover blossom. A palm, a goldenrod, an ear of wheat—each has its use, place, aspect. A law of the Lord makes raiment. Life is a garment. We shall have and wear from need to need, from growth to growth, that which life shapes in us and fits us to. And no passing artifice of caparison can disguise it.

"I will clothe thee with change of raiment."

If God clothe the grass of the field shall He not much more clothe you?

Adelaide D. T. Whitney.

THE GIFT OF GRACIOUSNESS

By Mrs. Willie Walker Caldwell

IF I could play fairy godmother to all the girls I know I should bring to each christening the same gift—thereby endowing them with a wonderful power, which would bring them friends, happiness, influence, and love—"the gift of graciousness."

Most girls fail to appreciate this quality, which is more winning than accomplishments, and more enduring than beauty. When the freshness, light-heartedness, and graces of youth are gone this gift abides, and forms as becoming a diadem to the matron's brow, or the grandmother's silvered locks, as to the beauty of the maiden.

Unlike beauty, which God has not granted to all women, and accomplishments, for which all have not a like taste or fitness, this gift can be acquired by all. The only things that can prevent its acquisition are a selfish disposition and a loveless heart—it will not dwell where love for humanity does not abide, and, like true politeness, it is founded on unselfishness.

I HAVE heard girls say something like this: "Oh, she is nice to every one—it is natural for her to be so—somehow I do not feel that way. I am constitutionally indifferent, and it would be hypocrisy in me to pretend to be interested in most people, when really there are only a few I care about." I have heard these same girls complain of not being so universally liked as other girls, or of being left out of some pleasure in which their more gracious friends were included. The secret at the bottom of the natural indifference of these girls is generally selfishness, indisposition to put themselves out for others, or else a conceited idea that their charms are so great that every one should pay court to them and expect nothing in return.

I have heard other girls say that they were too timid to be gracious, that their shyness made them appear indifferent. The best antidote for timidity is to cultivate an unselfish interest in others, and to think as little as possible of one's self; there is no more effectual cloak for shyness than a kindly graciousness of manner.

I KNOW two girls who live in the same town. One of them is considered very beautiful, graceful and bright; she has several admirers and a few friends, but the majority of her associates and her mother's and father's friends feel entirely indifferent to her, while some comment unfavorably upon her repellent manners. The other girl is not near so pretty, and not a whit brighter, but she has sweet, gracious ways with old people and children, with her mother's friends and her own, with the tradespeople and servants, and every one in the town is her admirer, champion and friend. Wherever she goes, smiles and blessings attend her.

Have you not observed the blessed presence of a gracious girl like this at a social gathering or house party? She smiles brightly at her hostess, and enters heartily into the pleasures provided for her; stops in the corner for a brief chat with the dear old grandmother, and watches for an opportunity to exchange an unaffected greeting with her host. She compliments the pretty costume or sweet voice of a shrinking girl, and makes the awkward boys, who are just entering society, feel comfortable by her unstudied ease and cordiality. She quietly thanks the servants for their services, is ready for a romp with the baby brother, or a game of dolls with the little sisters, and makes herself a veritable source of sunshine to a whole gathering or to an entire household.

AS life ripens and duties multiply, this "gift of graciousness" finds new channels, and that which may have at first been little more than a trick of manner, prompted by kindliness of heart, develops into a trait of character—a life principle—and so becomes a power.

What a subtle, yet strong, force in the management of a home! How it blesses the husband, assists in controlling the servants, and influencing the children; what a potent charm it is in social life, and especially in performing the agreeable duties of hostess. The girl whose mother has this gift is particularly fortunate. Her home is sure to be a happy one, her friends are the friends of her mother also, and in the pleasures of her youth she has her mother's help and sympathy side by side with her due restraint and judicious advice.

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Any other undergarment gets pulled out of place.

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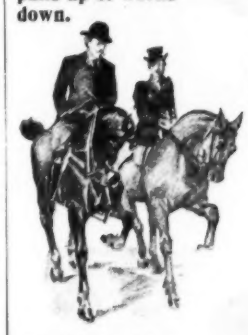

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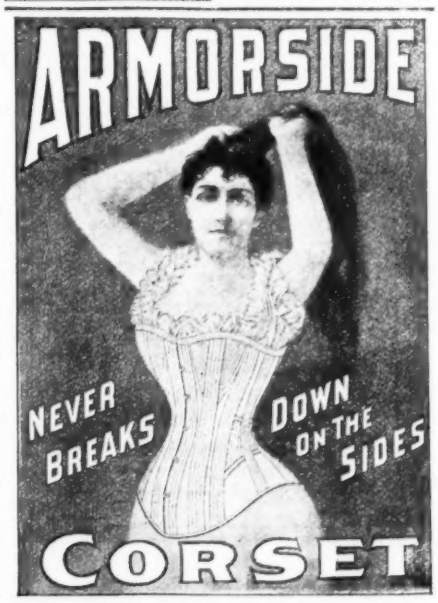

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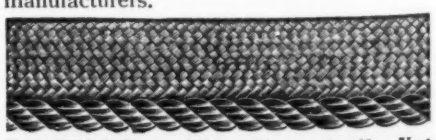
The cord and braid are woven together as illustrated by the section of braid shown. **The Ideal** can be purchased of all retailers. If yours does not keep it write to the manufacturers.



Rosenfeld & Jonas, 108-114 Wooster St., New York

SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY RUTH ASHMORE

When one is a woman one is easily annoyed. I do not like to have my girls think that I am irritable, but I must confess to having been provoked at the assertions which have from time to time been made by the so-called humorous papers. Announcements appear that Ruth Ashmore is Mr. Bok. Some of you may, perhaps, have thought this statement true, or at least have considered the assertion seriously. It is for that reason that I must contradict it, and say most emphatically that Mr. Bok has never written a single line which has appeared over the signature of Ruth Ashmore. When he writes he invariably uses his own name. Ruth Ashmore, my dear girls, is just an ordinary woman, proud to be known as your friend, and more than appreciative of all the kindness which has been shown her. I sometimes wish that the various editors who persist in denying the personality of Ruth Ashmore would make some arrangements by which they might meet me. Only, as I am simply a woman, it is possible that I would lose my temper and speak a little more plainly than I am doing now. I have always conducted this department, and been many miles away from Mr. Bok while doing my work, which he sees for the first time when I send my manuscript to him. Of course, these newspaper fabrications are written to annoy me. I suppose until the millennium comes there will always be persons so lacking in politeness and consideration that they will not give a woman, who does her best, that which is her due.

RUTH ASHMORE.

GRETCHEN—A business letter can, very properly, end with "Yours truly."

O. G.—You should certainly call on your son's betrothed and her mother.

L. M.—It would be very awkward to eat vegetables from a fork held in the left hand.

M. J. S.—If everybody else is dancing then surely a bride may dance at her own wedding.

MUSICIAN—Write a note of thanks for each bouquet sent you on the day of your recital.

H. F. D.—A bridesmaid, especially at an at home wedding, should wear a high-neck bodice.

JACK—When calling, a gentleman removes his top-coat and hat in the hall and leaves them there.

BERTHA—In writing to an intimate friend it would be quite proper to begin the letter "My Dear Mr. Gray."

JOAN—Pale blue and pale gray note paper are liked by some people, but clear white paper is always in good taste.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING—The emerald is said to bring good health, and is the birth stone for the month of May.

E. H. W.—It would be proper to send an invitation to the large tea you are about to give, to a friend who is in mourning.

E. S.—A few drops of myrrh in a glass of tepid water, used as a gargle, will tend to freshen and sweeten the breath.

SALEM—If you are a doctor do not prefix "Miss" before your name on your door plate, but have, instead, "Doctor Mary Brown."

LOUISE—On the street the lady bows first. (2) It is not in good taste to offer your hand to a man with whom your acquaintance is slight.

GERTRUDE—In inviting even one's nearest or dearest friend to visit one it is proper to state the length of time the visit is to cover.

J. R. T.—When a gentleman is making a call, and, soon after his arrival, another visitor arrives, the first caller should soon make his adieus.

S. T.—The sending of memorial cards is rather unusual in this country, though very common in England. They require no answer.

E. C. P.—Any lady may accept flowers from a gentleman. When they are sent to her she should acknowledge them by a note of thanks.

DAISY—A young man who writes to a young woman extending invitations or making appointments on postal cards should be entirely ignored.

A. R.—A young lady who is not the hostess need not rise when a gentleman enters the room, unless he should happen to be a very old gentleman.

H. E. L.—It is perfectly proper, if they are on the table, to use either pepper or salt; if they are not it would, of course, be better to ignore the fact and do without them.

M. A. M.—If you are serving tea from the small table it would be perfectly proper, as you have no helper, to ask each guest whether she will have sugar or cream.

M. L.—The customary way of announcing the birth of a child by card is, "Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon have the honor to announce the birth of a son. April tenth, 1896."

BELLE—When people insist upon coming on other than your "at home" day you may, with perfect propriety, have your maid excuse you and say that you are not receiving.

DOROTHY—White lace or embroidery should be wrapped up in colored tissue paper or it will turn yellow. There is something in the white paper that discolors white materials.

MISERIE—The Doré Gallery is named after the celebrated artist, Doré. (2) Hair-dressing, manicuring or any honest way of earning a livelihood is respectable and honorable.

STERLING—A young girl in deep mourning could not, with propriety, wear a silver belt buckle. If she wears an all-white gown it should be one without lace or ribbon decorations.

M. H.—The title, "Defender of the Faith," which is attached to the name of Queen Victoria, means, of course, the faith of the Church of England, and not that of the Catholic church.

ROMOLA—In introducing yourself to a stranger say "I am Miss Gordon." (2) When small biscuits are served with the soup they are eaten from the fingers and not broken into the soup.

MARGUERITE—Thumb rings were never in fashion; they were worn only by people who wished to be conspicuous. (2) The nails are no longer cut pointed, but shaped to suit the tips of fingers.

KATE—The man to whom you are engaged, and to whom you have been engaged so long, is encouraging you to do what is very wrong by advising you not to tell your mother of the engagement.

LOTTIE—In writing in the third person one would say, "Mrs. White presents her compliments and regrets her inability to accept the kind invitation of Mrs. Black for Wednesday, April eighth."

ALICE R.—Orange seeds can be removed from the lips by the fingers. (2) A girl who has a good skin, or even one who has a bad skin, is very foolish to chance filling the pores of it with powder.

CHICAGO—I do not approve of secret engagements. (2) Salads, sandwiches, ices, bride's cake, small cakes, coffee, lemonade or any other beverage you may desire, will form a suitable menu for a simple collation.

R. R.—When a gentleman calls on several ladies in the same house he sends up a card for each and does not leave any on his departure. (2) Gloves are worn by gentlemen who are with ladies at any form of evening entertainment.

OPAL—I should not advise you to use either soap or water on opals or any precious stones. It is safer when they are dull or look as if they needed cleaning, to have a jeweler attend to them. Scrubbing them is apt to loosen the settings.

M. A. E.—The ability to blush, to which you object, is a pretty something for which most women long. (2) General reading, that is, of the magazines and newspapers, will tend to broaden your mind and furnish you with topics for conversation.

MARIE—Boiled eggs are usually served in a round dish in which a napkin has been laid that enfolds them and keeps them warm. They are eaten from an egg-spoon and directly from the shell. (2) Mr. Bok's name is pronounced exactly as it is spelled.

M. A. R.—A lady who is married to a physician does not assume his professional title, consequently while he is "Doctor James Brown" she is simply "Mrs. James Brown"; and when they are addressed together they are "Doctor and Mrs. James Brown."

MURIEL AND OTHERS—If your brother accompanied you to the entertainment you should, when you make your party call, leave his card with yours. (2) "Side-Talks with Girls," about which you ask, can be ordered from the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL for eighty cents.

D. C.—It is not considered in good taste to ask for a photograph. If one wishes a friend to have a photograph it will either be sent or given. (2) It is not good form to introduce either Latin or French phrases in general conversation. (3) Doilies are never used as napkins.

LOIS—It is courteous to invite to an entertainment one's friends who are in mourning, for it shows that they are not forgotten. (2) Even if a friend is out of town send her an invitation to your dance, otherwise she would have a perfect right to feel that you wished to drop her acquaintance.

H. H. H.—When a married lady calls upon an unmarried lady or a widow she leaves one of her own and one of her husband's cards. When a married lady calls on a married lady she leaves one of her own and two of her husband's cards. A lady never leaves her own card for a gentleman.

A. C. T.—When a plate is sent back for a second helping of meat the knife and fork should be laid slightly to one side of it so that they may not fall off. (2) Wilson Barrett is a widower. (3) Sarah Bernhardt is a Catholic; although born a Jewess she was, at an early age, received into the Catholic church.

J. M.—A good powder for the teeth is made of two parts of precipitated chalk and one of powdered orris-root. Before using, cover the brush well with soap, dip it in the powder and then brush the teeth. In rinsing and washing with tepid water the soap will tend to remove every particle of the powder.

W. H.—In making a formal call on a married lady one leaves one of one's own and two of one's husband's cards. If the maid offers to take them they are all given to her at once, for during the daytime it is a recognized fact that the husband is usually represented upon such occasions by his visiting-card.

OAK—It is not customary for the bride to present the bridesmaids with their dresses. The bride usually gives them some little souvenir of the day. (2) It would be in very bad taste for people to call just before the hour of the wedding, and if this happened the bride would have a perfect right to excuse herself.

R. S. V. P.—Professional men or men in the army or navy have a right to their titles, consequently the invitation would be properly addressed if it read, "Captain and Mrs. William Black." Initials are considered bad form; titles, such as Doctor, Captain or General, should be written in full and not abbreviated.

M. R. M.—Let your friend send cards to those friends of hers whom she wishes to have call on her while she is visiting you. When her friends ask for you, as her hostess, see them, if possible, but if you wish it, excuse yourself after you have chatted a little while, or make your going down to see them a little late.

MERLE—Beginning a business letter to an unmarried woman one would write, "Miss Mary White, Dear Madam." (2) The younger person is presented to the older and the gentleman to the lady. (3) When a gentleman is introduced to a lady it is only necessary for her to bow; she need not offer her hand nor should she rise.

H. R. H.—In acknowledging her wedding gifts, even if the bride is not acquainted with the givers, she should write her notes in the first person and not in the third. (2) At an ordinary day "at home," one need not have a collation, but as serving tea and wafers involves but little trouble they are usually offered to the guests.

J. J.—A widow does not return calls of condolence but sends her card by mail to her visitor. She makes no formal visits until one year after her bereavement. Letters of sympathy require no answer but a visiting-card. Invitations to dinners, receptions and dances are declined in the usual way; the black-bordered paper explains everything.

CARL—The best method of bathing the face is to wash it well with hot water and soapsuds; rinse them off with plain hot water and then give the face a bath of cold water. The soap cleanses the face, the hot water washes the soapsuds off it, and the cold water tightens and makes firm the skin and also prevents it from being supersensitive.

G. R.—The fact that the man you are to marry is a widower need not prevent you from wearing white or being married in church. It would be perfectly proper to invite all your friends and acquaintances to witness the church marriage, and then only to have the immediate families and those close friends whom you wish with you at the wedding breakfast.

S. C. N.—An opal ring set with diamonds would be a very beautiful engagement ring. (2) A wedding trip is not a necessity. If you desire to go to your new home immediately after you are married it would be quite proper. (3) The initials of the betrothed couple may or may not be put in the engagement ring, as is fancied; there is no absolute rule about it.

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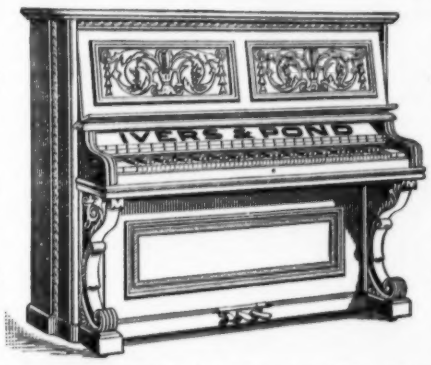

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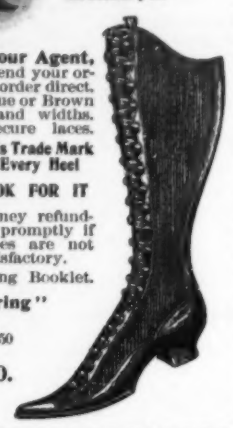

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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, each month, any reasonable question on Home Dressmaking sent me by my readers.

EMMA M. HOOPER.

M. D.—Never gore both sides of the widths of a thin cotton gown.

EDITH—Black petticoats are made of taffeta silk, alpaca, sateen and moreen.

J. D.—Stiffly-starched white petticoats are no longer considered good form for any occasion.

ISABEL—Read answer to "Edith." (2) For a light skirt for wear in the house use cambric, sateen, alpaca or moreen.

TRIP—The underclothing worn in traveling depends entirely upon where one is going. Heavy winter flannels are not too warm for an ocean trip.

VIOLET—Suéde kid gloves are always preferred for evening wear, and are also worn for day occasions, though the glacé kid is preferred for the latter use.

GRAD—A pretty gown for a graduate would be one of the mulls or dimities described in this issue. The ribbons should be white, pink or pale blue, not red.

A READER—Steam the rain spots on your velvet cape and brush up the pile with a whisk while holding the wrong side of the material over a steaming tea-kettle.

J. R.—When a petticoat pushes toward the front it shows that it has fullness there which ought to be in the back, and it may also mean that the back of the skirt is too long.

BACKWOODS—For a nice woolen gown for all occasions have a black mohair or finely-twilled serge. Then wear different colored crush collars of velvet or ribbon with it.

M. B. H.—To remove white paint from woolen clothing saturate the spots with equal parts of turpentine and spirits of ammonia until they become soft, then wash out with suds made from a pure soap.

CORA N.—Get a light-weight mohair in tan, light blue, gray, old rose or deeper antique blue for a summer street dress. (2) For a thin street dress have a swivel silk, cotton and silk, in a light ground.

F. C. S.—If you practice with dumb-bells or use a chest weight exercise for fifteen minutes twice a day you can overcome round shoulders. (2) Get a corset short from the waist up in the back if yours shows at the top.

MRS. C. H. O.—To take the creases out of your black silk skirt either dip each piece in a bath of naphtha (remembering always that naphtha is very explosive) and hang out-of-doors to dry, or lay a wet sheet on the right side of the silk, and iron until dry. Unfortunately, this latter method is apt to remove the gloss.

M. E. C.—Gray mohair is not mourning, but why not wear black mohair or the very light-weight clairette? (2) Black and white mixtures are not worn until after a year of wearing plain black. (3) Lace is not admissible in mourning. (4) In the JOURNAL of July, 1895, you will find an article upon mourning.

ROCHESTER—White dotted Swiss is very fashionable; gowns of this material are described in this issue of the JOURNAL. (2) White slippers are correct for wear with a Swiss gown for an evening occasion. (3) Silk sashes are not fashionable. (4) Godet skirts, five yards wide, are the regulation skirts of the season.

CONSTANT READER—A plain black satin duchesse is the most fashionable material for a black silk costume. (2) A checked green and old rose silk waist would be pretty with either color of a shade darker in ribbon or velvet for a narrow belt and crush collar. A full frill of lace two inches and a half wide falling over the top of the collar forms a pretty finish.

ARDENT READER—If you do not wish a white silk petticoat for light dresses have one of white alpaca or sateen. (2) Provide yourself with a soft flannel or cloth steamer cap for your sea voyage. (3) Do not line the sleeves of a grass linen shirt-waist; make them bishop shape—that is, full shirt sleeves gathered to a cuff. (4) Wear black mohair, alpaca or serge skirts with cotton shirt-waists.

ELEANOR—The material submitted is a China poplin, and though old-fashioned may be worn now for a church or visiting gown. It might be combined with clear, dark green velvet or satin. Have a five-yard godet skirt, moderately large sleeves of either material, and a short, slightly-pointed bodice; add revers, crush collar and a ripple basque piece of the new goods; have a soft vest and thick ruche at top of collar of cream chiffon.

K.—Girls of fourteen years usually wear sailor hats; other hats suitable for girls of that age have large front brims narrowing to the back, and also half large turban shapes; all of fancy straw. (2) A plaid of pink, green, white and tan would be trimmed nicely with a green velvet collarette sufficiently large to cover the shoulders, with a point back, front and on either side; crush collar and narrow belt. (3) A girl that is five feet six inches tall should wear skirts to her instep.

LUCY—Clean a white silk veil after the manner described for cleaning silk laces in "The Art of Renovating" in the February issue. (2) For a girl of thirteen a white albatross frock should have a gored skirt three yards and a half wide; moderately full sleeves in puff to elbow and close below; round waist shirred at neck and allowed to drop like a blouse in front; ribbon collar of a becoming color folded and bowed at the back, with a belt to match; large collarette of the goods smoothly overlaid with heavy cream lace.

DAME DURDEN—Have a dotted Swiss muslin from thirty to forty cents a yard, and make after the description of such gowns given in this number. (2) Your pink silk waist can be worn with a black silk or mohair skirt, or if you prefer a pink one have albatross or mohair made without any trimming. (3) Make waist round, gathered at belt, full sleeves, crush belt, and collar of fancy pink ribbon five inches wide tied in square bow at back. Have a tight lining well boned, and gather some lace two inches and a half wide around top of collar to fall over like a full frill.

BEE BEE—If your light blue gown is faded or stained it will only dye a dark shade; it will not shrink very much. It would dye a good brown and make up prettily with green and brown fancy taffeta for a house dress. (2) You will need a gingham for morning wear, dotted Swiss for the ceremony, and a piqué jacket suit for midsummer, all of which are described in this issue. (3) If you can have another gown let it be a pretty tan mohair shot with white, and make up with godet waist having a white satin belt and collar covered with white lace insertion and a plastron of lace and embroidery insertion.

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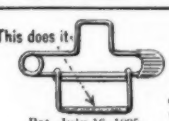

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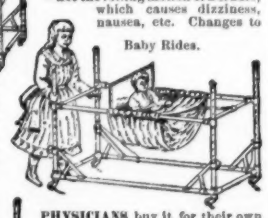

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SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered on this page whenever possible. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

MRS. N. T. H.—Any of the dealers in paper patterns furnish fashions for children. I cannot give addresses on this page, but there are several large firms who would send you sheets upon application.

HESTER B.—You can have a silver puff-box and soap-box for the baby's basket with your monogram, or the initial letter of your surname, engraved upon it. They can be obtained in polished silver, or with the dull, satin-finished surface.

MRS. L. L.—"Eve's Daughters," by Marion Harland, might be of use to you. "Child Confidence Rewarded" is a sensible little book on the subject which you would find very helpful. It may be ordered through the Literary Bureau.

BETA—Cologne, with a few drops of strong ammonia water added to it, is a refreshing perfume in the sick-room. Invalids usually dislike sweet scents, as they do sweet dishes. Something more pungent is needed to stimulate the jaded taste.

MRS. E. L. S.—"A list of the things needed for an infant's complete outfit" would occupy too much space. You will find full information on this point in "Preparation for Motherhood," which may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau.

MRS. K. S. P.—A baby a year old should have several teeth. Give her oatmeal, barley gruel and wheat bread, with her milk. If the teeth are much longer delayed consult your physician; the child may require some constitutional treatment.

NOM DE PLUME—An hour's walk is sufficient exercise in addition to that which you obtain in taking care of your house. (2) You will find an answer to your question in "Preparation for Motherhood"; a full reply cannot be given in this column.

GENTIAN—I think you must mean the "Topsy-Turvy Books," of which there are two, by Peter Newell. At the first glance the picture looks like an ordinary one, but when the page is turned upside down a totally different one is presented to view.

NEW JERSEY—There is a training school for nurses for babies and young children, in connection with the Babies' Hospital, 657 Lexington Avenue, New York City. There is also a Babies' Ward at the Post-Graduate Hospital, New York. The training you would receive there would be very valuable to you in taking care of a baby.

M. L. N.—A willow basket ornamented with bows of ribbon and lined with silk or sateen, is the best receptacle for the baby's toilet requisites. One can be purchased for about a dollar. The lining is fulled on the sides, and a piece of cardboard, cut to fit the bottom of the basket, is covered with the material and smoothly pressed in place. Four pockets should be added at the sides.

YOUNG MOTHER—Band, long-sleeved shirt, hygienic pinning blanket—that is, one with the band finished in points to tie behind—cambric petticoat made with waist with armholes, and Mother Hubbard slip are the garments needed for the modern baby. The band is only required for a short time, and the pinning blanket is soon replaced by a flannel petticoat made with a similar waist of shaker or outing flannel.

BETTY I.—Children's hair is still worn cut short on the forehead in a bang. It can be left a little longer and the bang curled or crimped. It should not be too thick; a thinner fringe, or softly waving locks, is more becoming to most faces. When it is desired to let the hair grow longer it can be brushed back and gathered in a soft knot on the top of the head until it is as long as the rest of the hair and can be put up with it.

MRS. G.—To whiten a baby's dress that has become yellow around the neck wash it carefully and lay it out in the sun to bleach. Renew the wetting as it dries until it becomes white. (2) Lonsdale cambric keeps its color as well as any white material; all depends upon the washing. (3) To cleanse white broadcloth cover the surface with wheat flour, let it remain for several hours and brush it off; repeated applications may be necessary.

M. V.—A child of a year old should not be forced to eat more than she desires. The appetite and capacity for food varies in different children exactly as it does in adults. Let her wait for a longer interval than three hours between her meals and she will be more hungry when they come. Never waken a child to feed her during the night. Cast-iron rules are usually inapplicable in the case of children, but this one admits of few exceptions in health.

MRS. N. I. T.—I do not know of a good pattern for such a dress as you require. A blazer waist, with tight-fitting back and jacket front opening over a soft, full vest, answers the purpose very well. The front breadths of the skirt should be cut longer than usual and put on a drawing-string. This makes an opening on each side of the skirt, instead of the ordinary one at the back. (2) A doctor should always be employed; it is very unsafe to trust to any one but a duly-qualified physician.

WINONA—Wading drawers are a protection to children's skirts when they want to wade at the seaside. They are very short drawers, made of white or black rubber sheeting, fastened with an elastic around the waist and at the knees. They are made full, so that the skirts can be tucked inside. Wading should be cautiously indulged in, particularly on a sunny day. The hot sun striking on the head while the feet are immersed in cold water is apt to be injurious. Ten minutes is enough at once.

MRS. R. C. T.—A bathing dress for a girl of twelve is made with a yoke, a sailor collar, long sleeves, and short skirt, reaching to the knees, fastened with a belt at the waist. Knickerbockers are worn beneath it; stockings and shoes if the beach is pebbly. Serge is a better material than flannel, as it is not so clinging when wet; a soft one should be chosen. The collar, belt and a band around skirt and sleeves may be white, the dress blue, red or any color desired. An oilskin cap protects the hair. A boy of six wears a loose blouse with sailor collar and short sleeves, and loose knickerbockers finished with a frill at the knee.

ELSIE DALE—Silver toys can be procured which may be handed down as heirlooms from generation to generation, as they are of sterling silver. The Dutch, with their liking for solid articles of intrinsic value, have designed many of these, and they are preserved with great care. Some of the designs are very quaint; miniature Queen Anne teasets, articles of furniture, as tiny chairs and couches perfectly fashioned, are deftly represented. The stork is a favorite subject, this being the bird which children in Holland believe introduces the new baby into the family. A pretty toy shows the stork drawing a little cart in which two babies are seated, another a stork carrying a baby in its bill attended by Cupid.

PUZZLED MOTHER—A kimono, or Japanese dress, would be a pretty costume for a girl of sixteen to wear at a fancy dress garden party. Those of wealthy Japanese women are made of very beautiful and costly silk. Inexpensive materials, as flowered cotton crêpe, can be obtained where Oriental goods are sold in large cities. Cotton crêpon might be used as a substitute. A wide, soft silk sash is tied around the waist, and a Japanese fan is carried. The hair is brushed back in a thick roll on the top of the head, and fastened with as elaborate hairpins as can be procured. No hat is worn. A Japanese parasol may be substituted for the fan if desired.

M. L. S.—Caps can be purchased for the purpose of confining too prominent ears and keeping them close to the head. They are rather expensive, but one that will answer the purpose can be made at home. Take a strip of muslin about three inches wide, pass it over the ears and cut it the right length to meet beneath the chin; fasten a band to it to cross the back of the head, another at the nape of the neck, and a third across the forehead. Tie the cap with strings under the chin. It should be worn at night. Prominent ears are sometimes due to an over-development of cartilage at the back of the ear; this can be remedied only by a surgical operation.

BERTHA M.—Dolls may be dressed in a great variety of costumes. As the fair is in aid of a children's hospital, dress some as nurses in the blue and white striped gingham which is the uniform in so many training schools for nurses. Add a white apron, a white muslin cap with a frill, and a little leather case at the side holding tiny scissors, pencil, and a small black rubber case to do duty as a clinical thermometer case. A Quaker lady, a Japanese, a negro nurse, Little Red Riding-hood, Columbine, with short, fluffy, gauze skirts, a jester, with cap and bells, a harlequin, a clown, Santa Claus, Lord Fauntleroy, the Brownies, a gentleman in evening dress—swallow-tail coat and low-cut waistcoat—and the ever-popular rag doll are some of the many that can be produced by clever fingers.

GERALDINE K.—"The Baby's World," by Mary Mapes Dodge, is suitable to read to "a very young child just beginning to care to be read to." "First Steps for Little Feet" is a book of Bible lessons for children of five years old. Each lesson is followed by simple questions, and there are many illustrations. "The Story of the Bible Animals" is an interesting book for boys; it is profusely illustrated from sketches and photographs. It is well to familiarize the children with the actual text of the Bible by reading them a few verses, a parable, one of the miracles or a story every day. They will not learn to love it as they ought if it is not entwined with their earliest associations. It can be made as interesting and attractive as any story-book by a few judicious comments and explanations, and no epitome of it should be allowed to usurp its place. Texts learned at the mother's side come back with strange power in after life, as experience gives them fuller meaning.

INTERESTED MOTHER—Much depends, of course, upon the climate in dressing a child during its second summer. It should wear a light flannel shirt of cotton and wool mixed, or in very warm weather a gauze undershirt, a waist, little drawers and one skirt buttoning on the waist, and a loose dress, preferably a Mother Hubbard, of some thin material, white if possible. It must not be forgotten that while it is hot during the day the morning and evening are often much cooler. The change should be guarded against by adding a light flannel underskirt and jacket to the ordinary dress. Sudden changes of temperature affect children unfavorably. Cotton stockings and tan shoes may be worn, but cashmere stockings should be kept in reserve for cool, damp days. A child's head should be carefully protected from the sun. A white or buff linen sun hat can be worn; if a straw one is chosen it should be light and have a brim to shade the eyes. No child should be sent out for any length of time in summer without a coat or cloak of some light-weight woolen material to serve as a wrap in case of need.

ASTRA—The zodiac is a broad belt in the heavens within which the apparent motions of the sun and moon and the planets that were known to the ancients are confined. It is divided into twelve parts, called signs of the zodiac, each presided over, or symbolized, by a special figure. The name is derived from a Greek word meaning "little animal," because most of these figures are of animals. Each was supposed to exert a particular influence over the persons born under its auspices. As early as the fourteenth century rings and charms were engraved with these signs and worn as amulets. While the superstition has dropped, the fashion has recently been revived, and the signs of the zodiac are engraved as ornaments on watches which are used as birthday gifts. The signs for the different months are, January, Aquarius, the Water-Bearer; February, Pisces, the Fishes; March, Aries, the Ram; April, Taurus, the Bull; May, Gemini, the Twins; June, Cancer, the Crab; July, Leo, the Lion; August, Virgo, the Virgin; September, Libra, the Balance; October, Scorpio, the Scorpion; November, Sagittarius, the Archer; December, Capricornus, the Goat.

MRS. E. S. P.—There are many lovely photographs suitable for framing, as described in this column in the April number of the JOURNAL, to hang on the walls of the children's rooms: Knaus' "Holy Family," in which the Virgin Mother holds her Child upon her knee, while cherubs appear in the background and a cherub stands at her knee with his wings half folded; Naujok's "St. Cecilia," a beautiful woman, with a serene face, sitting at an organ, while cherubs scatter roses on the keys; the Christ Child holding a tablet and pointing to the fourth commandment; Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Angel Faces," which is really a portrait of Isabella Kerr Gordon in five different positions; Sperling's "Saved"—the dog has sought refuge between the paws of a large dog, who looks defiantly at two small dogs longing to attack it; "Good-By," by N. J. Elsley, a gay little figure of a laughing child waving farewell to three puppies while she holds a fourth under her arm; Madame le Brun's portrait of herself and her daughter is a sweet picture of filial and maternal love. There is a wide range of subjects to choose from, and care should be taken to select pleasing ones. Landscape is not usually as attractive to children as figure subjects. Something to which stories can be attached should be chosen. Pictures of Napoleon, of Joan of Arc, of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Columbus, of Washington and of Lincoln are always interesting to children. Pictures of historic events, such as "The Discovery of Steam," a charming portrayal of the boy Watts with the spoon and kettle; of Franklin with his kite; of "The Signing of the Declaration"; of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and of his "Farewell to His Army," are valuable in themselves and for the historic knowledge they bring.

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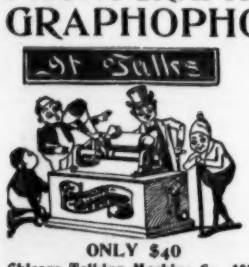

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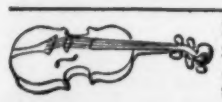

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MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

Questions of a Musical nature will be cheerfully answered in this department by a special corps of Musical experts. Any books mentioned may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

BURLINGTON, KANSAS—The correct pronunciation of the name "Wagner" is "Vokh-nur."

ROBERT M. C.—Why not advertise in the columns of the magazine for the issue which you need?

BETH E.—The New England Conservatory, Franklin Square, Boston, is the institute for which you inquire.

ANXIOUS READER—Ask your music teacher the question you have submitted to us. He can answer it, having a personal knowledge of the case.

CONSTANT READER—We know of nothing which will give facility to a pianist's fingers so well as practice. Even hard manual labor cannot overcome the benefits of that.

MEXICAN GIRL—We do not advise any one to attempt voice cultivation without the aid of a competent teacher. The voice is too delicate an organ to use in exercises unless watched by an expert.

NELLIE—There are innumerable musical settings of Tennyson's poem, "Break, Break, Break." Apply to any large music dealer for permission to examine these arrangements, and you may find the one you want.

QUINTUS—W. S. Hays is the author of the song, "Mollie Darling." (2) The New England Conservatory is on Franklin Square, Boston. (3) We do not know the latest publication of the composer you mention.

ETHEL M. COOK—We cannot give technical instruction through the columns of this magazine. Read Maud Powell's article on "Women and the Violin" in the February issue. Her advice will be of great value to you as a violin student.

IGNORANCE—The phrase "D. C. al fine" (Da capo al fine) reads "Repeat from the beginning to the sign Fine." When the word "Fine" is not found in the score the end of a composition is shown by a double bar with a pause over it, thus:

GREENWOOD—The study of harmony would undoubtedly be of great help to you in reading music. This knowledge and constant practice in reading should bring greater ease. The ability to read music readily is in many cases, and to a certain degree, a natural gift.

PEARL—Although a person who plays a cornet is usually spoken of as a cornetist there seems to be no authority other than that of common usage for the word. He is often called by the name of his instrument, the cornet of the band. Webster gives him the title of corneter.

MAMIE R.—It is impossible for us to tell you what you must study in order to become a good vocal teacher, one having a knowledge of voice production and training. Consult the singing teacher of best reputation in these fundamentals who lives in your city and abide by his advice.

CONTRALTO—The average range of a contralto voice is from the G below middle C to the octave C above it, the C in the treble clef. Many voices sing much lower than this G and include also the D and E above the C. Your range is excellent, and, if your voice be a pure contralto, not a low mezzo-soprano, slightly unusual for a contralto.

CHICAGO BOY—The average range of a barytone voice is from the G in the bass staff to the F above it. A tenor sings usually from the C in the bass staff to the A or B above it. A person singing first tenor must be able to maintain a high tessitura (that is, sing constantly on the high notes, say those between C and G above the bass staff) in quartette work. A genuine tenor voice, being more rare than a barytone, is more in demand.

JEFFERSON—If it is possible for a left-handed person, especially for a child, with whom it should be comparatively an easy matter, to acquire the use of the right hand in bowing, in violin playing, it is very important that he should do so. If this is impossible violins are strung especially for left-handed persons, with the position of the strings reversed. But the habit of left-handed bowing will act as a deterrent in many divisions of work.

BESSIE—Brahms is considered by many musicians to be the greatest of living composers. He has written scores of compositions for orchestra, stringed instruments, piano and voice, including symphonies, sonatas, stringed quartettes, songs and choruses. We think that you would find a book called "Piano Study," a handbook for teacher and student, by Gertrude Banks Duffee, of value in your teaching. It contains a graded list of piano studies and pieces, and can be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau.

C. M. B.—You do not say what branch of music, vocal or instrumental, you wish to study. Decide upon the department to which you desire to apply yourself, and then consult the best teacher of that branch which you can secure. Follow his or her advice implicitly, and let him or her decide upon whether or not you are too old to achieve success. We should say that if you will study and work hard your late beginning as a student would make but slight difference.

SUBSCRIBER—In a bar of music in which the bass is written in triplets and where in the treble a quaver comes after a dotted crotchet, the quaver should be played after the third note of the triplet in the bass, as the treble is divided into four beats by the dotted crotchet followed by a quaver. (2) "Fra Diavolo" means in exact translation "Brother Devil," and is the name of the chief of the band of robbers in Auber's opera. It is pronounced "Frah De-ah-vo-lo," accenting the second syllable. The name was the sobriquet of Michele Pezza, a famous Italian bandit, who was hanged at Naples, in 1806. He is said to have been in early life a monk, Fra Angelo, and was the original of Auber's "Fra Diavolo."

ANONYMOUS—Fingering is of two kinds, English (or American) and Continental (or foreign). The former uses the symbol x to represent the thumb, and then numbers the fingers 1, 2, 3 and 4. The latter considers the thumb as the first finger, and calls the other fingers 2, 3, 4 and 5. The advantage of the former system is that it is the natural division (we speak always of the thumb and four fingers), and that it is applicable not only to piano but to stringed instrument playing. It is practically universal in its use, the persons who are principally opposed to it being not American nor English, but German piano teachers. Reason does not seem to be with them, as the English method, being capable, as we have shown, of application to all branches of music, and being the natural, is considered by the best teachers as the better method. Foreign publishers having their editing done by the German teachers have used the Continental method, but are now yielding to the English. (2) It is advisable for a music student to study both thoroughbass and harmony.

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No one make of bicycle has a monopoly of quality or superior devices. Some excel in one particular, others in another. There are many grades of bicycles, and grade is not to be determined by price.

The Waverley Bicycle

is the peer of any bicycle on the market at any price. This product of a modern factory, unequaled in its appointments, employing the highest mechanical skill and the best materials obtainable, is sold at

$85 A FAIR PRICE **$85**

and strictly at one price to all

INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
EASTERN WHOLESALE BRANCH, 339 B'WAY, NEW YORK
Catalogue free by mail

Palmer Tires

Are acknowledged to be the fastest tires ever made, and the mere fact that they are fast is of the greatest importance to women. PALMER TIRES make the bicycle run easier. They save the strength of the rider. If punctured, air will not escape for several hours. Any lady can repair them. They are the easiest riding tires also. Send for Catalogue.

THE PALMER PNEUMATIC TIRE CO., Chicago

Ice Cream At Home

It's not tedious to make Ice Cream when it can be produced, and of the very finest quality, in about four minutes with our

IMPROVED WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER.

Don't pay Confectioners' prices for Ice Cream when it can be so easily prepared at home at half the expense. Buy a **White Mountain Freezer** and you will have the latest and best improvements.

"Frozen Dainties," by Mrs. Lincoln,
Fifty Choice Receipts sent free to any address.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO., NASHUA, N. H.

35 cts.

Ladies Earn Money

Selling our **HYGIENIC COMFORT BELT and SUPPORTER**

Sells at sight. Button clasps that cannot cut the stockings; double "hook" fastener front and back for SPECIAL use; easy to fasten and unfasten, but cannot unfasten themselves. Not sold at stores; sample by mail, sateen, 35c.; sateen-silk hose supporter, 60c.; satin, $1.00. Colors—black and white. Give waist measure.

AGENTS WANTED. CIRCULARS FREE.
JULIA M. BROWN, 92 La Salle Street, Chicago

IN TIRE SELECTION

Order the Tire that needs no repairs

Per Pair $15 — Weight 3¾ lbs.

STODDER TIRE
(Pneumatic Single Tube)
Puncture Proof

Sea Island cotton fabric chemically treated, **secret process,** makes it impenetrable without increasing size or weight, or diminishing elasticity and resiliency.

EVERY TIRE GUARANTEED PUNCTURE PROOF

Same price as the puncturable

Same weight as the puncturable

No fear of mishaps—collapse—explosion—with the Stodder. This appeals as strongly to men as to women. It had to come to this some day. We got there first, with a Tire conceded by all to be the best, at the price of the best, of course, but cheaper than any other Tire at any price. Order them on your new wheels through your dealer, or from us, and get the same for your old wheels. Circular and sample section free.

STODDER PUNCTURELESS TIRE CO.
69 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

This HODGMAN Single Tube Tire

is so springy that it gives to the object, and makes wheeling all fun. They'll send Tire booklet free if you write to

Hodgman Rubber Company
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Atwood Bldg., Chicago. 135 Essex St., Boston

Physicians who have made the skin the study of their lives agree that a perfect toilet soap should be mildly antiseptic, made of pure vegetable oils, and slightly super-fatted. Velvet-Skin Soap is just such a soap.

SEND 10 CTS. IN STAMPS FOR SAMPLES OF SOAP AND POWDER — THE PALISADE M'F'G CO. YONKERS, N.Y.

Better than Rubber

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The New Success—A Perfect Dress Shield

OMO DRESS SHIELDS

Impervious to Perspiration

These are the only Dress Shields made without Rubber or Guttapercha that are absolutely odorless, and entirely impervious to perspiration.

They are lighter by half than any other shields. They do not deteriorate by age, and will outwear rubber or stockinet shields; therefore are the most economical. **Lighter** by half than others. For sale by all first-class dealers, **or send 25 cents for Sample pair to OMO MANUFACTURING CO., 394 Canal Street, New York**

Send 25 cents to the above firm for sample dozen SILK TWIN DRESS STAYS. The handsomest and best.

WELL-DRESSED MEN

wear only Merchant Tailor-made Clothes

VEHON

will cut and make to your measure a frock or sack suit of

ALL-WOOL GOODS

equal to any Tailor's $18.00 garments

FOR $10.00

If you want a $20.00 suit or an extra pair of trousers the saving is proportionately as great.

We save 50 per cent. by buying big lots of woolens direct from the mills—that accounts for it.

All goods sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination and try on before paying express agent.

WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES

Send for samples of cloth and full particulars, free.

K. LOUIS VEHON, 155-157 W. Jackson Street CHICAGO, ILL.

Really Fast Black

That's what some are not

BLACK CAT BRAND

"Nit" Your boy says, if after once wearing our

LEATHER STOCKINGS

you get him any other. They have double knee and wear like their name. Soft as silk, made from the finest, smoothest, softest cotton yarn, and that makes the stockings most elastic. **That's why they wear well. None as good for the money, many said to be.** If you cannot get them from your dealer, sample pair by mail for **25c.**

No. 15 for Boys. No. 10 for Girls

LEATHER STOCKING CO., Kenosha, Wis.

FOR FREE SAMPLE ADDRESS JULIUS JANOWITZ, 135 Grand St., N.Y.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer any question relating to Flowers or their culture. EBEN E. REXFORD.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS—An article on the "Aquatic Garden" appeared in the JOURNAL of April, 1896. In it advice as to the care and cultivation of Water Lilies was given.

MRS. L. D. W.—The ants swarm on your Peonies because a sort of aphis deposits a sweet, sticky gum there, of which they—the ants—are very fond. If this were not there I do not think you would be troubled with the ants. I would advise beginning quite early in the season with some insecticide—preferably an emulsion of kerosene—thus getting ahead of the aphis. I have never been sure that the ants injure my Peonies. There are often blasted buds on the plants, but this does not prove that the ants are to blame. If the aphis were allowed to do its work without molestation I am very sure that there would be but few perfect flowers. Because the ants drive the aphides away they are really beneficial to the plants.

E. S. M.—I do not know of any work on Violet culture. I think the safest way for you to secure the information you are in search of is to visit some Violet grower, and post yourself by actual observation of his manners and methods. Books give the theory of floriculture, but practical knowledge comes from seeing things done. I certainly would not advise you to attempt to grow this or any other flower without some other knowledge of what is required than that which is obtainable from books. To make a success of commercial floriculture it is absolutely necessary that the matter be studied from several standpoints, and the commercial florist can give you information that you can obtain in no other way. He knows because he is in the business.

A. K. P.—This correspondent writes that she has several hundred Violet plants, both Russian and English, all of which gave double flowers at first. Now they yield only single flowers. What is the cause of this retrograde on their part, and what shall be done to restore them to their original condition? I cannot give a satisfactory reply to these questions, because I have never had a similar experience. But I presume the change must have originated in a failure of the soil to supply some of the requirements of the plants. Probably the nutriment which it originally held has been exhausted, and the plants are not as strong and vigorous as formerly. I would experiment by giving some reliable fertilizer to a portion of the plants and watching its effects on them. If improvement resulted I would give it to all of them.

YOMA—The white substance on your Roses is mildew. The most successful remedy I have ever tried is flour of sulphur, dusted over the plants when slightly moist. The scorched look of many leaves may come from some bacteria not readily discernible by the naked eye. I would advise the application of Fir-Tree oil soap. As you say you do not shower your plants and allow the sun to get at them before they are dry the trouble complained of cannot come from burning in the sun, as it frequently does when persons are careless in this respect. The application of the soap will not injure the plants in the least, and I am under the impression that it will greatly benefit them. I had some Geraniums whose leaves were badly affected by what appeared to be bacteria, and nothing that I tried on them was of any benefit until I resorted to the use of this soap. That seemed to check the trouble, and now they are in splendid condition, and there has been no recurrence of the disease.

MRS. B. W. D.—Your Amaryllis is taking its management into its own hands. This plant has alternate periods of growth and rest. It cannot be made to grow continually. It will send up luxuriant foliage and then entirely stop growing, and a good deal of the old foliage will die off. It may remain in a dormant condition for two or three months. Then all at once you will notice that a new growth is beginning. If it is likely to flower at this period of growth the production of a flower stalk will be one of its first achievements. If this does not appear before it has made several leaves you may safely conclude that it is not going to bloom. Give the plant liberal treatment. Apply some sort of fertilizer to encourage strong development, for by doing this you are helping the plant to store up energy for the next period of growth, and a strong plant is much more likely to bloom than a weak one. When growth ceases and some of the foliage turns yellow withhold water and allow the soil to get quite dry, but not enough so to cause the leaves to wilt. Keep it in this condition until there are fresh signs of growth. A plant often refuses to bloom for months after it has been repotted. It takes it a long time to become thoroughly established in its new quarters.

M. K. D.—I think the insect you describe is thrip. Get some of the Fir-Tree oil soap and apply as directed on wrapper of can. (2) Apply lime-water to the soil. Put a piece of fresh lime—slacked lime is worthless—in a pailful of water. When it has dissolved pour off the clear water and apply enough of it to each plant to thoroughly saturate all the soil in the pot. This treatment, persevered in, will exterminate white worms and grubs. (3) When plants turn brown at the tip of the leaf I always suspect that the trouble comes from defective drainage, and examination in nine cases out of ten convinces me that my surmise is correct. I would advise you to turn the Dracena out of its pot and examine its roots. If the drainage seems clogged see that it is made good. If the soil is full of roots the plant will be benefited by shifting to a larger pot. Sometimes the leaves turn brown because there is not sufficient nutriment in the soil. If growth is slow and weak this is probably the cause of trouble. You see it is quite impossible for me to be sure, because all I have to base an opinion on is the effect which something has on the plant, and this may be any one of the causes mentioned above. I speak of them that you may make an examination, and decide by it as to which one the trouble is attributable.

B. P.—If your Palm does well in summer when it is out-of-doors, and does not do well when brought into the house, it is quite safe to conclude that the conditions which prevail in the house are answerable for the trouble. Very likely you keep the room in which the plant stands too warm and dry. Most living-rooms are poorly adapted to the successful culture of plants because of the great heat which prevails and the lack of moisture in the air. The former can be regulated by proper attention to the heating apparatus, but it is not so easy a matter to impart moisture to the air. Much can be done by showering the plants, by keeping basins of water on the stove, register or radiator, to evaporate steadily, and by covering the plant stand or table with sand or moss which should be kept moist all the time. (2) The Cyclamen is not at its best after the second season. (3) I do not consider the Filifera Palm a very desirable sort. I would much prefer Latania *Borbonica*, with its large, fan-shaped foliage; Phœnix *reclinata*, with long, curving leaves, or either of the *Kentias*, *Fosteriana* or *Belmoreana*. One reason why so many dealers recommend the Filifera variety is that it grows more readily from seed than almost any other sort, and it costs less to obtain a stock. There is, therefore, more profit in it for them.

"Every one to her taste —as the old woman said when she kissed the cow." If you'd rather do your washing and cleaning in a slow, laborious way, spending your time and strength in useless, tiresome, ruinous rubbing, it's nobody's business but yours. You are the one that will suffer by it.

But if you want the easiest, quickest, most economical way of washing and cleaning—then you'll have to use **Pearline.** There's nothing else, among things absolutely safe to wash with, that can be compared to it. 515

Millions NOW USE Pearline

$1.00 A BOTTLE Five times this size

"Just like a bunch"

Forest Fringe Violet

is simply a bottled bunch of violets. Our patrons write, the "ideal violet"—an exquisite extract—a perfect violet odor—besides being fragrant it is *lasting.* We claim 'tis the only *true* violet extract in the market. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

Introductory Free Offer

If ordered from us at once, inclosing one dollar in stamps or postal order, mentioning name of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, we will send with each bottle a quarter dozen cakes Cold Cream and Glycerine Soap free—express charges paid. Hundreds have expressed their delight upon receipt of goods.

DAVID S. BROWN & CO., Bank Street, New York City

CEYLON AND INDIA

PURE TEA

Alleged Difficulty in Obtaining It

The New York Importers of China and Japan Teas recently petitioned Congress to impose a duty on tea, that the Standard might be **RAISED,** by shutting out "cheap" and artificially "colored trash." They urged the difficulty of obtaining pure and good teas—(from them, a significant admission).

But these gentlemen know that, setting aside their vested interests in China and Japan, they can procure teas, **PURE, WHOLESOME AND UNCOLORED,** from Ceylon and India.

TEA DRINKERS should take note that **THESE** teas are the most economical, **BECAUSE** only half the quantity is required. Avoid cheap "trash."

Insist that **YOUR** grocer keep them. All other good grocers do.

Consumption in America of these **MACHINE TWISTED** teas was in 1893—4¼ million lbs.; 1894—5⅓ million lbs.; 1895—9¼ million lbs. Americans are evidently discriminating.

$9.50 DELIVERED BEST IN THE WORLD

SEVEN WALLS AIR TIGHT LOCKS — MOVABLE FLUES HARDWOOD 40"×26"×18"

GLACIER REFRIGERATORS

NORTHERN REFRIGERATOR CO. — 12 FERRY ST. — GRAND RAPIDS — MICHIGAN — BOOKLET FREE

It's easy to feed

some people, but proper nourishment for the invalid, convalescent and dyspeptic is hard to obtain.

Somatose

is a perfect Food and Tonic for the pale, thin anæmic, dyspeptic and overworked.

Somatose strengthens and nourishes; restores the appetite and increases the weight.

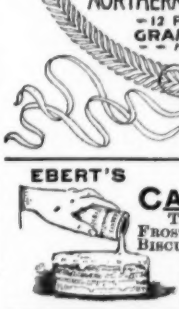
Somatose is for sale by all druggists in 2-oz., ¼, ½ and 1-lb. tins.

Somatose-Biscuit, palatable and strengthening. **Runkel Bros.' Somatose-Cocoa,** for nursing mothers, invalids and convalescents. A pleasant and strengthening beverage for table use. **Runkel Bros.' Somatose-Chocolate** for eating and drinking.

All druggists. Descriptive pamphlets free of

SCHIEFFELIN & CO., New York, Sole Agents

EBERT'S CREAM CAKE FROSTING



The finest article in the world for FROSTING AND ORNAMENTING CAKES, BISCUITS, etc. Pure and delicious. Send 2c. stamp for book of instructions for Ornamenting Cakes. AGENTS WANTED. Outfit free. EBERT CREAM FROSTING Co., 306 Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Pearl Corset Shields made without STEELS or BONES, DO NOT ENLARGE THE WAIST. They POSITIVELY **prevent Corsets Breaking** and will make a Broken Corset as good as NEW. **Sold Everywhere.** Prepaid on receipt of 25c. and corset size.

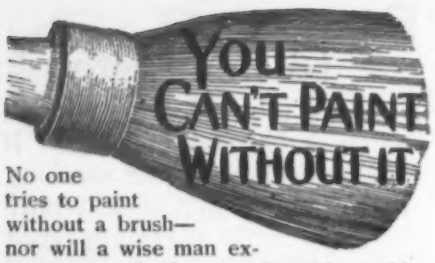
LADY AGENTS make $3 to $5 a day. Send at once for terms.

EUGENE PEARL, 23 Union Square, New York

Cook with COTTOLENE

Pure Vegetable Cooking fat.

Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere with trade-marks—
"*Cottolene*" and *steer's head in cotton-plant wreath*—on every pail.
Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans, Montreal.



No one tries to paint without a brush—nor will a wise man expect to get the best results with anything short of the best paint. *Paint*-wise men select

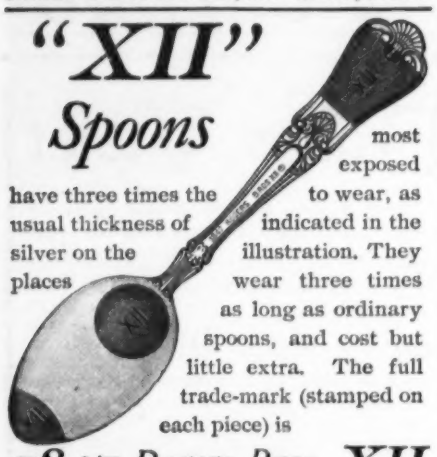
Patton's PURE LIQUID Paint

because it lives longest, has most permanent colors and greatest covering capacity (guaranteed).

One dealer in a town has exclusive agency. Where there's no agent order direct. Price $1.50 a gallon—freight paid to any R. R. station east of Denver. "How to increase the size of your house with paint" free for the asking. 18 combinations of artistic house coloring free from our agents, or send us four 2c. stamps.

JAMES E. PATTON CO., Milwaukee, U. S. A.

"XII" Spoons



have three times the usual thickness of silver on the places most exposed to wear, as indicated in the illustration. They wear three times as long as ordinary spoons, and cost but little extra. The full trade-mark (stamped on each piece) is

1847 Rogers Bros. XII

For sale by dealers everywhere. Made by MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
MERIDEN, CONN.; 208 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK.
The largest manufacturers of high-class silver-plated ware in the world.

Do you Know What a Delicious Drink you Can make With

"IDEAL" Root Beer or Lemonade Tablets

Add one "IDEAL" tablet to a glass of water and sweeten to the taste, no preparation necessary. QUICK AND REFRESHING.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THEM
or send us 12 cents for a sample bottle.
Prepared solely by BILLINGS, CLAPP & CO., Boston.

"Hunger is the Best Sauce" and the NEXT best is our BLUE LABEL TOMATO Ketchup

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

If your grocer can't supply you, write us for priced catalogue and booklet "From Tree to Table," descriptive of our full line canned fruits and vegetables.

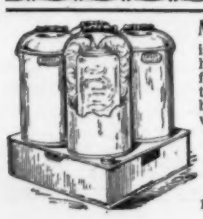
Send for Valuable Booklet:

"What People Should Know About Finishing Hardwood Floors"

by the maker of

FINE HARDWOOD FLOORS

S. C. Johnson, Racine, Wis.
Ask for Illustrated Catalogue.



MUDGE PATENT CANNER

is the best friend the housewife has when it comes to canning fruit and vegetables. Saves the waste attendant in canning by the old methods. Makes work easier and quicker, and the goods are sure to keep. Write for circulars, testimonials and full particulars. Prices within reach of all.

JOHN L. GAUMER CO.
1101 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

G. H. E.—Sir Henry Irving has two sons.

ANDERSON—Schuyler Colfax died in January, 1885.

T. G. V.—The name Dorothy signifies "gift of God."

JANET—The birthday stone for December is the turquoise.

A. L. N.—The Canterbury cross is in shape like the letter Y.

FRANCES DELL—Queen Victoria has never visited the United States.

FANNY—Charles XII, of Sweden, was called "the brilliant madman."

VERITY—Samuel J. Tilden is buried at New Lebanon, New York.

R. F.—The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand.

CICELY—"Veritas vincit" is a Latin phrase meaning "Truth conquers."

JOSEPH A.—Boston Corbett, the slayer of Wilkes Booth, was not a negro.

GARRETTSONS—Bismarck has been called "the man of blood and iron."

LANSING—Frederick Douglass died at Washington, D. C., in February, 1895.

JOHN L. D.—A pretty device for an engagement ring is "In thee, my choice, I do rejoice."

QUERIST—The Japanese Government formally declared war against China on August 1, 1894.

KATHARINE AND AGATHA—The birthday stone for February is the pearl, for August the sardonyx.

GRASCOTE—The Democratic National Convention will be held in Chicago on July seventh of this year.

LAKE FORREST—The Russian Government's sympathies were with the Northern States during our Civil War.

AMAREL—The "lady with a lamp" referred to in Longfellow's "Santa Filomena" is Florence Nightingale.

S. C. P.—The year 1900 will not be a leap year. (2) Mr. Vonnoh, the artist, was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1858.

GOSHEN—A "canon" is a law of the church; the word, which is derived from the Greek, signifies a rule or measure.

LIBERTY—The Pasteur Institute has, near Tuxedo, New York, a farm where animals for inoculative purposes are kept.

RANDOLPH—Stepniak, the Nihilist, was accidentally killed by a locomotive at an English railway station on December 24, 1895.

FORT LARAMIE—The first National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held at Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1866.

C. L. B.—The Prince Consort, under which title the husband of Queen Victoria was known, died on Saturday, December 14, 1861.

ADELAIDE—General Sheridan died at Nonquit, Massachusetts, in August, 1888; his remains were interred at Arlington Heights.

LANCASTER—The "Black Cockade" was the badge of the House of Hanover; the "White Cockade" the badge of the Stuarts.

E. D. H.—The word "Kaddish," as used in the Jewish church, refers to a prayer offered in the synagogue for the souls of departed parents.

MCKEESPORT—Unless some rule is made fixing a smaller number, a quorum of any deliberative body is one more than half the whole membership.

G. L. M.—Robert Todd Lincoln is the only surviving male descendant of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln resides in Chicago, and is a lawyer by profession.

MRS. J. J.—A widow may or may not retain her husband's Christian name upon her visiting-cards. The accepted custom at the present time is for her to retain the name.

T. W. V.—The Peninsular War was the war carried on between the years 1808 and 1814, by the British, Spanish and Portuguese forces in Spain and Portugal, against the French.

ELINOR—General Jackson's name was Thomas; the name "Stonewall" was given him by one of the Generals at the Battle of Bull Run in 1861. "There," said he, "is Jackson standing like a stone wall."

MRS. L. E. C.—The word "Eurasian" is a compound of the two words European and Asian, and is used to designate a native of Hindustan, one of whose parents is a European and the other an Asian.

GEORGIAN—Mr. George W. Childs died at his home in Philadelphia, in February, 1894. (2) Mr. Gladstone, upon his retirement from the premiership of England in March, 1894, was offered a peerage but declined it.

MRS. JAY—The official directory of the United States for 1895 places the number of Roman Catholics in the United States at 9,410,790. It must be remembered in this connection that membership in the Catholic church is had at a very early age.

MARTIAN—The superstition connected with the small white spots which sometimes come upon finger nails is as follows: on the thumb, a present; on the index finger, a friend; on the long finger, a foe; on the third finger, a letter; on the little finger, a journey.

M. B. D.—The big wind in Ireland began on the night of January 6, 1839. In Limerick, Galway and Athlone many houses were blown down, and many were burned down by the wind spreading the fires of those blown down. Dublin also suffered to a great extent.

S. B. MCM.—Lafayette's "plan of emancipation," referred to by General Greely in the JOURNAL of June last, was a scheme of emancipation, relating not to the United States, but to Cayenne, where General Lafayette had bought a plantation with a view to emancipating the slaves on it.

GOTHAMITE—The members of the firm of Grant and Ward at the time of the failure of the firm were U. S. Grant, Jr., Ferdinand Ward, General U. S. Grant and James D. Fish. The firm was organized in July, 1880, and a few months later General Grant and Mr. Fish were admitted as partners.

NINETY-SECOND STREET—The property on Forty-second Street east of Third Avenue, New York, given by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt to St. Bartholomew's Church, will be used, according to a clause in the deed of gift, to conduct an institution for religious, charitable, missionary and educational work.

BROADWAY—Postal employees, even to accommodate persons who may wish to send money away, may not make out applications for money orders, nor address nor seal registered letters, nor place their contents therein. The senders must do this for themselves, or get some acquaintance to do it for them.

NEW HARMONY—Kansas is sometimes called the "Central State" and sometimes the "Sunflower State." (2) The inhabitants of the State are called Kansans. (3) St. Louis, Missouri, was incorporated as a town in 1808. It received its name in 1764 from a company of Frenchmen who made a settlement upon its site.

SADIE—Ordinary social correspondence when forwarded by the hands of any adult, socially equal with the sender, should be left unsealed. If, for any reason, the letter must be sealed, then the post or some other method of sending should be selected. There is no doubt whatever about the correctness of this view of the matter.

CALLOWHILL—The husband of Princess Beatrice of England, the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, left four children, three sons and one daughter. The eldest child, a boy, was born in November, 1886; the youngest, who is also a son, was born in October, 1891. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg always made their home with Queen Victoria.

LESTER—President Cleveland signed the proclamation admitting Utah to the Union as a State on January fourth of this year. (2) The word jingo is of English origin, and comes from a London music hall song which had the refrain:

"We don't want to fight
But by jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money too."

WAUKESHA—The Alabama claims were claims of Americans against Great Britain for damage done by the Confederate cruiser Alabama and its mates, which the British Government had allowed to be equipped in England and taken to sea. A High Court of Arbitration was appointed, which sat at Geneva, Switzerland, and decided that Great Britain was responsible for damages. These damages the court assessed at $15,500,000. Great Britain paid the amount.

SARA—Below is given the rhyme you ask for:

Married in white, you have chosen all right,
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink.

MARION—"The Bayeux Tapestry," which takes its name from the place where it is kept, is a needlework history on canvas. It illustrates the invasion and conquest of England in 1066. It is said to be the work of Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her Court. It consists of a strip of linen two hundred feet long by twenty inches wide, worked in colored worsted, representing fifty-eight distinct scenes connected with the life of William the Conqueror. Seven shades of color are employed, dark and light blue, red, yellow, buff, and dark and light green.

READER—Purple was formerly the mourning color of all Princes. All the Kings in France mourned in purple. Charles II of England mourned in purple for his brother Henry, Duke of Gloucester. On Good Friday the Cardinals, who bear the style of Princes of the Church, wear purple habits because they are then in mourning for the death of Christ. So, also, on the death of the Pope, or of one of their number. This mourning color of Christian Princes in general and of the Roman Catholic church in particular has been derived from the purple garment which the Roman soldiers placed about our Lord.

HAMLIN—Article X of the treaty of 1842, and Article I of the treaty of 1889 make the following crimes extraditable as between the United States and Great Britain: Murder, assault with intent to commit murder, piracy, arson, robbery, forgery, or uttering forged paper; manslaughter, counterfeiting, embezzlement, obtaining money by false pretenses, receiving stolen goods, fraud by a banker, agent, trustee, director; perjury and subornation of perjury; rape, abduction, child stealing, burglary, piracy by the law of nations, mutiny at sea, destroying a vessel wrongfully, and crimes against the laws against the slave trade and slavery.

BURTON—The late Rev. Joel Jewell, of Troy, Pennsylvania, is said to have originated the word "teetotaler." The story goes that at a public temperance meeting in Hector, New York, in 1828, he introduced into the pledge the letters "O. P." for "old pledge," which pledged against distilled liquors, and "T.," for "total," including both distilled and fermented liquors. When names were being taken a young man in the gallery said: "Add my name and a 'T.,' for I am a T-totaler." Mr. Jewell adopted the word in speeches and writings. Some four years later an Englishman named Dick Turner employed the word, and its origin has also been claimed for him.

G. L.—The city of Pullman is now a part of the city of Chicago; it is located on the west shore of Lake Calumet and fourteen miles south of the business centre of Chicago. (2) Coxey's army started from Massillon for Washington on the twenty-fourth of March, 1894; the legend on their banner was, "Peace on earth, but death to interest on bonds." The army reached Washington on the twenty-ninth of April, and on the first of May paraded through the streets to the Capitol grounds. As preparations had been made to prevent their entrance to the grounds, owing to a law of the district prohibiting unofficial parades through the Capitol grounds, and as Coxey and two of his aids attempted to make a short cut through the grounds so that they might speak from the Capitol steps, they were arrested and sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—A writer in the "North American Review" for November, 1895, compiled the following table showing the proportion of the whole number of college women graduates in a given college to the number of graduates who went out into the world of business or other activity, and the number who married:

Number of A. B.'s to 1895	145
Have taken degree of Ph. D.	2
Have taken degree of A. M.	10
Engaged in graduate study	43
Dean of college	1
Lecturers, demonstrators, etc., in colleges	11
Private tutors and school teachers	35
Secretaries	6
Librarian	1
Literary worker	1
Philanthropic workers	3
Married	15
Doing no special work	52
Dead	2

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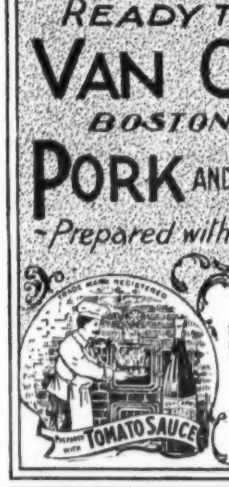

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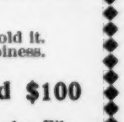

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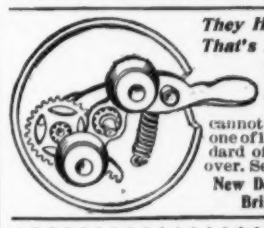

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